Saturday Review

OCTOBER 29, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

PEACE ALONE IS NOT OUR OBJECT

By Leo Cherne

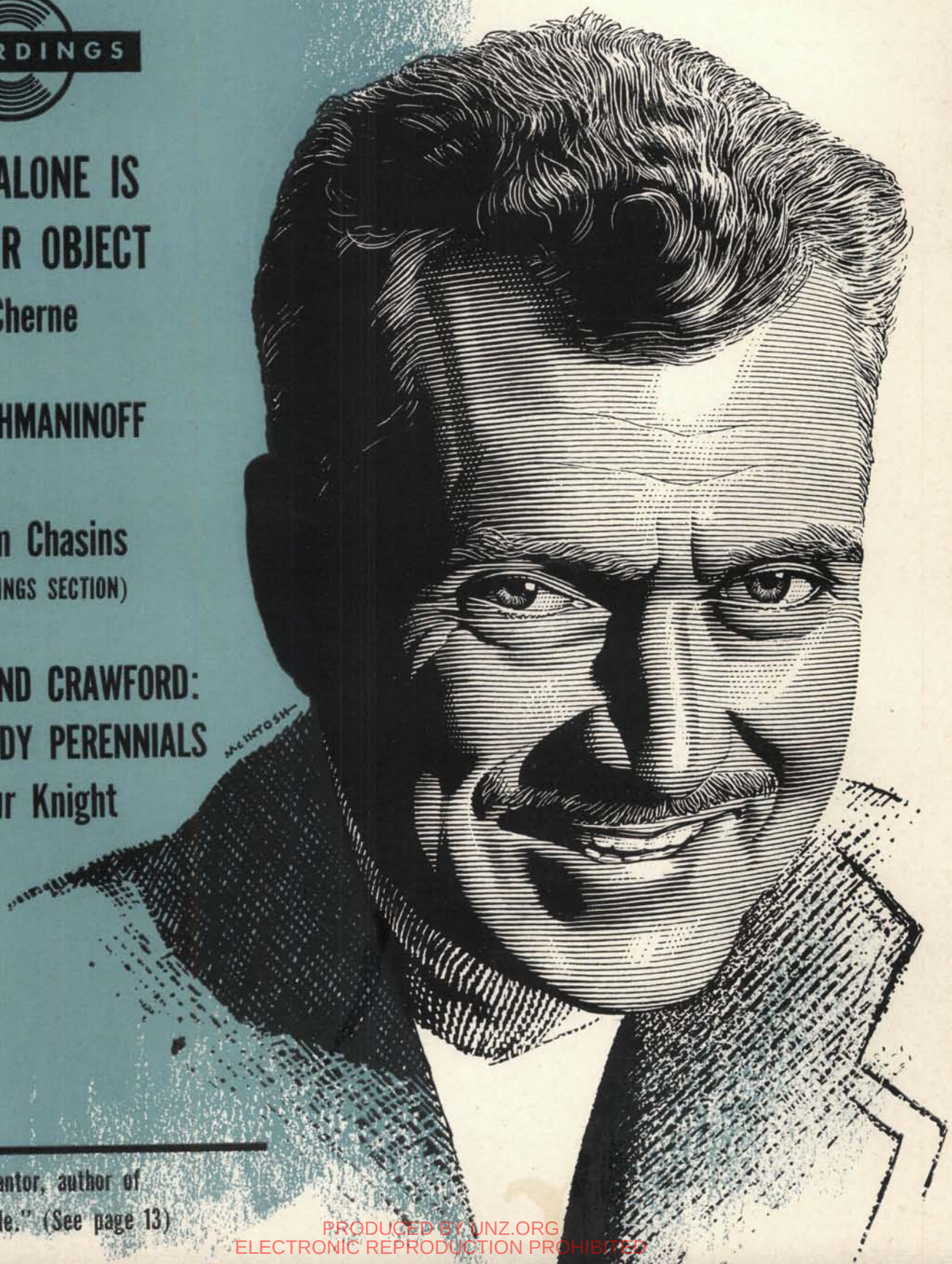
THE RACHMANINOFF LEGACY

By Abram Chasins

(See RECORDINGS SECTION)

GABLE AND CRAWFORD: THE HARDY PERENNIALS

By Arthur Knight



MacKinlay Kantor, author of "Andersonville." (See page 13)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A personal memoir of astonishing brilliance and unmatched drama by France's great wartime leader—

GENERAL DE GAULLE

As Churchill spoke for England, as *Roosevelt and Hopkins* spoke for the United States, now General de Gaulle speaks for France in this vital segment of modern history. Written by the man who futilely warned that the Maginot Line could not be held, who stood alone through fateful years as the symbol of Free France, it "will take its place in French literature beside the greatest." —*France-Soir*

Revealing many pivotal events, including intimate meetings with Churchill, up to the middle of 1942, it also vividly illuminates the motives and actions of a popular idol and gallant wartime hero, who has since become a figure of sharp controversy.

Illustrated, maps $5.00
Documented edition, 2 vols. boxed $10.00

THE CALL TO HONOUR

VOLUME I of the War Memoirs of General de Gaulle

THE VIKING PRESS

The much-acclaimed author of "Race Rock" has a provocative new novel!

In a brilliant story of desperate pursuit through the murky half-world of today's Paris, Peter Matthiessen gives fresh meaning to a young man's urgent search for his own identity among conflicting values and ideologies. $3.00

Partisans

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

•

A bargain feast of hard-to-come-by favorites

Four complete books in one elegant volume: *My War With the United States; Small Beer; The Donkey Inside; I Love You, I Love You, I Love You.* Plus several choice stories never before in book form. Illustrated with drawings. $4.95

THE WORLD OF Benchmans

At all booksellers

The life-story of a beloved cathedral and the age that created it

As did *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,* this sumptuous book gives marvelous insight into one of the golden ages of man. It teems with the life and action, color and pageantry of the people who built Notre-Dame, the times that produced it, the religion that inspired it, the art that went into it. *With 60 striking photographs.* $6.75

Notre-Dame of Paris

by ALLAN TEMKO

•

An eminent biologist considers the scientific evidence for the human spirit

"... a brilliantly developed thesis, adventurous but tightly held within the bounds of scientific disciplines. . . . Mr. Sinnott takes us forward, step by step, until he reaches the powers of the human spirit and the possibility of God."
—A. POWELL DAVIES, *N. Y. Times* $3.50

The Biology of the Spirit

by EDMUND W. SINNOTT

"Hogarth in Hogarth's own spirit: as episodic, observative, charming, witty, caustic, boisterous, edifying, and discursive as the very Progress of the Rake himself . . .

". . . One sees, hears, and smells Hogarth's London, meets his friends and literary acquaintances, experiences the ups-and-downs of his fortunes, and enters into the occasion of each of his major productions."
— S. LANE FAISON, JR., *Saturday Review*

". . . a knowing and fascinating guide among the harlots and bullies, the stews and sponging houses of 18th century London. The first notable biography of William Hogarth in some 50 years." —*Time*

A handsome book to give and to own, illustrated with reproductions of the best of Hogarth's works. $6.50

Hogarth's Progress

by PETER QUENNELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 29, 1955

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by William Shroder

SR/IDEAS

7 Peace Alone Is Not Our Object, by Leo Cherne

18 The Ice Age of Modern Man: An Editorial

37 The Rachmaninoff Legacy—I, by Abram Chasins

SR/BOOKS

9 The Exurbanites, by A. C. Spectorsky
An Essay-Review by John Haverstick and C. Wright Mills

13 Andersonville, by MacKinlay Kantor
Reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers

14 Last Full Measure, by J. G. Randall and Richard N. Current
Reviewed by Holman Hamilton

15 Thaddeus Stevens, by Ralph Korngold
Reviewed by Roy F. Nichols

15 Three Years with Grant, edited by Benjamin P. Thomas
Reviewed by Louis M. Starr

16 Big Woods, by William Faulkner
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

16 The Sea and the Stone, by Charmian Clift and George Johnston
Reviewed by Charles Lee

17 The Lost Sheep, by Henry Bordeaux
Reviewed by Henri Peyre

24 The Inmost Leaf, by Alfred Kazin
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

26 The Whispering Gallery, by John Lehmann
Reviewed by Aileen Pippett

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf

6 Literary Crypt

8 Literary I.Q.

19 Letters to the Editor

20 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes

21 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Arthur Knight

22 TV and Radio, by Gilbert Seldes

23 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin

33 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1127

37 *SR* Recordings for November

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burnhardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 44. October 29, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

TELEPHONE MEN GO TO WORK BY BOAT to speed drying of equipment in the telephone exchange at Putnam, Conn., where service was provided by temporary switchboard on higher ground. In Stroudsburg, Pa., linemen and operators were flown in helicopters over rampaging waters.

The Deluge of Diane

Hurricane floods emphasized the value of the telephone and the teamwork of telephone people in emergencies

Seldom has a water-borne disaster struck with more concentrated fury than the floods of Hurricane Diane, which hit several eastern states.

"I never saw anything so terrifying in my life as when that river came down," said the telephone manager in Winsted, Connecticut.

Out of the havoc of the floods have come countless stories of courage and the good American spirit of helping one another in times of trouble.

Among them are heart-warming tributes to the telephone men and women who kept service going and worked so hard to restore it wherever lines had been washed out. Together with the Red Cross, Salvation Army, National Guard, Civil Defense workers and all their neighbors in the stricken communities, they did their part in the tremendous job of rescue and restoration.

OUTRACING THE FLOODS. Radio-telephone service was set up at strategic points before floods reached peak. Man in car makes emergency call while Mayor Moule of Phillipsburg, N. J., and telephone man stand by.

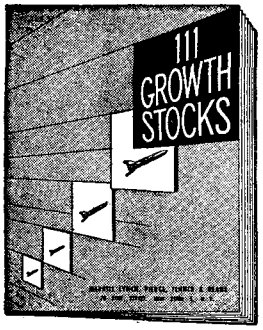
Many former telephone operators and those off duty reported back to their jobs. Trained, experienced crews from the telephone companies and Western Electric moved in fast with equipment and supplies and worked 'round the clock.

Disaster comes suddenly. But wherever it strikes you can depend on telephone people to do everything possible to provide you with telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you interested in growth stocks?



If you are, you'll probably want a copy of our new publication "111 GROWTH STOCKS"

It represents the best judgment of all the industry specialists in our Research Department about those companies most likely to grow at better than average rates in the years ahead.

A little over a year ago, when we brought out a publication like this for the first time, investors found it one of the most useful studies we ever issued.

If you think you'd find this new edition helpful, we'll be glad to send you a copy—without charge or obligation.

No, we're not anxious just to give this valuable 44-page book away. But if you are sincerely interested in growth stocks—and if you can afford the long-term risks involved in buying them—we're equally interested in seeing that you have the best review of the subject that we know about. If you want a copy of "111 GROWTH STOCKS", just write—

Department JB-75

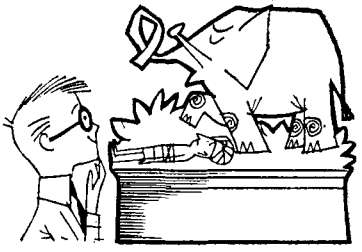
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 107 Cities

TRADE Winds

"A FICTIONALIZED biography of Mme. Tussaud, of wax-works fame, by Sylvia Martin, will be published by Harper's in 1956," read a simple, admirably brief publicity note. It was enough, however, to send my own thoughts racing back to a New York institution similar to Mme. Tussaud's that flourished during my boyhood: the Eden Musée, a musty old edifice on 23rd Street, opposite Stern Brothers' old department store.

The ads for the Eden Musée highlighted wax reproductions of "The Rulers of the World" and "The Abolition of Slavery" in the Central Hall, and a "mechanical marvel" named Ajeeb in the lobby who played chess with all comers and usually won (the "marvel" turned out ultimately to be a very-much-alive, underpaid expert who perspired freely inside his cast-iron contrivance), but what yokels from the country and kids like myself made a bee-line for was "The Crypt of Horrors" in the basement.

Most vivid in my memory was a gory tableau depicting a savage Indian tearing the scalp right off a beautiful white maiden tied to a tree in a forest glade, and another showing a



poor native in Bombay, trussed and helpless, about to have his head crushed to a pulp under the upraised forepaw of a huge elephant. In another recess a scene of the guillotine in action during the bloodiest days of the "Terror in France" made such an impression on me that I dashed right across the street to Putnam's retail bookstore and bought a copy of Carlyle's "The French Revolution." Years later, when we initiated the Modern Library Giant series, I saw to it that this favorite of my boyhood was one of the first titles, complete and unabridged, to be included. It still sells a minimum of 2,500 copies, year in and year out.

TO CHECK UP ON my memory I sought the assistance of May Devenport Seymour at the fabulous Museum of the City of New York. She was laboring over a forthcoming Harrigan and Har exhibit at the Museum, but desisted long enough to dig up for me an old catalogue of the Eden Wax-Works Sure enough, there were all the "horrors" described in high-flown terms including such forgotten tidbits as "The Knout," "illustrating the terrible mode of punishment practised in Russia, with the unfortunate victim quivering in anguish"; "David Livingstone," "showing the finding of the body of the great explorer with his faithful dog howling piteously," and "An Appalling Cannibal Scene," "showing a miserable black who has fallen into the hands of these ruthless savages, who are about to roast and eat him."

For the guillotine scene the management boasted, "It may be mentioned that the clothing of the wretch being decapitated, and the second victim awaiting a like fate, are the *identical* garments worn by two individuals who actually perished under the guillotine some short time ago With some difficulty our representative in Paris succeeded in purchasing these garments from surviving relatives."

UNMENTIONED IN THE Eden Musée catalogue was an episode described in a memoir by Mark Twain. He was there one day looking over the wax reproductions of Thomas Edison, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelina Patti, and Edwin Booth when a country bumpkin poked an umbrella in his posterior and exclaimed happily, "Here's the fellah that wrote 'Tom Sawyer'." Mr. Twain jumped with pain and surprise. The bumpkin exclaimed, "My God! It's alive," and made for the nearest exit.

ED WHITE, advertising and promotion manager for J. B. Lippincott, is also

in a nostalgic mood these days. "In preparing the build-up for one of our most highly regarded fall books, Ro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Gelatt's 'The Fabulous Phonograph'," he reports, "I had occasion to purchase two antique phonographs, which we are lending to bookstores for window-display purposes. The first of these is an Edison, *circa* 1908, and the other a Graphophone, *circa* 1890. Along with the purchase of these two magnificent machines came a box of over 100 cylindrical records (Edison Blue Amberol Records, Edison Gold Moulded Records, Columbia Extra Loud High Speed Talking Machine Records, Oxford Two-minute Indestructible Cylinders, and Everlasting indestructible Four-Minute Records).

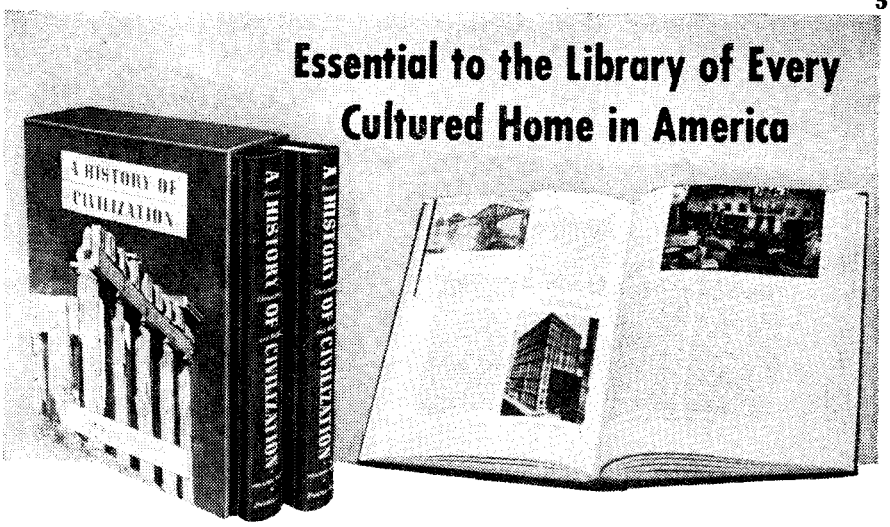
"I was particularly fascinated by the titles of these squeaky mementoes of the past, and have made a list of the more amusing and euphonious ones. How could anyone forget a title such as 'Everybody's Crazy 'Bout the Doggone Blues'? Or, for situation comedy, 'Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?' 'Flanagan's Troubles on a Trolley,' and a series of 'Uncle Josh' records culminating in 'Uncle Josh at a Bug House'. For the Celtic disc fans there was 'If They'd Only Move Old Ireland Over Here.'

Of the tongue-tickling variety of title we had the 'Paprika-Lulu-Fado,' 'Tip-Top Tipperary Mary,' 'Mammy Jimmy's Jubilee,' and 'Baboon Bungalow.' Then there is an Oriental one-step called 'The Vamp,' and last but certainly not least a thing of rare delight entitled 'The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend'."

I must say I'd rather hear a concert of Mr. White's antique records than the "rock-and-roll" monstrosities my son Christopher inflicts upon us at all hours of the day and night!

SPEAKING OF SONGS, I had occasion to mention the Yale "Boola Boola" song in a column last spring, noting that although its authorship was frequently attributed to Cole Porter the number actually was written in 1897 by an undergraduate named Hirsh. Further details are supplied by Architect C. Bertram French, of Jackson Heights:

> At the time the song was written I was studying orchestration with Prof. William E. Haesche, who taught music at Yale and, on the side, conducted a studio on an


Essential to the Library of Every Cultured Home in America
A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION
A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION
A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

by Crane Brinton, author of *Ideas and Men,*
John B. Christopher and Robert Lee Wolff

Unqualified and unreserved praise from reviewers, commentators, business leaders, statesmen

"Stimulating and provocative writing by any standards. The sustained brilliance of this long narrative is matched by the handsome format of these two admirably designed, lavishly illustrated volumes."
John Barkham, The Saturday Review Syndicate

"This history of civilization will find a usable place in the family library. It presents effectively an amazingly wide variety of data in an attractive, easily-read style . . ."
Thomas J. Watson, Jr., President, IBM

". . . It is manifest, throughout this lavish and lively offering, that the authors and publishers have spared no effort to gratify their readers."
New York Herald Tribune

"An impressive and memorable narrative . . . holds interest and attention throughout."
Alexander Wiley, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin

"It is one of the most informative books I have ever read and a handsome addition to the Swayze library."
John Cameron Swayze

"This impressive work is a joy to read . . ."
San Francisco Chronicle

". . . Enriched by hundreds of the finest photographs, maps and drawings we have ever seen in a set of history books."
The Dayton Daily News

". . . A triumph of scholarship and of bookmaking."
St. Louis Globe Democrat

". . . The best thing of its kind that has been done."
Chicago Tribune

". . . Incomparably more accurate and dispassionate than Wells. It is modern historical competence at its very best."
Christian Science Monitor

"A vast project, brilliantly executed . . . a clear, concise and well-written text."
Boston Sunday Herald

"A great and spirit-capturing new story of western man . . . a summary of unparalleled usefulness and lucidity."
Denver Rocky Mountain News

A FEW OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF "A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION"

- Over 50 superb maps prepared expressly for this set by Vaughn Gray, cartographer of the *New York Times*
- Hundreds of beautiful illustrations
- Works of art and architecture in detailed *full-page* plates
- Boxed handsomely . . . each volume stamped in gold . . . colorful endpapers

Over 700 pages in each volume 2-volume boxed set, $16.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR USE THIS COUPON

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., Dept. 5801-M1
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

Please send me a copy of "A History of Civilization" by Brinton, Christopher, and Wolff (in two volumes, boxed), for 10 days' FREE Examination and use. Within 10 days I will either remit $16 plus postage, or return the set and owe nothing.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

➧The beautiful girl who ends up without a man

➧The screaming mother who raises happy children

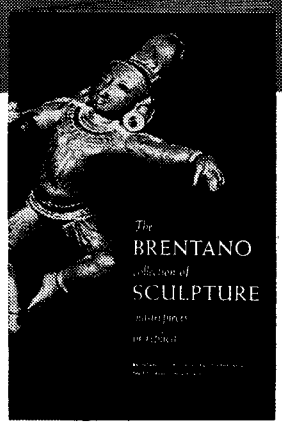
➧The marriage destroyed by a marriage manual

These are some of the confusing psychiatric situations interpreted in the new book by the noted psychoanalyst Milton R. Sapirstein. He provides fresh insights into many puzzling aspects of everyday life, including child-raising, sexual problems of men and women, marriage, the home, personal freedom.

Paradoxes of Everyday Life

By MILTON R. SAPIRSTEIN, M.D.
WITH ALIS DE SOLA
$3.95 at all bookstores. RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

Brentano's catalog of
SCULPTURE MASTERPIECES
in replica



Select your own museum sculpture in exact replica from this handsome catalog. Contains over 108 striking photographs of modestly priced sculpture to own . . . hand-cast by master craftsmen in Alvastone or metal . . . authorized by the famous museums containing the originals . . . a richly annotated guide of permanent interest. Also contains selected museum jewelry for men and women.

Send name, address and, to cover postage and handling, **25¢** *in coin*

brentano's *booksellers to the world*
Dept. S-4, 586 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

EGYPT
the NEAR EAST
and PERSIA

A fascinating tour beginning March 2nd, through April 25, 1956. Cairo, Luxor, Jerusalem, Petra, Amman, Damascus, Baghdad, Teheran, Isfahan, Beirut and Istanbul, and extending to GREECE. Delphi, Olympia, Epidauros, Corinth and Athens. Leadership: Dr. James H. Breasted, Jr. Colorful, informative and delightful. Write:

BUREAU of UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

the OTHER MAN
A STUDY OF THE SOCIAL, LEGAL AND CLINICAL ASPECTS OF HOMOSEXUALITY
by DONALD J. WEST, M.B., D.P.M.
Foreword by ALFRED A. GROSS

"Throws new light on the subject and places the whole discussion on a new level."—*Dr. John William C. Wand, The Bishop of London.* "For the general reader, this is probably the best book on this disquieting subject."—*Library Journal.* *$4.00 at bookstores, or from* **WHITESIDE, Inc., Dept. 39, 425 4th Ave., N.Y. 16**

upper floor of an old building on Chapel Street, opposite the "Green."

One Wednesday evening, while I was at the studio for my weekly lesson, a Yale student by name of Hirsh came in. He was carrying a Gramophone ("His Master's Voice") and said he had made a record of a tune on a wax cylinder by whistling, and asked if Haesche could transfer it to paper. He set the talking machine going while we listened, and the Professor told him to leave it and to return the next Wednesday evening.

Hirsh went away and we started the machine again while Haesche played the piano along with the whistling record. After a few repeats Haesche handed me a piece of score paper and a pencil, instructing me to set down what he played and I soon had the melody on paper. He then told me that my lesson for the following week would be to fill in the rest of the parts and to make a fair copy. The following Wednesday evening I turned it over to the Professor who, upon playing it, pronounced it to be okay. Hirsh came in during the evening, listened to his piece, took the manuscript, and went away.

I do not know whether Hirsh ever made any money from his song; no doubt Haesche charged him a fee for services. This I do know: it cost me two bucks for the lesson!

And that's the story of the birth of the "Boola Boola" song.

Do any other Yale grads have additional details to add to this saga?

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 644

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 644 will be found in the next issue.

BTCADMEFM MHNGLG

LC OM NQRSXLME.

XSDRP A. MQMXGCT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 643

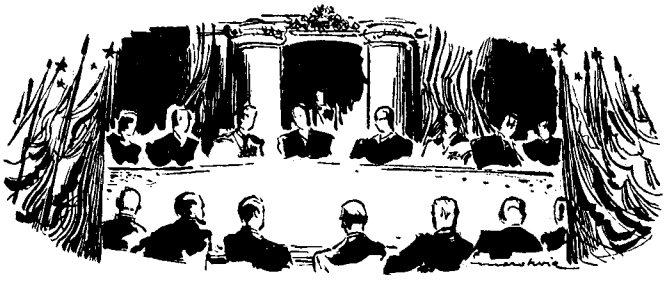
Abstinence is easier than temperance.

—SENECA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 29, 1955

PEACE ALONE IS NOT OUR OBJECT



Men in the middle of day-to-day affairs are tempted to think in terms of the slogans and public outcries of the moment; it's difficult for them to stand far enough aside to judge their doings in general perspective. Historians, on the other hand, are used to grand developments on the scale of generations and centuries; they not infrequently misinterpret current events. What we need, then, are modern appraisers who possess the historical training to put the past and present side by side. Executive director of the Research Institute of America Leo Cherne is not only a well-known businessman; he has also given many addresses (before the Army War College, among other places) on America's place in history.

By LEO CHERNE

PEACE alone is not and cannot be the proper objective of effective diplomacy. Had peace itself been the only objective World War II would not have begun. Peace was always available on Hitler's terms, and Germany's capitulation could have been won on a variety of terms short of unconditional surrender months before the bloody termination.

On the eve of the Big Four foreign ministers' meeting it is important for the United States to understand the nature of the problem before us. The worst folly of statesmanship is to go to war unarmed. The next worst course is to go to an international conference without a policy. We dare not go back to Geneva with basic misconceptions about our adversary and lack of insight about ourselves.

Even though there is no unanimous judgment about Soviet intentions the following facts about Soviet behavior seem clear: the Soviet Union has not sought to begin World War III at any point in its advance since 1945; the Soviet Union has sought maximum available expansion short of global war; the Soviet Union has never relied exclusively on its military armor. Equally important to the Soviet objectives have been the disciplined organizations of Communist Parties throughout the world; the establishment of a myth identifying the Soviet Union with peace, encouragement of neutralism and nationalism among colonial peoples; the exploitation of every international grievance among the nations of Western Europe; the exploitation of economic difficulties and racial frictions in Western democracies; the fanning of local wars; the watchful waiting for crisis in the West.

Only during one period of the thirty-eight years of Soviet Government did the Soviet leaders neglect this multitude of weapons. That period has now ended. During the arteriosclerotic days of an aging and stubborn Stalin Russia ignored the counsels of Marx, the flexibility of Lenin, the historic directions of Communism. The spirit of Peter the Great walked in the Kremlin; and the Soviet Union launched on the most historic series of blunders in all of Russian history.

Rigidity, intolerance, overt aggression, truculence, and vulgarity produced the following results: The U.S. initiated the Marshall Plan and the nations of western Europe were saved from the chaos that Russia wanted; NATO was established and the continent of Europe entered into a far-reaching defense agreement; Yugoslavia was alienated—lost and not destroyed; the Chinese Communists, regarded as almost certain losers by the Kremlin, won out virtually on their own; Iran fell from the Kremlin's grasp, and Greece was extricated from under the Soviet boots. For all these mistakes the Kremlin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was responsible. It miscalculated American reactions to the Korean grab. Not only was South Korea lost, but a disarmed America was compelled by Soviet tactics to rearm. Within the United Nations Communist misjudgment drew to America's side even the neutral countries. Berlin was besieged—unsuccessfully—and a reluctant Germany and France were forced into each other's arms. Division among the nations of the West and economic crisis within them were averted more by Soviet error than by Western resolve.

These Russian miscalculations explain the "new" tactics of the post-Stalin era. The quotation marks around the word "new" are essential, for most of what we're seeing is old. It is as old as Lenin's slogan: "Two steps forward and one step back." It is as old as the NEP period of Soviet development when cultural and economic exchange with the West was inaugurated. It is as old as Intourist, which brought a wave of American writers, playwrights, engineers, technicians, journalists to Moscow in the late Twenties and early Thirties. It is as old as Lincoln Steffens, who saw the future and thought it worked. It is as old as the United Front and then the Popular Front. It is as old as the mildness of Maxim Litvinow and the Soviets' agreement to end Moscow's direction of the Communist Party in the United States. It is as old as Amtorg and the millions in trade that poured through its Manhattan offices. It is as old as the Soviet worship of Ford. It is as old as Earl Browder's wartime cordiality toward the NAM.

To be sure during this interval there were many changes—there was an ebb and flow in the doubtful affections directed westward by the Kremlin. Yet nothing basic was ever altered. Is there, then, nothing new in the benign "spirit of Geneva"? History repeats itself, but never in the same way, and the personalities who play upon the stage are always different. The bibulous Khrushchev is neither the moon-faced Malenkov nor the surly Stalin, and Molotov at the utmost limits of his smile can never be a genial Litvinov. Bulganin could never be a Trotsky even if their uniforms were identical. The bureaucrat has replaced the firebrand; the vested interests of the new aristocracy make and interpret policy. There are other differences, too. The slave-labor camps are being deodorized; the secret police have learned a new discretion; the edge has been taken off the epithet. Tourists now poke their kodaks in Muscovite faces. Junketing Senators arrive and make political observations on the basis of good food and lavish hotel accommodations.

WHY these changes in outward Soviet behavior? Is the new look the product of agricultural crisis, the internal pressure for consumer goods, the shakiness of committee government, fear of the upstart Chinese Communists, economic distress within the satellites, the inevitable response to the historic rebellion in East Germany on June 17, 1953?

Undoubtedly each of these contributed to the result. But undue emphasis on these factors can only mislead. The overriding reason for the "new look" is that it is the best method of serving purpose. The Soviet Union's continuing policy has everything to gain from Western relaxation, from European neutralism, from an environment which allows the Soviet Union to reduce her own armament. We may yet weary of Korea; we may tire of the struggle to keep the southern half of Vietnam free; Chiang Kai-shek will die. The strongest cards held by the Soviet Union are the trumps provided by the Western states. Democracies permit the freest expression of the will of its people. People *will* peace—they do so everywhere—but only in the democracies is that will capable of controlling governmental decisions. The American will for peace is the Soviet's major asset because this desire in a democracy is inevitably translated into reduction of armaments, taxation, foreign aid, and political warfare. The democratic will for peace may yet introduce less security, a lowered guard, reduced strength. The United States was the first to demobilize following World War II. It will be the first again if given the appearance of half a chance.

This factor is inherent in democracy. It is at the very heart of our system that results are achieved by compromise. In the diplomatic and political struggles between the West and the Soviet Union compromise always tends to be the giving up by us of things we have every right to in exchange for the promised giving up by the Soviets of things they have no right to. Our tendency is to begin bargaining with a reasonable compromise. The Soviet's pattern is to begin with an unreasonable all-out demand from which they yield nothing but a promised concession.

The major hazard flows, however, not from promises that are broken, but from the very inequality of commitments made. The Chinese Communists kept their promise and released a portion of their American prisoners. In return our official reaction is required to be a salute to their humanitarian decency. While we hail the spirit of Geneva the Soviets prepare to arm the Arab Middle East.

History during this dangerous interval is recorded not only by the big headlines, but the small ones, too. Even as a Volga of vodka flowed in a dozen diplomatic banquet halls a two-inch item in *The New York Times* recorded reality: "More flee East Zone; Record number cross to West during last month." Why in the September month of the "Geneva spirit" did 18,519 escapees seek sanctuary in the West? Is it because they saw the Iron Curtain being lifted, peace approaching, tyranny decaying, the secret police disbanded, free elections instituted?

Their reasoning has the dread sound of unwelcome truth. They hasten to escape not because the walls of their prison are coming down, but because they feel that the West

(*Continued on page 29*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

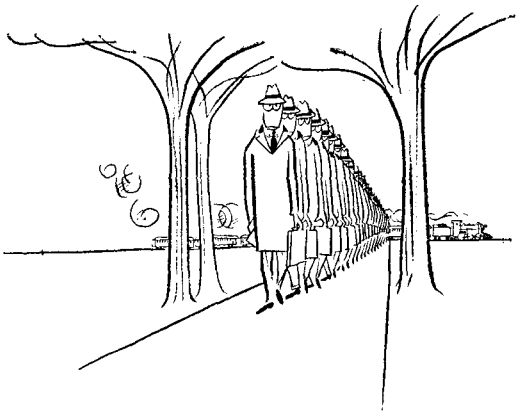
SHORT TO LONG

Here's a mess of plain old-fashioned anagrams. Each cluster of little words properly broken up and reassembled will produce a single long word of anywhere from four to eight syllables. No scoring this week—get one and you'll get all. Answers on page 31.

1. A RAMP IS A HOT NAG
2. IT IS NOT A TIGER DIP
3. TRIED MALT AT ONE
4. IT IS LIFE IN MAN
5. I BLEAT IF ANY DIG IT
6. A DOT IS VAGUE SAND
7. PAINT MIXER ON TEE
8. SHOOT AT LONG RIP
9. MEN WELD TANK COG
10. ACE BRAIN IDLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAND OF EXURBIA



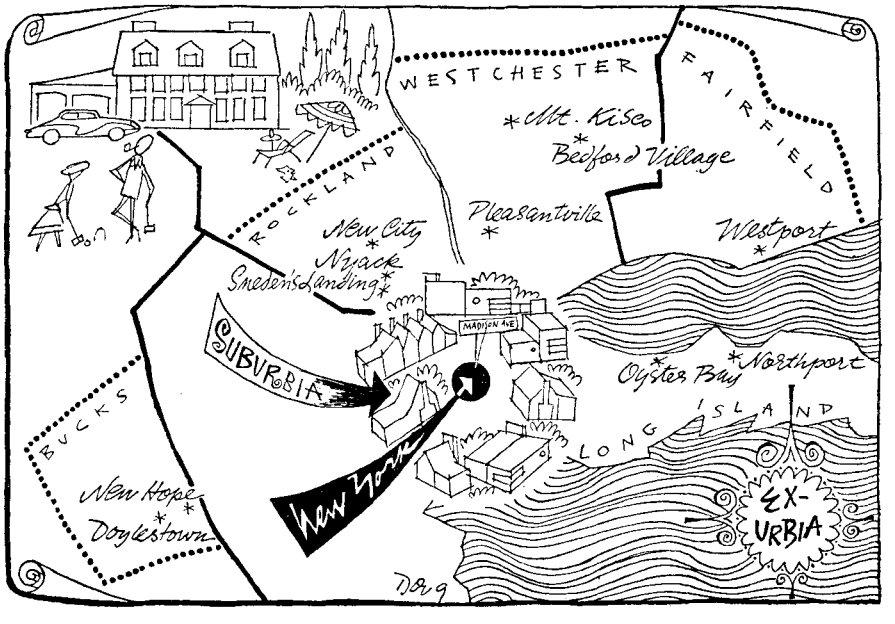
By JOHN HAVERSTICK

ALMOST every evening groups of dour but distinguished-looking men, like those who are caricatured in the drawing above, step off the commuter trains in a region near New York City which has at last been given a name which may stick. The name is Exurbia, a term which is used searchingly—though compassionately—by A. C. Spectorsky in a new book entitled **"The Exurbanites"** (Lippincott, $3.95). As a land Exurbia differs from its neighbor Suburbia by the fact that it lies somewhat farther outside the city, that its inhabitants are generally more affluent than the poorer Suburbanites (the rock-bottom minimum salary for Exurbanites being $12,500 a year), and that its houses are larger and more private, its gardens and lawns more spacious, and its streets are secluded and winding and are generally known as roads.

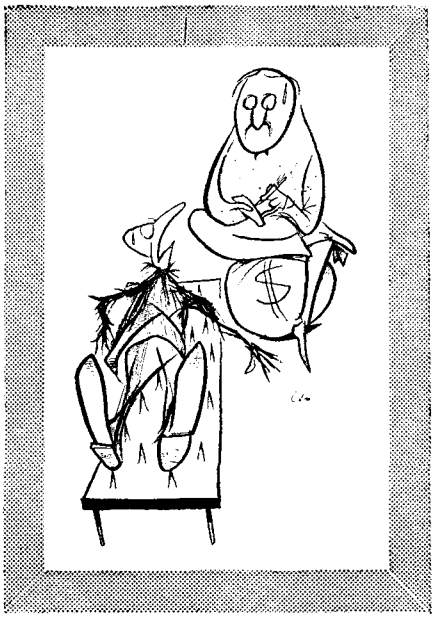
As a comparatively recent subspecies of *homo sapiens*, as most of them have arrived in large numbers since World War II, the Exurbanites, most of whom work in TV or publishing or advertising or the theatre, according to Mr. Spectorsky, have been kidding themselves into believing that they lead better lives than do their less adventurous city friends and their less affluent Suburban neighbors. But with the publication of Mr. Spectorsky's book they have suddenly been given a frightening look at themselves. Most Exurbanites, says Mr. Spectorsky, have moved to Exurbia in order to escape what they have called the Rat Race of the city. They have desperately tried to put down roots by means of ersatz split-rail fences (which usually fence in no cows) or by means of apple orchards (which they have planted full-grown). But, says Mr. Spectorsky, they have not even been able to deceive themselves, for, instead of achieving the desired individuality and happiness these subterfuges have simply brought an even worse standardization into the lives of Exurbanites—a standardization under which they suffer identical anxieties and identical frustrations. Almost every Exurbanite, says Mr. Spectorsky, leads a painfully schizoid life trying to make enough money in the city in order to keep up Exurban appearances. These appearances often include such Regional Stigmata as hitching posts in the driveway, antique glass bottles by the doorstep, and pathetically standardized (and mortgaged) houses of the type approved of in the particular region of Exurbia in which he finds himself. As a result he lives beyond his income, the typical Exurbanite who earns $25,000 a year requiring $60,000 a year before he can possibly hope to break even.

Even worse, says Mr. Spectorsky, is the fact that Exurbanites suffer under the standard delusion that they are pursuing a Secret Dream. The Secret Dream is often characterized by a half-written novel in the desk drawer or by drunken conversations in which advertising men fruitlessly discuss their hopes of founding their own agencies in order to remedy their unhappy Exurban plights. In time, however, the Secret Dream fades to the Limited Dream in which, completely frustrated, the seasoned Exurbanite then ends his days by still catching the 6:02 from the city, by becoming increasingly anti-intellectual, and by catering more than ever to the intricate uniformities of Exurbia.

The land of Exurbia is at present divided roughly into five parts, each of them within commuting distance of New York City (see map below). Conspicuously within its limits lie the North Shore communities of Long Island, the northern part of Westchester County, most of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, of Rockland County, and of Fairfield County, Connecticut, the last of which, says Mr. Spectorsky, is the richest county in the U.S., richer even than the most affluent Texas contender. But, since most true Exurbanites work in the communications industry, they have a way of inflicting their manners and their mores (see next page) on communities which lie far beyond their own geographical boundaries and which may in time extend to a large part of the U.S.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Illustrations from "The Exurbanites."*

One terminus of the Exurbanite.

Exurban Customs

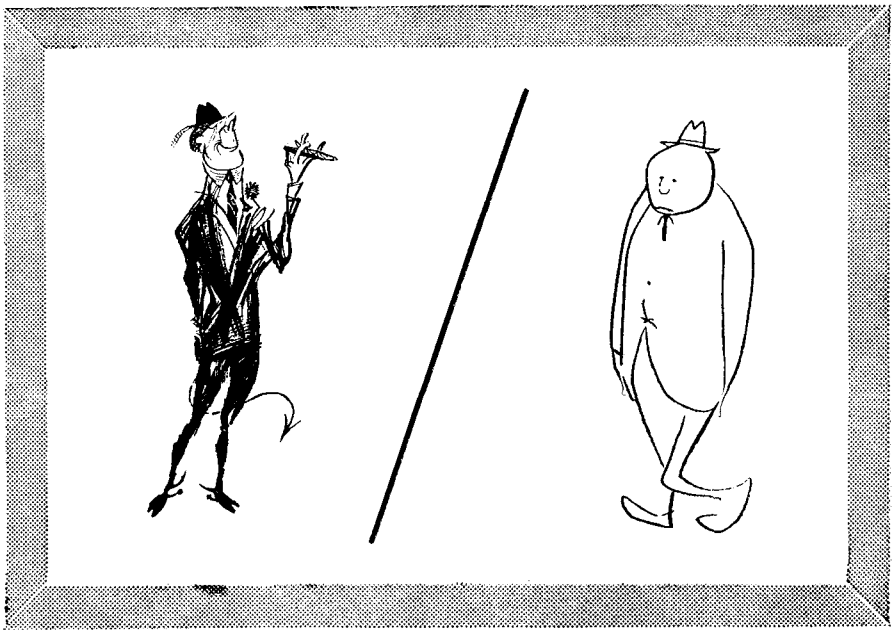
NOTHING is more fascinating in the land of Exurbia than are the customs which its inhabitants observe in pursuing their Secret (and their Limited) Dream. For, though the land of Exurbia is in many ways all one, each separate region of it has set its own colloquial standards of behavior, depending largely on the examples already set by the early Exurban settlers of little more than a decade or so ago. These settlers, who bore little resemblance to the older millionaires of an earlier era, included such bright names as playwrights George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart in Bucks County, Pa., as painter Henry Varnum Poor and playwright Maxwell Anderson in Rockland County, and an assortment of advertising and TV greats in Fairfield County, Conn. Now following these leaders, there come today to Fairfield County the trade celebrities of TV and advertising (who like to build expensive houses, to buy foreign cars, and to stock their barns with fireproof hay); to Bucks County come the top magazine editors (who tend to take their week-end farming more seriously), and to Rockland County, Mr. Spectorsky says, come those who have true creative talent.

In Fairfield County, says Mr. Spectorsky, the dominant mode of conversation is joke-telling (see chart at right). In Bucks County it is more likely to be a discussion on how to get the Government to help you build a lake. But in Rockland County both of these mores would be considered naive, as would also such pleasant topics of conversation as national politics, sexual aberrations, psychoanalysis, individual earnings, and property costs—except insofar as they concern those who are not present in the room.

In Rockland County the parties are generally highly original affairs, the originality being what counts there, and rarely in the past have these been given on Saturday nights. (Now, however, since it has again become original to throw a party on a Saturday night the custom is tending to change.) In Fairfield County the big parties are always on Saturday nights (following smaller ones on Friday nights), and they are apt to be gay, loud, and childish, a great amount of alcohol being consumed at a frenetic pace. If you go to this kind of party in Fairfield County, says Mr. Spectorsky, you will in all probability meet this year's very latest celebrity, but if you go to a party in Rockland County you are likely to find *next* year's celebrity, for, he says, Rocklanders have an uncanny way of ferreting out those who are up and coming and of recognizing them in plenty of time. Perhaps the best way of all to characterize the counties, says Mr. Spectorsky, is to make a sociological study of the ways in which the name "Martha" would be received by the guests at a party in each of these three counties. In Fairfield, he says, the name could mean only one person, Martha Raye. In Rockland it would probably be accepted immediately as Martha Graham, just as Tennessee is a playwright instead of a state and Truman is not a former President. In Bucks County it's probably Washington, though not so likely the historical character of that name as, very probably, a new species of zinnia.

Judging by these standards, according to Mr. Spectorsky, it seems only natural then that the favorite card game of Fairfield County is poker, with as many cards wild as possible, that in Bucks and Rockland Counties it is poker which is played more traditionally. It also seems only natural that in Fairfield County the weekend farmers buy up every expensive gadget which they can find (from automatic stump pullers to electric worm diggers), that in Bucks County they tend to buy only such traditional farm equipment as tractors (and then share them with their neighbors), and that in Rockland County very little attention is paid to farming at all.

Of all the regions of Exurbia none is more rock-ribbed Republican than is upper Westchester County, none is more addicted to its children than is Fairfield County (whose residents seem to feel so guilty that the men spend almost every Saturday and Sunday morning with them), and none is more interested in social clubs and their accoutrements than is the North Shore of Long Island. On Long Island, says Mr. Spectorsky, the new Exurbanites are still trying to pretend that the 1920s as depicted by F. Scott Fitzgerald were real, and it is there that there are to be found more Social Registerites than in any other region of Exurbia. (By comparison, Bucks County, Pa., because of its inherited tradition of Quakerism, according to Mr. Spectorsky, is by far the



The actual Exurbanite (right) and how he thinks he looks (left).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most tolerant of the religion and the background of its new settlers.) Yet, he says, there is a desire for conformity which runs throughout all these regions of Exurbia and which, in the end, tends to make them actually more uniform than are the Suburbanites. For, he says, in pursuing the Secret Dream which rapidly disintegrates into the Limited Dream the great majority of Exurbanites are rapidly declining into a state of financial insolvency. Surprisingly enough, each individual Exurbanite believes that he himself is the only one in this strait. But the real pathos lies, points out Mr. Spectorsky, in the fact that every typical Exurbanite is probably in the same thoroughly uncomfortable position—a position which tends to make him uniform as he struggles to keep up the little regional differences become so important to him.

Certainly the manner of his life is schizoid.

A Review of the Book

By C. Wright Mills, *associate professor of sociology at Columbia University.*

WHATEVER other uses it may have, the contemporary novel does not now seem a very good instrument of social discovery and psychological insight. Often quite clumsily, the serious novel reflects intellectual interests and human concerns already developed in other forms. The academic study or treatise, on the other hand, is only rarely immediate enough to be widely arresting in a truly human way. Often "administered" into being by a "team of experts," the study offers proof by detail of themes already discovered.

In this situation a certain type of extended and documented essay—let us call it the sociological documentary—has come to be important among the available guides to what is happening

How to Behave in Exurbia

	TRAITS	FAIRFIELD COUNTY	BUCKS COUNTY	ROCKLAND COUNTY
MANNERS AND MORES	Most Typical Characteristic of Inhabitants:	TV and Advertising Celebrities.	Top Magazine Editors.	Intellectuals and Artists of "Real" Talent.
	Kind of Parties:	Gay, Loud, Childish. Many Drunken Husbands.	Not as Childish as Fairfield Co. Same Amount of Liquor Consumed.	Fairly Quiet, But Original.
	Favorite Conversational Gambits:	Jokes.	How to Get Govt. to Help You Build a Lake.	Sharp, Witty Exchanges, Avoiding National Politics, Sexual Aberrations, etc.
	Type of Celebrities Most Likely Met at Parties:	This Year's.	Last Year's.	Next Year's.
	Favorite Card Game: (In Westchester and Long Island, it is Bridge or Canasta):	Poker (Wild).	Poker (Traditional).	Poker (Traditional).
	What Name "Martha" Means:	Martha Raye.	Martha Washington (Name of New Specie of Zinnia).	Martha Graham.
	Real Interest in Country and Farming?	No.	Yes.	Some.
STIGMATA	Sports Cars:	Jaguars and MG's.	Jeeps.	English Fords.
	Houses:	Early American to Bauhaus Modern.	Pennsylvania Dutch.	Self-Consciously, "I-Just-Happen-To-Prefer-It-So" Colonial or Victorian.
	Typical Accoutrements:	Blue-Stone Driveways with Hitching Post at Side. Split-Rail Fences, Cobbler's-Bench-Coffee-Tables, Fireproofed Hay.	Green Glass Bottles By Doorstep, Pedigreed Livestock, Herb Gardens, Hex Signs on Barns.	Few, If Any Stigmata, Except Self-Conscious Originality.

FINANCES	FOR ALL COUNTIES
Typical Income:	$25,000
Minimum Income Needed:	12,500
Typical Extra Yearly Expenses of Exurbanites:	
Maid:	2,500
Commuting:	300
Two Cars (Upkeep and Carrying Charges):	1,000
Repairs and Maintenance of House and Grounds:	1,250
Regional Stigmata:	500
Long-Distance Telephone Calls:	400
Club Dues:	150
Weekly N.Y. Expenses:	2,000
Alimony:	1,500
Total:	$9,600

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the world and why. Although the sociological documentary is not so free as the novel it does often borrow something of the novel's form. Not so rigid as the study, it assumes some of the study's discipline and its basis in systematic observation. It is more than the reporter's quick impression—in which significant detail cannot accumulate; it is less than the scholarly study—in which significant detail is often lost in comprehensiveness to the point of triviality. And it is more creditable than the novel and carries more impact than the study. Serious novelists are nowadays too often derivative and, in the bad sense, literary and mannered; social scientists as a group increasingly fail to experience—and much less to write—books. But the sociological documentary requires one old-fashioned quality of its author that both novelists and scholars often seem to have lost: genuinely personal experience combined with social imagination and a plain-spoken manner of expression.

The sociological documentary is tending to become the natural locus of bright ideas, of social discovery, of convincing explanation, and, in the largest and best sense, of social and moral criticism. Moreover, for many of its readers it performs what Mr. Spectorsky's admirable example will undoubtedly perform for some of the people of whom he writes: by enabling the reader to locate himself as part of a social phenomena, no less, it invites him to understand his very individuality as, after all, profoundly related to the external trends of his time. I think novels in the nineteenth century did just this, but I don't think contemporary novels often do, and for the generation just now turning forty I know of none that do so in a major way.

Mr. Spectorsky writes in terms of certain residential areas of the metropolis—beyond the suburbs but not yet open-country rural—but he thinks in terms of a new social stratum and of its cultural meaning. Although he keeps his interpretations quite close to his facts; although he is explicitly concerned solely with describing and explaining the kinds of creatures men and women become under specified conditions—nevertheless, the importance of his book lies in the highly strategic position occupied in American society today by these particular people. In his book there are more clues to "American culture" and to its meaning as a way of life than in any other recent writings of which I know. There is here a very clear awareness of those new and just-emerged trends that constitute the surfaces of our epoch.

THE CIVIL WAR

America's Sternest Trial

A WASHINGTON policeman is the world's foremost authority on John Wilkes Booth's escape route. A Milwaukee insurance man can tell you more than you would probably care to know about the Battle of Mobile Bay. A Chicago streetcar conductor buys a Civil War book every month. There is a magazine called *Civil War History* and another named *The Lincoln Herald*. A Civil War Book Club unlimbers for action this autumn. Across the country hundreds of men foregather regularly in what are known as Civil War Round Tables.

Women are still losing their husbands in the Civil War. But the mates they grieve for nowadays have not been buried in remote and lonely places; they have buried themselves in books. How can we account for it?

It is not enough to say that the Civil War was the last war between gentlemen, or the first of the modern wars; or that it was marked by heroism and sacrifice (our other wars were, too); or that it was our own private fracas, fought in our own backyard. To say that the groggy contestants came out of it with a new respect for one another and an awareness of their united power is to begin to find the range. But something still more vital and far-reaching must account for the unparalleled appeal of that war.

The Civil War was our supreme national experience. It tested our traditions. It forged our national character. It dedicated us irrevocably to the cause of freedom—everywhere and for all time. And there you have it. That is the big thing. The bomb bursts at Chateau-Thierry, Iwo Jima, Casablanca, and Heartbreak Ridge were echoes of the gunfire at Shiloh and Gettysburg.

To say that any such idea as this impels a man to study Grant's strategy at Vicksburg or to master "Stonewall" Jackson's Valley campaign may seem absurd at first glance. But it is the supreme importance of the Civil War in its grand aspects that gives significance to the details. And before you say that such an explanation of the Civil War would be rejected by the South remember that it was freedom that the South, too, was fighting for.

Lincoln's tremendous popular appeal originates in the same source. He realized early that the Civil War was democracy's testing time. The conflict would decide more than the status of the Negro, more even than the fate of the Union. A new form of government, holding forth the promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, had been brought forth on the American continent. If it went down the light of hope would fade all over the world.

As Lincoln saw it, the future of humanity was the true issue of the war. It was a boundless concept, and not all of his countrymen could grasp it. But with democracy under mortal challenge in our own day, as it was in his, it is becoming clearer to us now. In the Lincoln story there are many compelling themes: drama, romance, tragedy, hate, conspiracy, murder, a touch of mysticism, an element of mystery. But it is the fact that Lincoln made himself the most powerful personal force behind the democratic movement that gives special meaning to what he was and said and did.

This turning to the high moment in the nation's history and to the man who has come to symbolize the national aspirations which survived that ordeal by fire is all the more meaningful in that it is instinctive rather than reasoned. It is a sort of unprompted obeisance to our loftiest traditions. Paradoxically, this mania which threatens to possess the nation is an indication that the nation's mental health is good.

—BENJAMIN P. THOMAS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Literary Fort Knox

***"Andersonville," by MacKinlay Kantor** (World Pub. Co. 767 pp. $5), became one of this season's most widely publicized novels when it was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and bought by Columbia Pictures even before its publication. The novel is here reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers, a well-known Civil War historian.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

WHEN the Confederate soldiers came into Sumter County, Georgia, impressing Negroes to build a new prison, Ira Claffey was expected to supply four slaves. But Ira knew that Old Leander was too feeble for such labor, and Ira had the strength to defy the devil to keep a principle. Old Leander stayed home. Ira, a man of the soil who dwelt among the mysteries of how things grew, never could have thought of himself as an indestructible hero of the spirit. All Ira knew in the months that followed was his inability really to hate. Three bitter years of war had taken the lives of his sons, deranged his poor wife's mind, and blighted the normal girlhood of his beloved Lucy.

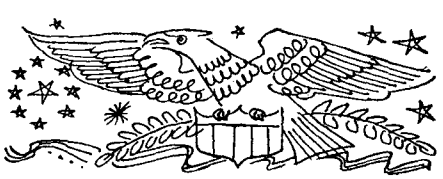
Ira is one of the unforgettable characters in MacKinlay Kantor's magnificent new novel "Andersonville." In this respect, however, Ira may not be unique, for to this reviewer the pages of "Andersonville" seem to throb with the splendor and the meanness, the courage and the cowardice, the tenderness and the brutality that human beings achieve. The fact that this novel is based on events taking place in Georgia during the last months of the Civil War is its least important element. There is no nationality to man's inhumanity to man. There is no nationality to that instinct which draws man toward the light beyond the cave.

Comparisons are inevitable in a novel destined to the success "Andersonville" will enjoy, twice bussed as it already is—on one cheek by the Book-of-the-Month Club and on the other by Columbia Pictures. That it is scrupulously faithful in its historical sources even the expert must concede. MacKinlay Kantor knows the actual story of Andersonville as well as Margaret Mitchell knew the facts of the Battle of Atlanta in "Gone With the Wind," and that was very well indeed. But this is more intimately a story of men trapped by war. It is wiser perhaps to recall Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," for until they read Crane veterans of the Battle of Chancellorsville couldn't believe that anyone could simply imagine what the raw recruit had suffered during those five bloody days. Probably the veterans of Andersonville if they could have read this novel would have believed that Kantor had been there, and they would have called him a cursed galvanized Rebel, a turncoat, for he understood what went on both outside and within those prison walls.

THE answer, of course, is that Mr. Kantor is an artist. He can see with flashes of almost tender insight into the warped spirit of Henry Wirz, the hated jailer of Andersonville. But he has little compassion to spare on John Winder, that ugly, evil man who allowed his hatred for Yankees to consume whatever shred of godliness he once possessed. Principally because of Winder and because of a kind of numbness that beset Richmond as the end approached, Andersonville became a living hell—incredible in its filth and its torture, in its killing, in its odors of the dead and the dying and the diseased and the starving.

The air men breathed became polluted, the rain that fell was spoiled—and Mr. Kantor has described all this. He has also described the other thousands who blamed their generals and who cursed the Government that deserted them in its refusal to exchange prisoners at a time when the South was losing the manpower to sustain its fighting fronts. In Andersonville meaning no longer existed to words like "Union" and "Emancipation" and "Rebellion." But men from both the North and South survived the fearful human cesspool Andersonville became.

From the threads of such stories MacKinlay Kantor weaves his novel, and for years to come compilers of anthologies will find "Andersonville" to be a kind of literary Fort Knox.



THE AUTHOR: "There is one form of criticism which I instantly resent, and that is being taken to task for not sticking to one subject," MacKinlay Kantor once wrote. This is an understandable attitude for an author who, through thirty books, has assiduously avoided treading the same ground more than thrice, has been a voluminous contributor to magazines, newspapers, and motion pictures, who has been a decorated war correspondent, a New York City policeman, and an eluder of policemen (he and his wife, in sparse days, once traveled from Iowa to Chicago in a boxcar), an expert fifer, a collector of butterflies, an advertising copywriter, an authority on mushrooms, and an avid explorer of caves and battlefields. Kantor's career of remaining unstuck began at the age of seventeen as co-editor, with his mother, of the Webster City, Iowa, *Daily News*, and included, before he was thirty, poetry, advertising, and three novels.

The first real fruit of his wanderings came in 1934 with "Long Remember," a realistic historical novel about Gettysburg which is considered a landmark in the field of well-documented fiction. After this "The Voice of Bugle Ann" brought Kantor to Hollywood, where his novel in blank verse, "Glory for Me," provided glory for all by garnering thirteen Academy Awards under the title "The Best Years of Our Lives." Yet throughout this spectrum the Civil War stands out as the subject nearest Kantor's heart. "I can remember parading through cemeteries on the Fourth of July, the old men of the town and me a skinny kid in his teens with a fife," he said the other day. "Sometimes the Civil War seemed closer than the time I was living in." Kantor returns to the Civil War in "Andersonville," if the word "return" can properly cover twenty-five years' research among hundreds of standard authorities and obscure dust-gatherers in scattered Southern libraries. "After thirty or so years of writing you catch up with your enthusiasms," Kantor says—and he sounds happily resigned to it. —RICHARD LEMON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Later Lincoln

"Last Full Measure," by J. G. Randall and Richard N. Current *(Dodd, Mead. 421 pp. $7.50), rounds out the late Professor Randall's major work on "Lincoln the President." It is reviewed here by Holman Hamilton of the University of Kentucky, author of "Zachary Taylor: Soldier in the White House."*

By Holman Hamilton

"IN THE history of our Government down to this hour no experiment so rash has ever been made as that of elevating to the head of affairs a man with so little previous preparation for his task as Mr. Lincoln."

It will seem natural to admirers of the late Professor Randall that words like these of Charles Francis Adams are emphasized in "Last Full Measure." For here is the whole Lincoln as contemporaries and documents revealed him and as he revealed himself during his last eighteen months.

"Last Full Measure" is the fourth and final volume on Lincoln's Presidency undertaken by Professor Randall. What such specialists as Paul M. Angle, Harry E. Pratt, Donald C. Riddle, William H. Townsend, and Louis A. Warren have done for particular periods or phases of Lincoln's early life the University of Illinois historian set out to do for the White House years. Before his death in 1953 half the present book had been completed. Richard N. Current, now head of the history and political science department at Woman's College, University of North Carolina, wrote the last eight chapters. Only Carl Sandburg has rivaled the Randall-Current multi-volume study of the 1860-1865 Lincoln and that is saying a good deal when one considers that, including variants, more than 8,000 Lincoln books and pamphlets are in or out of print—many of them devoted largely

or exclusively to the wartime Lincoln.

James Garfield Randall was a historian's historian. Meticulously accurate, constantly questing for trustworthy evidence, he lived with Lincoln and with Lincoln lore and he wrote with skill, experience, and precision. "Last Full Measure" traces Lincoln's plan of reconstruction, his contacts with the press and the American people, his support and opposition for reelection, his relations with Congress in 1864, his conduct of the war, and his arrangements for peace. Lincoln the politician is by no means forgotten, and it should be everlastingly remembered that Abraham Lincoln was an adroit politician. In the main the treatment is topical rather than chronological. Still, there is no jerkiness, the transitions are smooth, and Lincoln the man is subtly and successfully depicted. Perhaps the most unusual feature is the portrayal in Chapter V of Lincoln and of his America against an Asiatic backdrop.

Errors of commission are almost non-existent. Very infrequently a typographical gremlin will twist Francis H. Pierpont into "Pierpoint" or alter unimportantly some other proper name. The play at Ford's Theater was, of course, not "The Country Cousin" but "Our American Cousin." But this reviewer could detect few flaws.

Special attention should be paid to Richard Current's contribution. Carrying on another man's work to its designed conclusion, he has maintained not only the standards but the very tone of his onetime colleague. One of his books, "Old Thad Stevens," prepared him thirteen years ago for the Lincoln challenge, and, familiar with the field and versed in the Randall methods, he subordinated himself, his own techniques, and perhaps his own preference to those of Professor Randall, thereby producing what should be a leading candidate for the Pulitzer Prize.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1126)

BERT LESTON TAYLOR:
CANOPUS

When temporary chairmen utter speeches,
When frenzied henchmen sing their battle hymns,
My thoughts go out across the cosmic reaches,
To where Canopus swims. . . .

When quacks with pills political would dope us, . . .
I like to think about the star Canopus.

Abe on Paper

"The Living Lincoln," by Paul M. Angle and Earl Schenck Miers *(Rutgers University Press. 673 pp. $6.95), is a collection of the significant writings of the Civil War President. Alden Whitman, who reviews it here, is a longtime Lincoln student.*

By Alden Whitman

THE evolution of Lincoln from a small-town lawyer and political huckster into a man capable of waging and winning a war for the Union makes a rewarding study of the play of historical forces on that individual. One illustration of this growth is provided in Lincoln's own writings, which begin in 1831 and carry on to the day of his assassination.

Significant selections from these writings—letters, speeches, and jottings (some of which are from the newly opened Robert Todd Lincoln collection)—have now been drawn together by Paul M. Angle and Earl Schenck Miers under the title of "The Living Lincoln." The compilers have arranged the papers by period and pretty much in chronological order.

The most interesting aspects of Lincoln that these papers underline are his testiness, his pride, and his impatience, which with his more well-known characteristics offer a delineation of a whole person. At the same time the papers give primary evidence of his developing political and moral convictions and of the growth of his prose from his stilted exposition of the 1830s and 1840s to the spare and beautiful expressions that are typified by the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural Address.

The public papers, of course, were rather carefully prepared, but the same clarity and cogency of expression are also apparent in Lincoln's private correspondence, especially in that with the field commanders during the war. These reveal not only how seriously he took his role as commander-in-chief, but also how well informed he was about the foibles of the Army leaders and how skilfully he dealt with them. Among the private letters are a number from Lincoln to his wife. With the exception of one or two dating from the early years of the marriage these letters are trite and formal and bare of emotion. Curiously, they are signed either "Lincoln" or "A. Lincoln."

As a whole these and other Lincoln papers are an excellent supplement to any standard biography.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Compassionate Thad

"Thaddeus Stevens: A Being Darkly Wise and Rudely Great," by Ralph Korngold *(Harcourt, Brace. 460 pp. $6), is a biography which gives a new interpretation of the controversial Civil War Congressman. Roy F. Nichols, who reviews the book here, received a Pulitzer Prize for his book on "The Disruption of the American Democracy."*

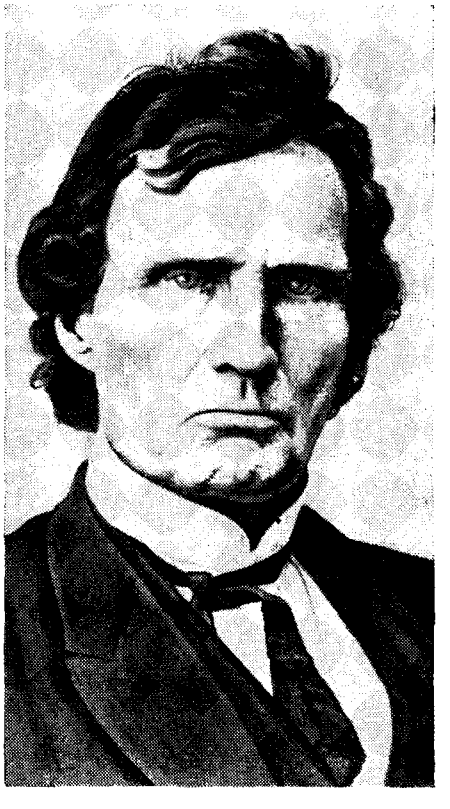
By Roy F. Nichols

THE world of books already includes seven biographies of Thaddeus Stevens. Now appears the eighth about the Pennsylvania Congressman, and it is the story of how a crippled boy who was reared by a deserted monther and who was the butt of his youthful companions was fired to great effort by these hardships and became an intense, embittered, and ruthless political leader, the bane of existence of both President Lincoln and of President Johnson. Mr. Korngold has not changed the outline of the Stevens story, but he has endeavored to change the interpretation of Stevens's motives. In brief his theory is as follows: Stevens, being conditioned by his own unhappy childhood, was a humanitarian and a natural friend of the downtrodden, and given this character, his life was consistent.

The Pennsylvania Congressman came to believe that the strength of the South and the reason for its intransigence was the control which the planter class exercised over its human property. The most effective weapon against the Confederacy for winning the war, 1861-1865, was to destroy that strength by emancipation. But President Lincoln believed that the Union could be saved only if secession could be kept to a minimum by retaining the loyalty of the border slave states. He felt emancipation would throw them into the arms of the South and perhaps permanently destroy the Union. Lincoln in this contest finally came over to Stevens's view—but in his own way and his own time, and, as a result, the border states never did leave the Union.

AFTER the war Stevens was motivated by the conviction that the planter oligarchy must not return to the political control they had exercised before the conflict, or else the fruits of the war, emancipation, would be lost. Johnson, whom Mr. Korngold thinks a blundering ass, failed to grasp this danger, and the genius of Stevens and the zeal of his associates, according to Mr. Korngold, was devoted to saving the nation from the return of the Confederates and the virtual reenslavement of the Negro. Stevens in order to prevent this first sought to reduce the Congressional representation of the South, and then when that design failed through the first defeat of the Fourteenth Amendment resorted to military reconstruction to enforce Negro suffrage.

This interpretation of Stevens's motivation, emphasizing the consistency of his position and the logic of his contest with two Presidents, paints him as an intellectual tactician rather than as a vindictive one. As such the interpretation can serve as a corrective to the older picture of Stevens, and it is welcome. But it must not be accepted as the final word. For probably the final word can never be written. The truth about Stevens as a human being cannot be definitively presented because the needed psychiatric data do not now and never did exist. Deformity and insufficiency and their compensations, both physical and mental, are hidden conditions that make some biographical problems insoluble. The thoughtful reader will want to read this book and carefully compare it with Richard Current's "Old Thad Stevens." His own conclusions will then be as valid and perhaps as different as those of many other thoughtful students of human nature who may engage in the same experiment.



Thaddeus Stevens—"intellectual tactician."

Cad's General

"Three Years with Grant," edited by Benjamin P. Thomas *(Alfred A. Knopf. 353 pp. $4.75), is a collection of one Civil War correspondent's reports on the Union general, all assembled by the eminent Lincoln scholar Benjamin P. Thomas. Here the book is reviewed by Louis M. Starr, the author of "Civil War Newsmen in Action."*

By Louis M. Starr

TEN YEARS ago this December Lloyd Lewis, deep in the biography of Grant he did not live to complete, wrote his publisher in high fettle and in the following staccato style:

"Have found a highly valuable mss. by Cadwallader, correspondent of *Chicago Times* then the *N. Y. Herald* with Grant four years . . . has much good stuff . . . very vivid and anecdotal . . . with very full statement in detail of Grant's drinking . . . one wonderful toot Grant went on while besieging Vicksburg . . . a boat trip with Cadwallader, who idolized him . . ."

Now we have it, painstakingly edited by Benjamin P. Thomas of Lincoln fame. The original manuscript, which I chance to have read, was discursiveness gone mad; what is here fully justifies Lewis's enthusiasm.

Quite as prolific as their modern counterparts, Civil War reporters produced more than thirty volumes of memoirs—some, like those of George Alfred Townsend, Franc Wilkie, and Henry Villard, being more vivid and better disciplined than this one. But what chiefly distinguishes Cadwallader's report is the absolute, nothing-is-sacred candor by which he tells of his extraordinary experiences with Grant, and the portrait of the General that emerges.

Rarely did Grant's tactiturnity yield to reporters. That "Cad" (as our man was soon known at headquarters) should have broken it was the more remarkable because the rabidly Copperhead sheet he first represented had often piqued Grant. Cad won Grant's respect and then his lasting gratitude by studiously avoiding other reporters and their brash ways, by cultivating members of Grant's staff, and by circumspect behavior in his presence.

On a boat trip up the Yazoo, the reporter found Grant "stupid of speech and staggering of gait" and all aboard too fearful of his authority to raise a finger. Cadwallader maneu-

(*Continued on page* 28)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lament for the Forest

***"Big Woods," by William Faulkner** (Random House. 138 pp. $3.95), is a collection of four previously published hunting stories by one of the greatest American writers of our time.*

By Harrison Smith

THERE can be few men, whether or not they have ever hunted with rifle and dogs, who would not be stirred by the four epic tales of William Faulkner in Random House's collection of his hunting stories, "The Bear," "The Old People," "A Bear Hunt," and his latest, "Race at Morning." All of these four stories are based on two major themes: the tenacious need of men to destroy at the risk of their own lives the bear or the stag at bay, and a bitter lament for the wilderness which once sheltered them but which has now been ravaged in only two generations.

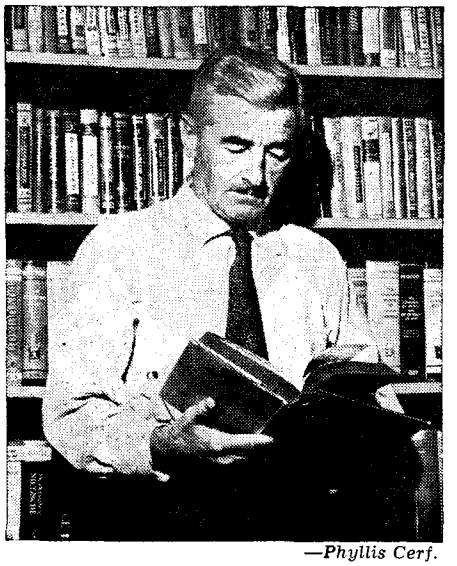
André Gide said of Faulkner long ago that there is not one of his characters who has a soul. But it should be obvious that many of his characters certainly have a soul as well as a sense of responsibility. Certainly this is true of the hunters in this collection, who year after year track down the giant bear, then let him live, scarred though he is with the teeth of dogs he had killed and with lead slugs from old battles under his hide, until they know his time has come for his last battle. Is it not better, Faulkner seems to ask, for the bear and the stag to die fighting against their enemies than to perish of hunger or senescence in the diminishing forest?

"I decline to accept the end of man —man will not only endure but prevail," Mr. Faulkner said in his memorable Stockholm speech; but in the prefaces to each of these stories and in the epilogue to "Race at Morning" he implies that while man is doubtless endurable he can also look forward to an existence that may not be worth living. At least in Faulknerian terms it may not be worth living in a world without a wilderness, with its rivers tamed, with its wild animals gone, with the only dangers left being the diseases and wars.

"Big Woods" is, in a sense, a memorial to the courage of the hunters and the hunted of the bygone days which Mr. Faulkner brings back to memory. It is a collection of tales which have been told to him or which his genius has created. "The old," he writes, "had innocent tumultuous eupeptic tomorrowless days, now obsolete, when men were without bowels for avarice or compassion or forethought either, changing the face of the earth, felling a tree which took two hundred years to grow, in order to extract from it a bear or a capful of wild honey."

The boy of these stories, in which Faulkner's readers will find familiar names, is sixteen, and there is a mongrel puppy, Lion, who in the end brings death to Old Ben, the monstrous bear. The boy had listened during the yearly expeditions to the forest to tales of the big woods and of the vanished Indians and of the Civil War and of the disappearance of old steamboats from the Mississippi. There is Major de Spain, General Compson, old Thomas Sutpen, the boy's cousin McCaslin, and old Sam the Negro. They talk endlessly of the hunts of other days and of life itself, and of the death of what was worth living for. Old Ben, the savage bear, is never forgotten, and the tale of his death when it comes his time to die is without question one of the great hunting tales in our literature. The training of the huge savage mongrel, Lion, for the sole purpose of killing Old Ben is a vital part of the narrative.

The last story in this enthralling collection, "Race at Morning," illustrates Faulkner's attitude toward hunting. It is told by a lonely boy whose parents have deserted him and who has been taken into the house of a kind and lonely planter. As in the earlier stories the heroic stag, Old Eagle, has won the affection of all the hunters in the neighborhood. His time, they think, has come, but the story ends not in his death but in the gift of perhaps another year or so of life to Old Eagle when Mr. Earnest, after a wild ride with the boy clinging to his back and his gun ready, aims at his old foe while the boy realizes that Mr. Earnest knows that there are no shells in the rifle. "Don't worry," the boy says, "I won't tell them you forgot to load your gun. For that matter they don't need to know we ever seed him."



—*Phyllis Cerf.*

William Faulkner—"memorial to courage."

Underwater Hercules

***"The Sea and the Stone," by Charmian Clift and George Johnston** (Bobbs-Merrill. 366 pp. $3.95), is the third novel by a husband-and-wife writing team who have this time chosen the people who work in the sponge-gathering industry of the small Aegean island of Kalymnos as the proper characters by which to examine human life.*

By Charles Lee

ABOUT ten miles off the Turkish coast lies the small Aegean island of Kalymnos. The 14,000 people who farm its rocky slopes and fish from its tiny harbors are tenacious but desperate. Their main industry—plucking sponges off the floor of the Mediterranean—is being menaced by synthetic developments in U.S. chemical laboratories. What the Medes, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Turks, Genoese, Crusaders, and Nazis were unable to do to the unrootable Kalymnians, a white-coated scientist with a test tube thousands of miles distant may ironically accomplish.

This is the place, these are the people, and this is the problem with which the Johnstons have elected to deal in their superb third novel, "The Sea and the Stone." The movement of the story is at first slow, the scenes are alien, and the economic menace is peculiar and local, but page by page the story works a subtle enchantment on the reader and in the end completely envelops his attention and his emotions. The bleak, sea-foamed rocks of Kalymnos stand in memory in a kind of golden effulgence; the warriors off to Troy have their counter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parts in the brawny, sea-booted island men off to their grim pelagic plunderings. Together they are symbols of stability and defiance, the red rocks beating off the endless assaults of the sea, the men on their bobbing boats wearing their peaked caps like plumed helmets of yore.

The hero of "The Sea and the Stone" is Manoli, a roistering Hercules of a man who leads his own diving fleet to the African sponge-beds. Elemental, uncomplicated, exuberant, Manoli is masculinity incarnate. He is a poet of the bizarre underwater world of the diver. And he is also a simple philosopher of wholeness, answering his appetites, working when others despair, holding to his sense both of place and calling against the siren lure of security elsewhere.

Manoli's Hercules is perfectly countered by Mina's Demeter. Earthy and wise, protectress of the Kalymnian social order, Mina Vraxos is equally uncomplicated. Her beauty is such that she is pursued by three other men, all of whom are in a position to take her to larger worlds and greater comforts. But Mina is stone to Manoli's sea (gadgets can mean nothing to a goddess) and whatever the tides and tempests of her man she waits on them, patient and passionate and enduring.

ABOUT these indomitable two the Johnstons have worked a vivid cast of supporting characters and a finely meshed series of sub-plots. The social and physical textures of Kalymnos are rendered exquisitely. The Johnstons have a sharp eye for the picturesque and a style equal to the Byzantine tone required by the subject. The pink-shuttered town is brightly activated. There is the look of the warehouses with their tawny mounds of sponges, of fig trees laden with roosting turkeys, of copper beakers of retzina, and of black-shawled women. There is the smell of gasoline fumes and incense at the blessing of the boats, the sound of mountain bagpipes and zithers, the thud of engines, the tolling of church bells, and the metallic punctuation of the sponge clippers. And above all there is the laughter of Manoli and the warming figure of Mina watching the boats as they fade over the horizon.

"The Sea and the Stone" is that rare kind of novel which creates a whole new world in which to move and to be moved. It dramatizes a fascinating industry and explores men, women, and the sea. It paints murals of truth, and it touches urgencies and antiquities in ways that are challenging to the drives which govern us.

Faith and a Fallen Woman

"The Lost Sheep," by Henry Bordeaux *(translated by Frances Frenaye. Macmillan. 130 pp. $2.95), is a new novel by the oldest survivor of a generation of French writers whose most celebrated members included Valéry, Gide, and Claudel.*

By Henri Peyre

A NUMBER of naive or self-righteous Americans like to picture French literature as permeated by Existentialism, French *jeunes filles* as sisters of the amoral heroine of "Bonjour Tristesse," and the French in general as turbulent agnostics whose sinful unbelief brings about governmental instability, alcoholism, and the lechery of Folies-Bergères audiences. It is fortunate for the tourist trade that France is thus presented as naughtily attractive. For few parts of Europe can be as joyless, as obstinately moral and earnest as most French provinces, and no other country has such a flourishing Catholic literature, depicting the good life and the rewards reaped by virtue in this world or in the next.

Henry Bordeaux is today the oldest survivor of the generation born around 1870 whose most celebrated patriarchs, Valéry, Gide, and Claudel, all died within the last decade. He fought valorously in World War I and entered the French Academy over thirty-five years ago. All his novels have been devoted to the glorification of the French peasants in the Savoy region, from which Henry Bordeaux came, and to the glorification of the Christian faith, which for most Frenchmen means Catholicism. "The Lost Sheep" is not among the author's major works. But it is told with ease and even with grace. It should appeal to those who want to read for relaxation and who balk at modern Catholic novels, where evil is draped in sumptuous hues and can be eradicated only through tragic wrestling with the Devil. The narrative does not break with the logical and chronological succession of events; the characters do not indulge in obscure interior monologues or in delving into their hidden unconscious. All is smooth and gentle and ends well though sadly. The heroine is forgiven and her place will be among the repentant and the elect.

—Jacket design for "The Lost Sheep."

". . . all ends well though sadly."

HER name is Mélanie Corbier. She was married to a sturdy lumberman in the Alpine region and had had two children by him. A shepherd from Provence, whose voice was sonorous and who played the flute enticingly, lured her away from her home and she lived with him for five years. But her lover then married another woman and she, the lost sheep, yearning for her children's affection, went in 1940 to the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.

The characters in this brief novel or *récit* are hardly complex. They stand as the symbols of honest but hard-headed peasants, of a saintly monk, and of a woman who had been sinful but was at heart better than the "virtuous" women eager to torture her. The message is a little too obvious, to the adult reader at least. The descriptions of the mountain scenery are very restrained and even abstract and unevocative. Humor is lacking in a subject akin to Giono's "Baker's Wife," and it could well have been enlivened somewhat. The author's intentions are worthy of the lofty traditions of French *bienpensante* literature. Unfortunately, however, Gide's pointed remark about good intentions resulting in less than good literature, unfair as it may be in other cases, is not altogether out of place where Henry Bordeaux is concerned. "'Tis an awkward thing to try to save souls," as the poet might have said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board, Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors: Amy Loveman, Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor
Eloise Perry Hazard

Book Review Editor
Raymond Walters, Jr.

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
John Mason Brown
Bennett Cerf
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Publisher
J. R. Cominsky

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1955, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Ice Age of Modern Man

IT WAS the night of the flash floods in Connecticut. We had been driving for more than an hour trying to find a road that had not been cut off by washouts or debris. We were hoping to get through to Stamford, where our daughter had been trapped in the storm.

The headlights of our car caught the figure of a man in a yellow raincoat standing in the pounding rain. He held aloft an electric lantern and waved us to a stop. He told us to turn back; a small bridge fording a stream just beyond the turn in the road had been washed out. He was not a policeman or official of any kind. Earlier in the evening he had learned that the bridge hadn't held and he had attempted to notify the police. Unable to do so, he had decided to spend the rest of the night as a human warning station.

On another back road we found cars marooned in gullies, the water up over the seats or the floorboards. Then, as we approached the main highway, we came across a string of cars stalled by a wide torrent cutting wildly across the road. People from nearby homes, some of them without raincoats or boots, were working to help those who were stranded. It was now long past midnight but improvised rescue squads were at work everywhere. Each home on the road became something of a rescue station. Teen-age boys worked through the night getting people in stalled cars to places of safety. Two young men, working side by side with local police near a small bridge, lost their footing and were swept away and drowned. We didn't get home that night and it was not until noon that we were able to reach our daughter, who was perfectly all right.

After the water receded and the emergency was over one recollection stood out above all the others. It was of the people themselves. Their heroism had been real; but there was something more important and more memorable than that. It was the way the people looked as they worked during the storm. Something was coming through you didn't see very often and it had an electric quality to it. The man in the yellow raincoat and hundreds of others who worked through the night didn't have the look of people who were satisfying their craving for excitement or hunger. They looked as though they were fulfilling something far more essential—the need to be needed. They had been made necessary in the lives of other people and they were acting on it and it had given them satisfaction and warmth.

The suspicion grows that the direct need that exists between men is deeply felt but only rarely observed in our time. Except in a disaster or emergency, there is very little outlet in man for the natural longing of a human being to share fully and freely. We have become masters of the impersonal and inanimate. Our energy and even our emotions have gone into things; the things serve us but they come between us, changing the relationship of man to man. And the things take on an authority that men accept without protest.

The impersonality is epidemic. It is almost as though we feared direct contact, almost as though the soul of man had become septic.

If a man becomes ill he hardly hangs up his hat in the doctor's office before he is placed before a whole battery of machines and testing devices. The traveled road is not between the mind of the diagnostician and the heart of the patient, but between the clinic and the laboratory. There comes to mind Castiglione's admonition that the post of honor for the doctor is at the bedside of his patient.

If a man submits himself for a job he is seen not as a personality but as a fit subject for various tests which presumably have more to do with ascertaining his worth than the human responses which may figure largely in the work he is called upon to do.

If a man builds a house he no longer participates in a wonderful joint enterprise with neighbors but in a juggling contest with figures, and he may not see his neighbors from one year to the next. The house itself may be shiny and functional, but not a thing is known about the people who made it.

If a man wishes to help needy people he generally does it not on a man-to-man basis but through an agency; and his contribution becomes a statistic rather than a strand in a life-line thrown out to a recognizable being.

EVEN current philosophies give weight to the notion that people as people are not really essential to each other. The Existentialists dislike to be taxed with the charge that their doctrine is essentially negative, but the fact remains that their philosophy is based on the absoluteness of the separation between man and man. It holds that man is chained to his alone-ness, that there is no way for him—even in the hour of his greatest need—to penetrate beyond the barrier of self. In this sense, of course, Existentialism is only a modern echo of the Egyptian philosophy of the individual as set down by Schiller: "I am that which is. I am all, what is, what was, what will be. No man has lifted my veil. He is only and solely for himself . . ."

But man is more than the shadow of his substance, more than a self-contained and self-sealing entity. He comes to life in others and is affected by their hurts or their needs or their moral splendor. When he denies this, no matter how slick the apparatus of sophistication behind the denial may be, he hammers at the essence of his own being.

An Ice Age can come about inside man through a lowering of the temperature of human response. As against this, there is always the possibility that men will come to see their commitment to each other as the basic energy and power of their civilization.

—N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROSPERITY AND POLITICAL PARTIES

PROFESSOR ERIC F. GOLDMAN of Princeton in "What Is Prosperity Doing to Our Political Parties" [*SR* Oct. 8] writes an interesting and curious paper. Liberals and conservatives, he says, have disappeared under the impact of prosperity. Ergo, our domestic problems have been solved! The implication that this prosperity was produced by the liberals is certainly not absent from Professor Goldman's paper. But what happened was that American industrialists conceived and perfected mass industry, not because they were prodded by conservatives but because it was good business. And despite a hostile political climate they and other American industrialists increased production and employment to a point where prosperity was a fact.

Having disposed of the domestic scene, Professor Goldman transfers the political adversaries abroad and, of course, the liberals, called "Reconcilables," are right again. Those opposed to the Reconcilables are supplied by Professor Goldman with foolish thoughts and are then ridiculed.

But many thoughtful Americans doubt that we or any combination of other countries can check the ferment going on all over the world. They think that for our protection we should hold intact the line from Korea to the Philippines and they doubt if our economic help to foreign countries has made us useful friends. Many, too, will disagree with Professor Goldman's slur on President Grover Cleveland when he said, "The people should support the Government but the Government should not support the people." If that doesn't make sense nothing does.

WALTER H. BUCK.

Baltimore, Md.

THE TWENTY-SECOND AMENDMENT

IT'S HARD to see precisely what Elmo Roper is driving at in his editorial on "The Twenty-Second Amendment" [*SR* Oct. 8]. While he begins with the acknowledgement of a present new era of "faith in our leaders, both Democratic and Republican" and "faith in the man next door," he at the end suggests that we reappraise the idea of a third term in the office of President to insure "party solidarity" and obviate "second-term chaos." Is it not obvious that Mr. Roper can hardly take the new "self-confidence" of the American people very seriously if he must provide for its continued existence through a Constitutional measure aimed at, to his mind, removing party instability?

Further, is it so easy to overlook the plaint of a past President and the situation of the incumbent as to the physical possibility of a third term. Surely our country need not rely on external adjustments to improve upon what Mr. Roper himself has characterized as a period of "restoration of faith." And if he has "polled" his trend accurately the matter of party solidarity need not concern us much.

HENRY A. SOSLAND.

New York, N. Y.

"I ran away from home when I was sixteen. Luckily, they found me a couple of blocks away and brought me back."

THE INARTICULATE HUNTER

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB in "Hornbooks for the Hunter" [*SR* Oct. 8] wistfully asks why distinguished writing about duck shooting is exceedingly rare. Either he knows too few hunters or he doesn't dare tell what he knows. I have a number of these commuter duck-butchers for acquaintances, and not one among them knows why he does what he does. These Knights of the Frozen Fundament are commonly inarticulate and only able to express themselves with a Remington 12-gauge pump (full choke, chromed barrel, ventilated rib—"Ma-a-a-n, what a pattern!") Eighty per cent of hunters are too stupid even to read, let alone write. Ten per cent of the remainder are psychopathic personalities—nostalgic Nazis. And the rest are cozy asses, even if you spell it Ernest Hemingway.

From the creek bank by our pier I can see four duck blinds. I do not quarrel with the men who built them. They should not quarrel with me when they see the giant Dutch-type windmill with red-anodized aluminum foil vanes I am building in the garage to post on the pier when the "season" opens. It seems to me that if these hunters have made a murderous thoroughfare out of our creek it is only fair to warn off the ducks.

JOSEPH WHITEHILL.

Trappe, Md.

SCHOOLS AND TAXES

IN DISCUSSING THE PROBLEM "Financing Our Schools" [*SR* Sept. 10] Edgar Morphet offers a hint for its solution in his statement that "on a percentage basis the four least wealthy states gained almost twice as much as did the four most wealthy states in ability to provide education between 1940 and 1953. Yet during this thirteen year period the four most wealthy states gained two-and-one-half times as much in dollars of income per child as did the four least wealthy states." In this connection I note that the rural areas frequently provide better school plants than do the cities. In other words, the small community watches the expenditure of its tax dollar much more closely than does the city-dweller.

CHRISTOPHER NOBLE.

San Rafael, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Fun and Games

JOYCE GRENFELL is the latest solo entertainer with the temerity to stretch one elastic personality over an entire evening. In this field Miss Grenfell can be ranked as more gently and reasonably funny, and less preposterously zany, than the incomparable Bea Lillie. Miss Grenfell—who writes all her own material including song lyrics—is at her best when impersonating a lean and gawky woman tirelessly seeking spiritual release. Her varieties of expression include a naturist to whom the message of the music always turns out to be "You're a horse"; an antique-shop proprietress besotted with luminous-painted antlers and hip-baths filled with cushions; a Park Avenue torch-singer whose existence is given meaning by a doctor who stands barefoot with her completely innocent "May north so that "earth rays" will enter their subconscious minds (Is this poking fun at Dr. Reich's orgone-boxes?); a sheltered young lady who showers a decadent third-rate novelist with adulation, but who blocks his attempt to parlay this into an affair with her completely innocent "May I bring Mummy?"; and finally—in a less comic vein—the elder sister who has spent her young years fetching and carrying for three brothers, ruining her chances for independent happiness, who as an old maid contents herself with fetching and carrying for her brothers' children. There is also a subtle but telling sequence in which Miss Grenfell is an interfering parent quietly but maliciously destroying her daughter's intended marriage.

The above constitutes one-third of "Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure." The other two-thirds consist of passable sketches and songs by Miss Grenfell and dance intervals by Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone, and Irving Davies. The latter are clever and bouncy but insubstantial. However, some of Richard Addinsell's music is catchy, and patrons may wake up to find themselves singing snatches of "Me and My Friend" and "Ordinary Morning." Indeed, they may find themselves telling their friends that "Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure" is an invitation to a gracious, amusing, and memorable party.

IN HIS second play twenty-nine-year-old George Axelrod has taken no chances. He is offering two plots, braided together loosely under the title "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" The title refers to a movie-magazine interview written by a timid, unimaginative, second-string reporter named George MacCauley, who on occasion allows himself the proud boast that "it was very well received." The best-received portions of Mr. Axelrod's new play concern George MacCauley's wish-fulfilments. He sells pieces of his soul in return to a Mephistophelean ten-percenter with the pseudonym of Personal Representative Sneaky LaSalle.

In George MacCauley Mr. Axelrod has come up with a more-than-satisfactory successor to wish-getting Richard Sherman of "The Seven Year Itch." But a good part of this character he owes to actor Orson Bean, who succeeds in making dulness and mediocrity screamingly funny. From his first pencil-fumbling entrance, when he sets out to interview a nearly-nude Marilyn Monroeish movie-star, Mr. Bean exhibits a mastery that should elevate him to stardom. The smug way he discounts the danger of being attacked by a jealous professional football tackle with "I understand the small wiry chap can take the big fellow every time" is not only marvelous comedy but a sarcasm on the fool's paradise of clichés in which the average man dwells. Later he evokes what seem like several minutes of sustained laughter with his absolutely helpless, gasping expression as the same angry footballer holds him by the neck. Most of Mr. Bean's action is fed by Jayne Mansfield, who as the blonde bombshell throws herself into some strenuous nymphomaniac maneuvers without becoming objectionably coarse. Martin Gabel plays the head of Hell's literary department as the smoothest con-man in the business.

Mr. Axelrod moves this neo-Faustian plot along nicely enough until he comes to the point where George MacCauley runs out of pieces of soul and must decide his fate. In "The Seven Year Itch" Richard Sherman returned slightly wiser to the routine existence he led before his fling at pleasure, and the playwright has employed the same pattern here. Yet it seems less effective in this case, perhaps because we never see much of his normal state.

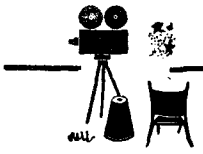
Mr. Axelrod's other plot is much less successfully realized. It concerns the trials of a "playwrote" (a man who's written one hit play but not a line since). This one is a composite of Tennessee Williams (he's written a Pulitzer Prize play "about a hooker and a fag" which the movies are having a hard time adapting), and Axelrod himself (his first play's a hit and he's the hottest thing in town, but if his second play flops he'll be the coldest). The experiences this man has with a Hollywood magnate do not cut as deep as Saroyan's "Get Away Old Man," mainly because Mr. Axelrod's gags are showing. His line about the blonde star being "the titular head" of a film company, followed by an apology, had the bloom taken off it in "Born Yesterday," and the build-up in which Sneaky almost talks the hardboiled film executive out of demanding to hear a non-existent screenplay is spoiled by rushing the punch-line. This stuff is out of key with the rather sincere and touching ending the playwrote comes to. "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" falls short of being an engrossing satire of Hollywood, and perhaps just misses being as satisfying an average man's daydream as was "The Seven Year Itch." Yet thanks to Orson Bean's comic genius it does manage to be munificently mirthful much of the time.

"A CAREFREE TREE" at the Phoenix attempts to give New Yorkers the flavor of Chinese theatre and at the same time maintain the conventional naturalistic satisfactions of Broadway plays. But the mistake Aldwyth Morris's new play about peace in ancient China makes is in not substituting anything vital to compensate for the want of authentic Chinese acting. While the production has been showered with some bright ornamental beauty by designer Alvin Coit, there is not that additional quality which Brecht gave "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk," where his production techniques expressed an attitude towards the story rather than merely dressing it up.

This is no disgrace to the remarkable Phoenix Theatre and its actors, for such work is only achieved through a continuity of productions. Edith Meiser manages to be full and moving as the peace-seeking queen, and Blanche Yurka, Farley Granger, Janice Rule, Larry Gates, Sada Thompson, and Frederic Warriner do creditable work in less rewarding roles.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Hardy Perennials

IT IS now just thirty years since Joan Crawford won a Charleston contest and headed for Hollywood, twenty-five since Clark Gable played hard-boiled gangster bits in early talkies. The years, as the saying goes, have been kind to both of them. Joan quickly established herself as the embodiment of the Jazz Age, the dime-store flapper who marries the Gilded Youth. Gable got his break in "A Free Soul," romanticizing the gangster for an age that found gangsters irresistibly romantic. Both won stardom early; and both have managed to remain on top of the heap in a business that goes in for new models every bit as vigorously and voraciously as the automobile industry.

To attempt to explain their astonishing longevity in terms of talent alone is absurd. Other, more talented stars have long since vanished into obscurity. Nor can their royal ratings be accounted for on any purely financial basis. Other stars earn more per picture than either Crawford or Gable. Few stars, however, have been able to capture and hold the imagination and affection of their public for so long a time, perhaps because few stars have ever found within their own personalities those precious ingredients that permit them to change character with the changing times. Gangster Gable was succeeded by the happy-go-lucky adventurer, the rugged individualist, the patriot, the cynic. Flapper Crawford became in turn a light comedienne, a sophisticated woman of the world, a hard-driving career woman, and, in recent years, an increasingly neurotic psychological case. By choosing their stories carefully they kept their glamour—and their fans. Producers today can be reasonably certain that when they cast a picture with either Gable or Crawford their followers will turn up by the millions at box-offices all over the world to pay homage to the King and to the Queen of the Glamour Queens. Just how little all of this has to do with the actual merit of their pictures is the sort of thing that confounds movie critics and delights the studios. Aside from "Mogambo" Gable's recent *opera* barely achieved mediocrity, while Crawford's have been downright atrocious. Even so their fans—grayer now, but perhaps even more firmly attached to them by nostalgia—remain faithful. The proof is that both are currently visible in big, expensive productions, Gable in **"The Tall Men"** (20th Century-Fox) and Crawford in **"Queen Bee"** (Columbia).

Since "The Tall Men" is Gable's first film away from M-G-M in over fifteen years his window-dressing is especially elaborate—a wide-screen Western tricked out with thousands of steers, thousands of Indians, and yards and yards of Jane Russell. It is Clark's assignment to drive the cattle north from Texas to Montana, fighting off both Jane and the Indians all the way. In the process he reverts to his favorite stereotype: the rugged outlaw who is good to his men, hard on his women, free and easy in his ways, but true to an Ideal. At one point Robert Ryan says of him, "He's everything a boy dreams of being when he grows up."

Miss Crawford's big trouble would seem to be that, having once proved she could act, she now insists on vehicles with built-in Academy Award roles. The stories may be brainless ("Johnny Guitar"), tasteless ("Female on the Beach"), sensational ("Flamingo Road"), or merely sordid, as is the case with "Queen Bee"; but in all of them you find Joan in there punching. She never merely acts a role any more—she overacts it; and in the inevitable confrontation scenes (all recent Crawford pictures have them, the big scene in which Joan is denounced for her accumulated villainies) one can almost see an Oscar fade in over every smoldering close-up of the star. In "Queen Bee" this *scéne obligitoire* comes after Crawford, mistress of a vast Southern plantation, has driven her husband to drink, her sister-in-law to suicide, a close friend out of her mind, and a former lover to murder. Joan's manic buzzing, product of a deep, deep sense of insecurity, soon becomes frightfully monotonous, for all her intense pyrotechnics. Although probably not to Crawford fans.

It does seem odd, however, when one is confronted by pictures so obviously tailored for the fans, so patently designed as showcases for their stars, so devoid of intrinsic merit, that the fans themselves do not rebel. After all, Gable in a love scene, Crawford in a frenzy are nothing new to them. G. and C. know very well what they are doing. But do their fans?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Just out—1955 edition of the definitive theatre yearbook

THEATRE '55

Edited by JOHN CHAPMAN

- Digest versions of the Golden Dozen plays of the year: *Inherit the Wind; Cat On a Hot Tin Roof; The Saint of Bleecker Street; Bus Stop; Anastasia; The Bad Seed; Reclining Figure; Witness for the Prosecution; Fanny; Lunatics and Lovers; The Desperate Hours; The Tender Trap.*
- The Season in Retrospect by JOHN CHAPMAN.
- The Grass-Roots Theatre by GEORGE FREEDLEY.
- The Theatre in London by C. B. MORTLOCK.
- Prizes and Awards; Statistical Record; Theatre Book List; Obituary; The All-Time Hits; The Holdovers; Full Cast Listings; Index of Names, Plays, Casts.

$5.00 at all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

TRIAL
starring
GLENN FORD
DOROTHY McGUIRE
ARTHUR KENNEDY
JOHN HODIAK
KATY JURADO
with
RAFAEL CAMPOS
JUANO HERNANDEZ
written by
DON M. MANKIEWICZ
from his Harper's Prize Novel
Directed by MARK ROBSON
Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"TROPICANA"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble... Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COME ONE, COME ALL!

TO THE

Wild West Show of "Buffalo Bill" Cody Man of the Year 1893

Saturday, October 29, 1:30 to 2:00 P.M. ON

MAN OF THE YEAR

Featuring as Guests: Victor Weybright and Henry Sell Authors of the forthcoming Oxford University Press book "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West."

Your host is Richard D. Heffner, Historian and News Commentator

Hurry . . . Hurry . . . Hurry!

PRESENTED BY WRCA-TV *4 IN ASSOCIATION WITH

The Saturday Review

Satisfaction and/or Enthusiasm

THE Columbia Broadcasting System has recently made public a report by the Elmo Roper Associates which *apparently* makes the following points: (1) that five out of every ten TV-set-owners are dissatisfied with the programs they now see; (2) that three out of ten would go to the trouble of paying for different programs; (3) that only two set-owners out of ten spontaneously indicate any satisfaction with the current program service. I say that these are the *apparent* findings because it is possible that I have lost the power to understand plain English. If I do understand English the report actually does say all these things. You shall judge for yourself. And you shall judge these things also in relation to another statement in the same report: that seven out of ten TV-set-owners are satisfied with present-day programming.

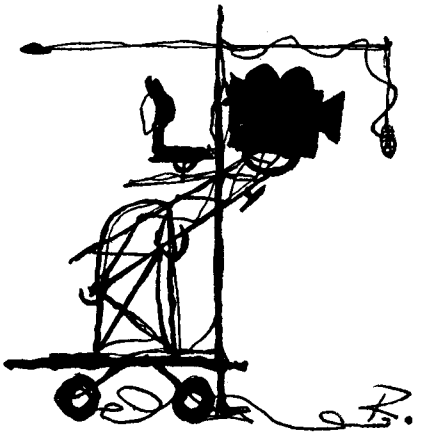
The inquiry was not essentially an effort to discover how profoundly or passionately people loved television; it was an effort to discover whether a reported seven-to-three ratio in favor of Pay-TV was correct. In Columbus, Ohio, some 450 citizens were interviewed, and in addition to giving the seven-to-three vote of confidence in our present broadcasting system they declared by two-to-one that they wouldn't in any circumstances care for a pay-system. The concept of a pay-system was presented in a most favorable light at the beginning of the interview, its drawbacks not mentioned until after the first immediate reaction had been recorded.

But the Roper people didn't drop the matter there, letting the broadcasters sit back—as they often do—on their foamcushion of statistics, disregarding the difference (unimportant to them) between being satisfied and being enthusiastic. Under the probing of the interviewers, who asked their respondents WHY, the truth came out. Out of ten people who said they wouldn't be at all interested in Pay-TV two said they didn't watch or didn't like television enough as it is to contemplate paying for it; one-fourth of the owners said they couldn't afford to pay for programs; some said they'd rather go out to see the kind of thing Pay-TV could bring; there were other reasons. But *only two out of ten* people who rejected Pay-TV gave as their reason that they "are satisfied with the present system and the present programs."

Ignorant as I am of the refinements of statistical method, I still am not making the error of thinking that all the other eight out of ten were *dis*satisfied. I do say that by the report's own figures three out of ten are *not* satisfied—they are, let us assume, the three who would be willing to pay for different programs; add to them those who do not look or like enough and you have almost half the entire group at least *un*satisfied with the product of an industry pledged to give the public what it wants. The damning mathematics of the situation can be paralleled by the psychological condition: this half had a choice and spontaneously voted No; of the others, given a choice, only two our of ten voted Yes.

I am not forgetting the seven satisfied customers out of ten. In any serious sense they had no choice, because they do not know any other kind of television; they can't be expected to imagine all sorts of different programs and then be dissatisfied with what they are actually getting. When they did have a choice between a dozen *different* reasons for rejecting an alternative system we have seen that a high degree of satisfaction was expressed by a small minority.

TWO consequences of significance can be seen. First: to the broadcaster, minimum satisfaction can be as useful as enthusiasm—provided the set is turned on. Networks and stations sell percentages of sets in ac-



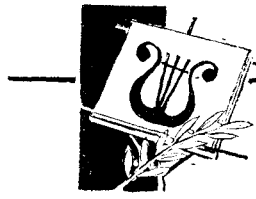
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, not psychological attitudes, and I have recently seen a few news items which indicate that too much enthusiasm for a program may defeat the sponsor's purpose: people who get excited over a theme or a character in a play tend to talk about it *during the commercial* (ingrates!). We can look forward to a new approach in television, the guaranteed creation of apathy (which will also, I am sure, be called "giving the public what it wants").

The other consequence is that the broadcasting industry can assume its rightful place as something the public needs and has to have, a service essential to our well-being. This is in many ways more significant than being a peddler of mere entertainment, and there is some indication that the industry might accept this view of itself provided it could escape the fate of other public services—control by law, charges and rates set by commissions, quality of service subject to review, and all the rest of the burdens of utilities. In a remarkably clear and comprehensive survey of the status and effects of television, *U.S. News and World Report* recently described the attitudes of various groups concerned with television; in their own minds the managers of the business, anxious to escape the odium attached to all purveyors of habit-forming drugs, were presented as "just one more service to the American people" which some used more than others. This isn't the way they talk when they are selling time on the air to a client.

The moment radio took entertainment into the home—which was the great social revolution of our time—a new concept began to take shape, and part of it is the concept of entertainment so copious and familiar that it becomes a necessity of life (as the telephone is). These necessities are not loved, but we cannot live without them. Let the broadcasters be happy that they have joined the other essentials of life—and accept the responsibilities of their position. Let them remember that the telephone company is not satisfied with satisfied customers and it was not to satisfy public demand that the utility companies switched from direct to alternating current. When you deal with the necessities of life you are obligated to give all the people the best product you can develop, you offer it to them before they ask for it, and the thought that about half of your customers either aren't pleased with your service or would be willing to pay someone else to provide a different one is not exactly the sort of thing you want publicized.

—Gilbert Seldes.



MUSIC TO MY EARS

More Gilels, Opera by Tchaikovsky

THREE evenings with Emil Gilels—a recital and another evening with orchestra after his debut with the Philadelphia two weeks ago—have left little doubt that this visitor from the Soviet Union is one of the phenomenally gifted young artists of our time. It may be quixotic to regard a performer on the verge of forty as "young," but the fact is, with the long period of war as an interruption of his normal development and the confinement (until lately) to the influence of his own country, Gilels has matured decidedly more as a pianist than he has as an interpreter.

In the bald statement this may rank as the kind of insularity deplored in the English, as typified by the famous headline: "Fog Over Channel: Continent Isolated." The Soviet Union is huge and it contains innumerable fine musicians. But it is also a fact that the influences that have molded the great interpreters of our time are those which come from contacts with the good thinking and feeling of all lands—England and Italy, Austria and Germany, Sweden and Switzerland, etc. Physically speaking, Gilels could hardly have had a warmer response than lavished upon him by the three Carnegie Hall audiences, but in a city the size of New York there are bound to be those whose partisan feeling for things Russian is more acute than their sober judgment.

Taken together, the three events (the scheduled second recital became a program of Beethoven and Rachmaninoff concerti at Gilels's preference and personal expense) followed a consistent course. He is impressive in the extremes of piano sound, able to storm and to sing, as he showed in his Chopin B minor sonata; the gradations in between are not as varied as they might be. He has a tendency to pedal his way through some difficulties, as in the finale of the same sonata, where the "wind over the grave" was a blur rather than a whisper. He has a "great pianist's" conception of Mozart, playing the B flat sonata (K. 570) with a keen sense of finger filigrees, interplay of voices, and other aural niceties, but missing the deeper implications of the music. Over and again in these works (as in the Shostakovitch preludes and fugues of the recital and the Prokofiev segment) he showed that he knows many of the answers to fine pianism. However, it would appear he is not yet aware of all the questions.

In the second orchestral appearance—directed by Victor Alessandro of San Antonio with uncommon competence, and played by the Symphony of the Air with its own kind of spinetingling workmanship—Gilels made much of the opportunities afforded in the third concerti of Beethoven (C minor) and Rachmaninoff (D minor). Taste, refinement, elegant musical manners were all in strong supply. But the humors of the spirit—gaiety, lightness, an unexpected sortie of the moment—were somewhat wanting. On the whole Gilels made his strongest impression in the Rachmaninoff, for it is a work that needs a kind of triumphal clangor at the keyboard which few performers (other than the composer and V. Horowitz) have been able to provide. Gilels did, in whirlwind fashion—reaping thereby what the whirlwind always sows: a storm of applause.

The orchestral evening provided a small personal triumph for Alessandro. He began with a sturdy, dramatic, and well-phrased performance

(*Continued on page* 55)

Forbidden Flight

By George Abbe

NOW deep below the swells of ocean dark
the glinting glory of a storm-lost lark.
Past isles of undersea and deeps of green
the birds immortal never by mortal seen.
In what bright air of frond and whirling sun
will they rise up beyond the breakers' light,
taking the beauty of an upper world
on wing of gold and beak of emerald,
remembering the undersea of home
where strange and glad they dipped and whirled
past mountains of dream, through clouds of amber foam.

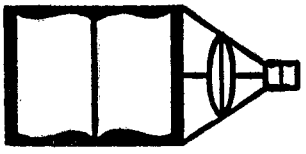
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20th Century-Fox presents
"THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING"
CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE
starring RAY JOAN FARLEY
MILLAND · COLLINS · GRANGER
In the wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Doors Open 9:30 A.M. ROXY 50th St. & 7th Ave.

NEW YORK ART THEATRES
Walt Disney's exciting True-Life Adventure feature!
THE AFRICAN LION
TECHNICOLOR
AIR CONDITIONED TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE
57th St. at 6th Ave. JU 6-4448

Premiere Showing
VIVIEN LEIGH • KENNETH MORE
in an ANATOLE LITVAK production
"THE DEEP BLUE SEA"
by TERRENCE RATTIGAN
with ERIC PORTMAN • EMLYN WILLIAMS
PLAZA 58th Street Near Madison • CINEMASCOPE —in color—

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help you gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your book—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Low subsidies, good royalties.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, DEPT. AT 105
COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 W. 42 ST., N. Y., 36, N. Y

The Saturday Review on Microfilm
Clear, sharp prints that save library storage space and costs. Vols. 1-33 (1924-50), $260; Vol. 34, $8.45; Vol. 35, $8.40; Vol. 36, $9.20.
Order direct from—

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Focus on the Central Self

"The Inmost Leaf," by Alfred Kazin (Harcourt, Brace. 273 pp. $4.75), is a volume containing twenty-eight of that literary critic's essays. Here these are reviewed by Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard University.

By Howard Mumford Jones

LITERARY critics nowadays march in three companies: book reviewers, technologists, and writers for the cultivated public. Book reviewers work perpetually under the pressure of time. The technologists, as Mr. Kazin says, write like impersonal experts and make reading more difficult, not more attractive. The third group does the real work of literary criticism, for they combine culture with philosophy and try to show us the weight, the onset, and the attraction of a book rather than how it is put together. Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, and Alfred Kazin are the leaders in this movement to restore literary discussion to the public domain. Mr. Trilling's interest in "The Opposing Self" was to remind us that literature is moral discourse. Of Mr. Wilson, Alfred Kazin rightly says that "there is no other critic who so evenly and so hauntingly writes criticism as a work of art." Mr. Kazin's virtue in "The Inmost Leaf" (the phrase is Melville's) is to penetrate the central self of an author, whom he regards as a man writing for men—and this is a return to Wordsworth as unexpected as it is refreshing.

The categories are not exclusive, and the defects in "The Inmost Leaf" arise, I think, from the pressures of journalism. Of the twenty-eight pieces only one, the preface to "The Portable William Blake," is extensive. Most of the others begin amply but are cut untimely off, as it were, by the make-up man in the printing establishment. Another difficulty is style. Mr. Kazin's English is supple, acute, and charming, but he is addicted to the "feminine so," and writes antitheses that belong to the Macaulay flowers of literature. For example, he brassily says of the James family that "never was so much fraternity brought to so little mutual understanding," and, in the best manner of *The Edinburgh Review*, he observes of William's letters to Henry that they "praise the early style or deplore the later, admire a character and confer a judgment." This is, unfortunately, the facility of practice.

These defects aside, the general reader will find here wealth and stimulation in the detail, in the generalizations, and in a heaping up of apothegms on literature and living. Sometimes these come as a single phrase, as when Kazin pictures Flaubert "bursting with the eloquence of rage." Sometimes they are single sentences, as when he tells us that Joyce "threw off the fear of science which had haunted the literary imagination for a hundred years," or says of Thoreau's journal that "it is not natural for a man to write this well every day," or casually remarks of contemporary Texas that it is "the most complacently plutocratic society of our time." Or sometimes we find a thoughtful passage like this: "The great weakness of the myth approaeh in criticism is that it freezes men to the universal, for by showing man everywhere to be the same it reduces history to an illustration. The great weakness of the folklore approach is that it shows man only as a type or costume of his local culture." This passage is from the essay deflating

The Plausible

By Melville Cane

THE Devil
With malign
Design
Is out to scale mankind to a common level.
Vigilant to pinch
Off each extra inch,
Diligent to stretch
Whatever's short, to match,
He grants no sufferance
To variance or difference.

The Devil's goal,
To annihilate the eternal adversary,
Man's soul.

And so with sedulous guile,
Beneath the alluring guise of reason,
(Man's weakness for the plausible
The comfortable solution)
He spreads his poison.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers • Rockefeller Center • *New York*

On "The Uses of Philosophy"

When the late IRWIN EDMAN lectured or wrote on the uses of philosophy, nothing was explained, but everything was made clear.

For this beloved professor-at-large-for-the-life-of-reason did not *expound* his philosophy: he *enacted* it.

In the tradition of Socrates, IRWIN EDMAN believed that the unexamined life was not worth living . . . In the spirit of Plato, he regarded philosophy as a comprehensive critique of human experience, an endless quest for the conditions of human excellence.

His audience, therefore, was not restricted to professional philosophers, but included all who thirst for wisdom.

Celebrated for his wit and his urbanity, famous even for his light verse, he was genuinely wise without being merely clever.

He was passionately convinced that the impulse to philosophy exists in most of us, and that it can be denied only with difficulty and at great risk.

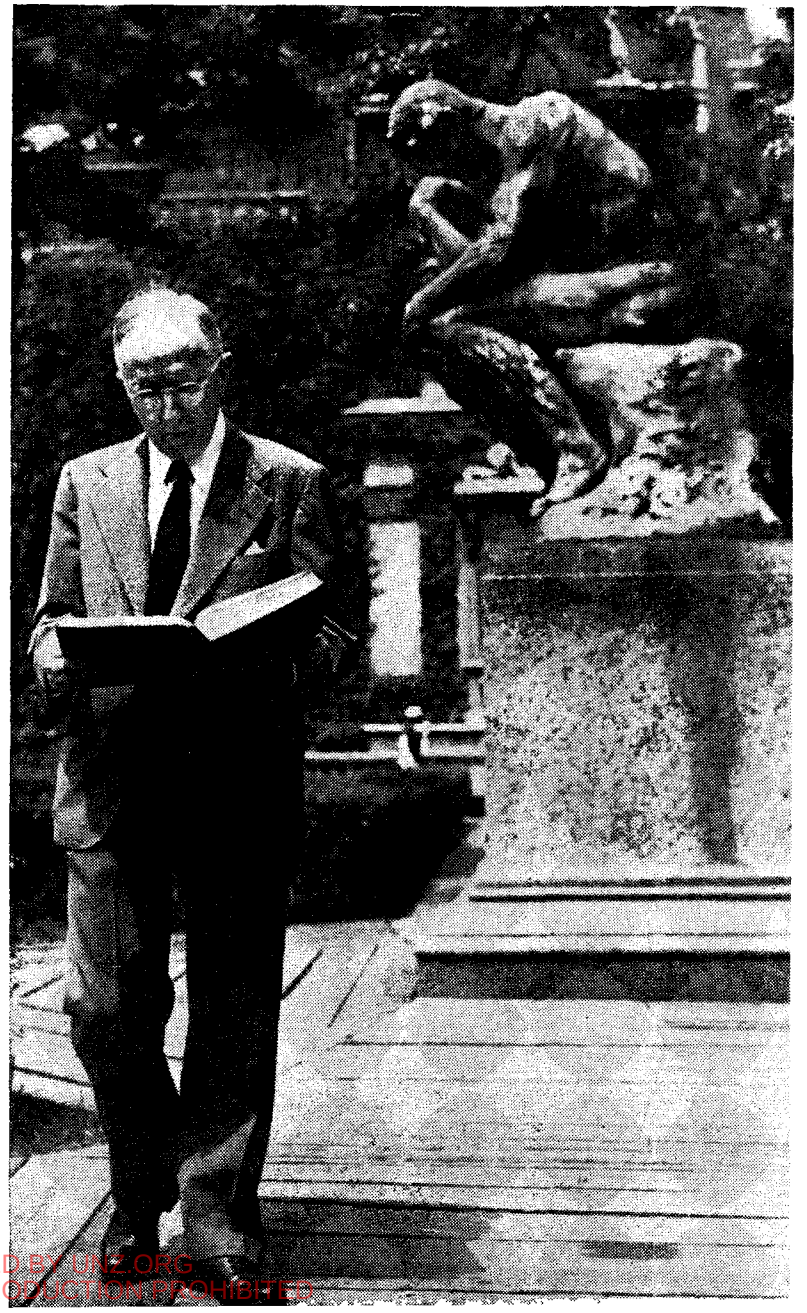
He began his course at Columbia University, Introduction to Philosophy, by announcing, "This is Philosophy One — not Physical Education 135, Wrestling and Self-Defense."

Under whatever sky he found himself, philosophy for him was always an exacting discipline, an organic and unifying consideration of the total human situation.

Reversing Dr. Johnson's statement, he admitted that despite a congenital capacity for happiness, he became and remained a philosopher.

A rich and representative posthumous selection of his writings has just been made. It includes introductions to various philosophies, formal and informal essays, comment on life and art, and a number of his notable poems. The book is called **The Uses of Philosophy,** *An Irwin Edman Reader* ($3.50 at all bookstores). It is edited by PROFESSOR CHARLES FRANKEL, Irwin Edman's former student and colleague at Columbia University, and is proudly published by

— Essandess



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At last, a true picture of Thackeray..."*

Thackeray:

The Uses of Adversity
(1811–1846)

BY GORDON N. RAY

"Mr. Ray has come to understand his subject by the surest of possible routes — prolonged, intensive and objective study.... His admirable volume shows how suffering and adversity tempered a brash, indolent and selfish youth into conscious and responsible manhood." —**N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Fine biography. . . . It gives us authoritative information in many areas where we were formerly left to conjecture."
—*Chicago Tribune*

Illustrated • $7.00

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL

"A book you can take to your heart."
—*Saturday Review*

the Changelings

A Novel

BY JO SINCLAIR

"With flowing narrative art, the author has explored one of today's major problems — the integration of different racial and cultural groups . the impact of this struggle on the youngsters whose survival lies in their power to love."
—ANZIA YEZIERSKA, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Overwhelming both in passion and compassion. . . A wonderfully moving story, as tense and dramatic as anything I've read in a long while." — KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, *Harper's*. $3.75

Richard Chace's pompous interpretation of Melville.

Although Mr. Kazin says, in his essay on Edmund Wilson, that any judgment of a book "based too dynamically on the character of the author is unsure" his own practice moves in a contrary direction. We learn little of the mechanism of art from his luminous pages, but we learn a great deal about the psychology of artists. Some twenty-nine writers receive a greater or less amount of inspection here, and in almost every case Mr. Kazin not merely adorns but also enlightens what he touches. He tells us that "the story of Henry James was the story of Henry James writing his novels," and in the same way we can say that the criticism of Mr. Kazin is the criticism of men writing: that is, men caught in the process which, for mysterious reasons, compels them to put in words their vision of life. Though I may differ radically from Mr. Kazin's evaluations (I can't agree, for example, that Blake "had one of the greatest minds in the history of our culture" or believe that Dostoievsky is one "whose legendary illness has always served to give men intellectual health"—which seems to me utter nonsense) I find something stimulating, something moving and vital in virtually every essay. Mr. Kazin writes as if he had read familiar books for the first time. Consequently he even has something novel to tell us about William Faulkner.

Mr. Kazin is the child of his time and is therefore haunted by "the spiritual crisis" of the age, which, like King Charles's head, perpetually appears. His obsession has, I think, limited his choice of writers. He rarely moves outside the canons of his generation—Joyce, Henry James, Proust, Gorky, Flaubert, Gide, and the rest. But Mr. Kazin is more than a member of his generation; he also belongs to the academy of fine ideas, and therein lies the freshness of his appeal.

He has the courage to concern himself with states of the soul. He compels the discriminating reader to consider under the microscope the particular state of soul that produced the work and, if his collection cannot yet be equated with the catholicity of Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Kazin follows no literary party line. Writing, he tells us in one place, is an "intense act of will, of choice, of freedom"; the writer, he says elsewhere, "knows that men are not the same everywhere . . . believes that each human being is original and has a soul." Thus it is that he happily contradicts his own interpretation of modernity, and therefore it is that, like Wilson and Trilling, Mr. Kazin insists that literature is moral discourse concerning belief and value.

—*Howard Coster.*
The Lehmanns: Beatrix, John, Rosamund.

Poet's Full Plate

"The Whispering Gallery: Autobiography I," by John Lehmann *(Harcourt, Brace. 342 pp. $5), is the first published volume of a well-known British poet and editor's account of his own life. It is reviewed here by Aileen Pippett, writer and former critic for the London* Daily Herald.

By Aileen Pippett

"ONE, TWO, buckle my shoe"—so all honest autobiographies begin. With the writer we proceed to knock on the door, to pick up sticks, and lay them straight. "Nine, ten, a good fat hen." But "Eleven, twelve" sounds a deeper note. "Who shall delve?" At that question if put by a poet we suddenly find ourselves in "that whispering gallery where/A dark population of the air/Gives back to us those vocables/We dare not robe in syllables."

The autobiography of John Lehmann, English poet and editor, follows the one-two pattern of the nursery rhyme, on different levels. There is the straightforward story: he was born in 1907, had a happy childhood, and a united but by no means commonplace family, of whom his father had been a famous Cambridge oarsman and of whom his sister Rosamund Lehmann was to become a noted novelist and his sister Beatrix a gifted actress. From such a background of comparative wealth and privilege as well as talent, there was deeply implanted in the boy, as "inescapable as a birthmark," the need to justify such good fortune. Gradually the messy hobbies, the crazy collecting, the sporadic attacks on science and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magic were forgotten, but books and words continued to lay their snares for the growing imagination.

The years at Eton, which might have been hell for a boy who arrived with a brilliant scholastic reputation and, according to Cyril Connolly, a look of seraphic innocence, were actually a happy time. So were the years at Cambridge, which brought "a great release and new beginning," although he presented at first "a spectacle of overwrought nerves and spiritual confusion."

He joined Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press. For a time he was deliriously happy, learning the hard and practical way how to be godfather to other writers' work. This section provides some of the book's most fascinating pages, for it links up with what we already know of the private life of Bloomsbury. Not that the whispering gallery turns into a gossip shop, echoing petty scandals and small spites. We get intimate glimpses but no sample anecdotes. The all-night parties at which the younger group made fun of their elders leave no coherent recollections; they are "a series of tapestries woven out of the bright colors of our life at the time." There was the growing tension between the enthusiasm of the newcomer, overflowing with praise for the younger writers, and the caution of the older man, who had an established business and reputation to maintain. The arguments with Virginia Woolf about modern poetry awoke in John Lehmann the dormant desire to write his own verse, to raise his own voice in the "truceless war against complacency."

So he abandoned London and publishing. The next six years were spent mainly in Vienna, with visits to Berlin and Paris and Moscow, living obscurely, suffering from "*rentier* guilt," running errands for the Underground.

By 1938 his other impulse was again dominant. He must once more be the impresario for other writers. He rejoined the Woolfs and started *New Writing*, which was to struggle on until 1950. All the now familiar names are here: Auden, Isherwood, Spender, Orwell, Koestler, Silone, and many more.

The seraphic innocence has gone; the face of the young man pictured on the frontispiece has a brooding, downward look. But when, in the next volume, he lifts those hooded eyes they will surely flash a glance of spiritual ferocity. "Autobiography I" is genuinely creative. It assures us as we go on counting one, two there will doubtless be maids a-courting and lords a-waiting, but that nineteen, twenty will not say "My plate's empty."

Spells Out Your Favorite!

Yes, the popularity and success of Black & White Scotch Whisky can be told in two words: quality and character. They never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

"a masterpiece of suspense"
—John McManis, *Detroit News*

"sound drama and excellent story-telling"
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

FIVE

"She knows the Irish and their village life and she has the authentic lilt of their speech"
—*Houston Chronicle*

DEVILS *of*

"a love story that will put a lump in your throat and a crime story that will raise the hackles on your neck" . . .
—Victor P. Haas,
Omaha World-Herald

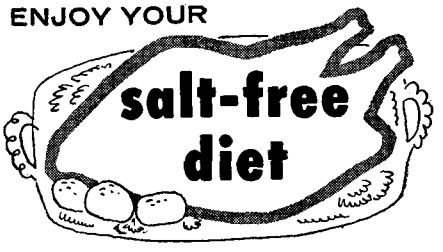
KILMAINHAM

by Esther Morgan McCullough

"It belongs in the same genre that Mauriac and Graham Greene invented: the Mystery with a capital M" . . .
—Donald Demarest,
The News, Mexico City

COLEY TAYLOR, INC. $3.75

ENJOY YOUR



Use the best-tasting Salt Substitute ever made.

- sprinkles and seasons like salt
- enhances food flavor
- retains flavor in cooking, baking and canning

Adolph's
SALT SUBSTITUTE
Available at grocers everywhere

New AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME
ADOLPH'S LOW SODIUM MEAT TENDERIZER
Seasoned and Non-Seasoned · makes every cut and grade of meat extra tender and flavorful.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
Adolph's Low Sodium Meat Tenderizer.

©Adolph's Ltd., Los Angeles 46, California

The Pierpont Morgan Library
Catalog of
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Reproduced from manuscript illustrations, drawings and book illustrations.
Write for free catalog to
OLSEN PRESS
23 Nuttman Street, Newark 3, N. J

The Civil War

Continued from page 15

vered him into his cabin, locked the door, threw the whisky bottles out the port, quelled Grant's bellowing rage, and fanned him to sleep—all of which is Act One of a drama which continues as a wild chase on horseback the next day and does not end until Cad boosts his grumbling hero into an ambulance and takes him back to camp.

This, Lewis wrote, is "the first known description of a Grant spree," and it so upset prevailing notions that when another biographer of Grant got wind of it he wrote *The New York Times* that it could not be. In "Three Years with Grant" Cad and his editor establish its truth beyond cavil.

Nor is it the only spree described. The book tends to lag when Cadwallader turns to campaigns which are better done elsewhere, but he revives it time and again with unexpected anecdotes, lively appraisals of officers (he does Sheridan to a fault), and vignettes of the newspaper world. And above all Grant—a military genius half careless, indolent, honest, stubborn, matter-of-fact, lonely, unable to touch a drop without disaster, and not always quite strong enough to resist—comes through to the reader as Cad hoped the general would when he wrote half a century ago: as a well-understood and lovable man.

Notes

NORTH-SOUTH DERRING-DO: Author Richard O'Connor has fought the Battle of Chickamauga in his novels often enough to know the terrain pretty well by now, and in **"Guns of Chickamauga"** (Doubleday, $3.95) he

THE WAR ON-THE-SPOT: The Civil War photographs of Matthew Brady have now become so famous that today's readers of history sometimes tend to forget that, printing techniques being what they were, few people of that day ever saw them. News-hungry readers then had to be content instead with sketches which could be adequately reproduced. That these gave an interesting impression of things is now illustrated (and interestingly so) by the publication of **"The Civil War in Pictures,"** edited by Fletcher Pratt (Henry Holt, $10), a book devoid of photographs but containing a host of drawings like the one shown above, crude as it may seem now. The cavalier fellow shown at left is meant to represent the average Marylander who, contrary to Southern hopes, refused to welcome the ill-clothed Confederates in an 1862 thrust to the North and looked upon them instead as ragamuffins. Though the sketch is by no means the most accurate in its execution it nonetheless does serve to remind modern readers of the way the Civil War actually appeared to readers of that day—as do the collection of newspaper and magazine dispatches of the time, a plethora of which from *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* are also to be found in the book.

—J. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does it again. This time his hero is young Matt Wayne, a Chicago newshawk *circa* 1863, and a natural-born stooge to a degree unusual in his cynical profession. Small wonder it is that an old flame suckers Matt into acting as a bagman for a contraband ring operating in the midst of the Chattanooga Campaign. Before the "Guns of Chickamauga" have stilled young Matt almost has his fool brains blown out in an unworthy cause—but author O'Connor comes to his rescue in the nick of time and with the Right Girl.

In **"The Smiling Rebel"** (Doubleday, $3.95) Harnett T. Kane, an industrious purveyor of literary Sazaracs, offers a toast to the memory of Belle Boyd. Through minutely detailed pages the petticoated Confederate agent flits, constantly badgered by mean Union officers who have a ridiculous objection to espionage. Neither prison bars nor shot and shell deter the smiling Belle, but she has a hard time breaking through Mr. Kane's leaden prose. —MARTIN LEVIN.

THE WHISTLE OF THE MINIE BALLS: The battles of few wars have such fascination for Americans as those of the Civil War, and the wealth of material is so enormous that it would not seem at first glance that another book could be a qualitative addition to it. But a reading of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph B. Mitchell's **"Decisive Battles of the Civil War"** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4) indicates that a skilled writer can indeed rework well-known facts to advantage. The book has two aims: to present a short history of the Civil War and to "place its battles and campaigns in modern up-to-date surroundings."

The first purpose is scarcely realized, since Col. Mitchell rarely gets out of earshot of the cannons' roar or the Minie balls' whistle. This, however, is not a matter for regret, since he does such a clear and crisp job of describing the essentials of the major battles, and the result is a quickly comprehensible bird's-eye view of what happened and why.

Of great value are the thirty-five maps that illustrate the text. They are admirably explicit and are based on modern road maps. This makes it possible for even armchair generals to grasp the line-up of forces and the ebb and flow of the fighting. The maps illustrate not only particular battles but also the campaigns of which they were a part, and in this respect they complement the text, for Colonel Mitchell is careful to put his battles in perspective by showing their relationships both to the immediate campaign and to the course of the war in general. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

Not Peace Alone

Continued from page 8

is about to pour cement into the cracks. For years they have nourished the desperate hope that the Soviet stranglehold on Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, East Germany would be lifted. In recent years there has been the even more feeble hope that the West might in some way break the noose. The hope has been shattered by Geneva.

After a decade of imprisonment under the Soviets they see a "new age" dawn at Geneva. A Soviet Commissar traveling with the Soviet farm delegation to the United States is given the facilities of the Voice of America—broadcasting his voice eastward. They see the possibility of a united Germany allied to the West all but ended. The phrases about liberation are no longer heard. For these prisoners behind the Soviet walls even the tree of containment has begun to bear bitter fruit and wither. They escape today because they were emphatically told at Geneva there will be no escaping tomorrow. They remained as long as there was hope that their land might again be their own. Rubber soles may well replace the nails on the boots of the conqueror. The raids at night may dwindle in number and in time disappear, but at Geneva they saw their countries permanently consigned to the East in the West's search for peace. The refugees who now come westward are now no longer friends of the West—they are the embittered enemies of the East. There is a difference. Their frustration, their contempt for our myopia, their disappointment in our resolution, now mingle with the bitterness and decay that is already the lot of the thousands of escapees languishing in the dead-end camps of Western Europe.

RECOGNITION of reality is not, in itself, a policy. But it is the first prerequisite for the formulation of an effective policy.

The American delegation at Geneva under Secretary Dulles will face a terribly difficult assignment. The normal difficulties of negotiating with the Soviet Union are clearly aggravated by President Eisenhower's illness. The Soviet negotiators will be quick to accuse Secretary Dulles of betraying the peaceful principles of his President whenever he resists Soviet demands. The Secretary does not share in the worldwide affection enjoyed by President Eisenhower. This gives the Soviets another asset in the

HITLER

by Otto Dietrich

Hitler's former Press Chief gives an unapologetic appraisal of the man who plunged the world into disaster. He makes Hitler a human being . . . with great faults, talents, aberrations — but one of the genuinely evil men of history. $3.95

THE THAW

A Novel By Ilya Ehrenburg with a special supplement by Russell Kirk

A story about the ordinary people in a provincial town in Russia...all well-meaning little people, concerned with their local problems, but gently critical at times of the Regime. Written during the brief period of thaw following Stalin's death, this is a vivid picture of everyday Russia by the top Soviet novelist. As Russell Kirk points out ...the "1984" aspects of the plot are even more significant in view of the more recent "thaw" at Geneva. $3.50

At Your Bookstore

Henry Regnery Co. • Chicago 4

The new novel by "possibly the finest English novelist now living."

—BASIL DAVENPORT

R. C. HUTCHINSON

The Stepmother

By the author of ELEPHANT AND CASTLE and TESTAMENT

"A novel of quiet containment . . . of the efforts of a second wife to build a bridge of understanding between her husband and his son . . ." —*Saturday Review*

"A very good novel . . . poignant and dramatic . . . intellectually fascinating."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

$3.50 at all booksellers

RINEHART & COMPANY N. Y. 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propaganda war that accompanies every diplomatic conference. Yet it is essential that the American delegation should not confine itself to the search for a propaganda victory. Favorable headlines are no substitute for tangible results, and clever verbalisms do not compensate for strategic losses.

It is commonplace to insist that American policy be firm. It is more urgent that it exist and that it correspond with the realities of Soviet strategy. It is evident that the Soviet Union seeks the following: an interval of undetermined duration during which she can absorb her conquests, digest her victories, strengthen and consolidate her hold on the satellites, modestly increase consumer goods for her own people, and establish stability for her new government. The Soviet Union wants to enlarge trade, enabling her at the same time to meet her agricultural needs, the requirements of her continued industrialization, and increased military strength.

The Soviet Union also desires the end of NATO, the weakening and if possible the disestablishment of American bases overseas. The economic and political harnessing of Germany to the Soviet chariot is a target of Russia's foreign policy. She wants a relaxation of the strong military posture of the United States, and hopes for the maximum discontent and unrest in the non-Communist countries of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East.

Seeking these ends the Soviet Union, as it always has, makes every effort to avoid involvement in a global war. At the same time she uses every means short of war to bring the other independent nations of the world into her orbit.

Today, Moscow believes, these objectives can best be served in an atmosphere of relaxation. Her cause will be advanced if the United States and the rest of the world can be persuaded that the only alternative to granting Soviet desires is the incalculable horror of the H-bomb.

In the light of these Soviet objectives the essential outlines of American policy emerge more clearly. We also want peace, but not the kind that permits the attrition of the Western world and the sacrifice of its security. The painless attainment of these objectives by the Soviet Union is clearly unacceptable to those who seek both peace and freedom.

In the confusion compounded by the words "peace" and "coexistence" the United States must not end its programs of information and psychological warfare designed to buttress the hope of ultimate independence among the satellite states. These activities will continue to be necessary until the Soviet Union finally lays down its weapons of subversive warfare throughout the world. Radio Moscow may refrain for an interval from the use of invectives, but this is not a sufficient quid pro quo for muzzling the Voice of America, so long as the Communist Party continues to function throughout the world. More than psychological warfare is involved in the American position and more than tactical reasons should keep us from altering our course. Our Government can never in good conscience dampen the demand that the people in the Soviet satellite states should enjoy legitimate and free process. This is not subject to negotiation between ourselves and the Soviet Union. This is a commitment of the heart from a free people to unfree people.

We must not be deluded by the masquerade now in preparation. The Soviets may announce that the Cominform cat is about to lose another of its lives. Political puppets are already being fitted out as competing political parties in Poland and Czechoslovakia. Lenin liked to emphasize the difference between "form" and "substance" declaring that his strategy permitted the giving up of forms but never of substance. We must not accept labels without content.

For similar reasons, trade between the United States, the countries of Western Europe, and the Soviet world must be discouraged. In the garrison economy all materials are strategic. In the police state all commodities are weapons. Lenin said, "Bread is a political weapon." So long as the Soviet dictatorship exists, no matter who provides it, the bread will be a weapon in the hands of the commissar.

If our policy is to discourage trade with the Russian orbit we will have to relieve the pressures that impel Japan and Germany to look longingly at the Soviet market. To live these nations must maintain commerce with the West or seek a commercial center of gravity eastward.

AMERICAN policy must beware of the simple methods of achieving peace. They have their propaganda value, but more often than not they leave us in a precarious position. Take the suggestion that we exchange military blueprints and aerial inspection. To be sure, the proposal did not contemplate a subsequent unilateral disarmament on our part. But the very act of Soviet acceptance, should it come, will psychologically disarm the entire non-Soviet world. Viewed objectively the proposal is neither a detailed nor effective instrument for eliminating war. Certainly it is not bullet-proof protection against the possibility of aggression. Yet in the peace-filled hearts of man it will be accepted as such.

It is true that the idea captured the imagination of the world. At least for an interval it ended the canard that the United States was resisting peace or seeking war. But is this seeming propaganda victory for the United States necessarily a defeat for Soviet strategists? History may list this as a decisive gain for the Kremlin. To win a skirmish on the propaganda front we may well have lost a major battle in the diplomatic war.

They went to the "Summit" seeking an atmosphere of peace. It was given to them. On the surface they paid for it—by acknowledging that the United States is not a warmonger. The President emerged as the world's great peace leader. But was this price more than apparent? Isn't this the very condition the Soviets most require at the present time—a formal commitment of the United States to

Lines Written After Reading Keats

Whose Name Is Writ in Water

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

ONLY in water could your name be writ,
Soft, bright, analogous, the element
Of a consistency to compass it
And speak continuously its rich intent.
You thought the letters' tracing went untold
But the distinctive signature, aglow
With purple, crimson, mignonette and gold,
Lies now upon the midnight's darkling flow
And will translate, at dawn's awakening wave,
To iridescent glassware of the sea.
Who, being poet, mortally could crave
A more embracing immortality
Than that the waters of the earth proclaim,
In movement and delight, his wistful fame?

PRODUCED BY NAZ DIGITAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peaceful ends? Whatever is most likely to leave America disarmed is a Soviet necessity.

Happily, we are not yet disarmed as a result of the "Geneva spirit." The forthcoming Geneva conference must not push us further towards relaxation of vigilance. Our search for peace, our loathing for war, our wish for compromise, our hope for beneficial change must never destroy our strength. Our present danger is that we may impale ourselves on a fictitious paradox. We have seen the choice as one between peace and the H-bomb. President Eisenhower crystallized this narrow choice in the phrase "There is no alternative to peace." Perhaps there is. Clearly the alternative is not war. It may well be that world war will never again occur. It is clear that the Soviet Union never wanted it. But the Soviets did not limit their freedom of action by imprisoning themselves between the alternatives of peace or H-war. They found another alternative: piecemeal conquest, capture by decay, victory by division, collapse by subversion.

America, too, may find its third alternative—one that offers hope. With the encouragement of historians like Toynbee, we look to a distant future when the passage of time may heal the Soviet Union of its spirit of aggression. America's foreign policy since 1946 has been keyed to this hope, for which there is historic parallel. For centuries Islam and Christendom were at war. Eventually the world's danger subsided. Both Moslem and Christian learned to live on the same planet. But if this is to happen again three things are essential: First, we must live through the passage of time, time as the Orient, the Middle East, the Russian, even the European reckons it—not moments, as we in our impatience tick them off. Secondly, we must continue our resistance; otherwise time will not bring its rescue to mankind. Islam began its siege in the ninth century, was at the walls of Vienna in the seventeenth century; it was driven back by time and by resistance. Third, we must continue to speed our own progress, multiplying our economic, cultural, and social resources. The scientific and spiritual Renaissance gave Europe the strength to fight off the Moslem onslaught.

The fact of the Conference at the Summit was evidence that the Western policy of resisting Russian demands pays off. We must not now abandon the most successful part of our policy at the very first moment when its effectiveness is being demonstrated.

Not all of our policies since 1946 have been sound. In practice we followed two concepts: First, we recognized that we were in for a long and arduous struggle. The American people were counseled that "this is not a 100-yard dash." This part of our national policy recognized that the currents of history flow deep and endlessly, and are never quickly dammed by the most heroic emergency measures.

There was a second aspect to our policy. As we girded for the long-range struggle we were continuously preoccupied with a short-run fear, the fear that full war might break out and make the long pull meaningless. Looking back now on the succession of events from the Soviet retreat in Iran to Soviet failure to participate openly in Korea it becomes clear that the long view was correct, the short-range fear unwarranted.

To increase our preoccupation with a short-run danger the Soviet Union deliberately made it seem that global atomic war was near. The peril of our position now is that at the Summit we suggested our readiness to forego the long pull in exchange for immunity against the non-existent short-run danger.

What course, then, before us? As in most things, we must beware the extremes of our characteristic volatility. It is neither "war" we face one day nor "peace" the next. Neither defeat nor victory lie directly before us. We confront the much more difficult continuous search for a durable peace, constructed on world law, enforceable by international instruments that have sovereign and endurable strength. In the meantime aggression will be prevented only by the will to apply resistance and a collective Western strength capable of applying it.

Self-discipline, for which there is no substitute in democratic societies, must enable our Government to preserve its military vitality, its economic generosity, its technical superiority, and its political and tactical resourcefulness.

If we seek a "sudden" or "magic" peace our leaders will reward our misguided search with vain and dangerous plans and panaceas.

The road is hard, its length beyond present sight, but before we reached the Summit there was evidence that we had been traveling in the right direction. How tragic if we misread the signpost now and lose our way.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Phantasmagoria. 2. Prestidigitation. 3. Tatterdemalion. 4. Infinitesimal. 5. Indefatigability. 6. Disadvantageous. 7. Experimentation. 8. Anthropologist. 9. Acknowledgment. 10. Ineradicable.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, Books, plays. GHOSTWRITING theses, speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

FICTION AND NONFICTION MANUSCRIPTS accepted for marketing. No reading fees. JOHN HINSHAW, LITERARY AGENT, 15 West 44 St., NYC 36.

WASHINGTON RESEARCH CONSULTANTS, 1700 Harvard St., N.W., Washington 9, D.C., consult local libraries and archives for you. Romance languages, German, Russian. Columbia 5-3393.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

SECRETARIAL SERVICE days and evenings; expert manuscript typing. Boston area. Box X-430.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

BEAUTIFUL CHARCOAL PORTRAIT done from your photo, $10. Unusual gift for loved ones. John Walencik, 15703 Kennicott, Harvey, Ill.

MAPS AND ATLASES

FROM ACROBATS TO ZOOLOGISTS. Everybody is mad for a fine map or atlas for Christmas. 85¢ to $35.00. Request "free catalogue." The Map & Book Store, Westport, Conn.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

(Continued on Page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from Page 41)

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

BARNES & NOBLE has over a million books in stock . . . used and new, current and out-of-print. Free search service. Catalogues issued. Name your interest. Libraries and book collections purchased. Books . . . our only business since 1874. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3. Dept. SR.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, Free. New York Labor News Co., Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., New York 38, N.Y.

RARE BOOKS, genealogies, Oriental. Oriental catalogues. Paramount Book Service, 39 Hopedale St., Allston 34, Boston, Mass.

USED MYSTERY FICTION. List 10¢. Box 450, Des Moines, Iowa.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

WORLD SELLING, buying half-century with hard-to-find books. Free service. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

PERSONALS

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female). Only $1. Money back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 21S, Alden Manor, Elmont, N.Y.

EDUCATED ENGLISHWOMAN, *adaptable*, accustomed to responsibility, desires post in family. English, American references. Free early December. Box X-420.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

CONCERT PIANIST, experienced teacher, children, adults. Ex-Fulbrighter. Hollis 5-9136 (NYC).

BEAUTIFUL HANDMADE silk cases for soprano recorders: $2.00. PANPIPES, 1318 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

ALL-EXPENSE TOURS of Washington, D. C. at modest rates are a real treat for guests at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—The Manger Annapolis, Manger Hamilton, and Manger Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Manger Annapolis, Washington 5, for reservations. (Mention this ad for special booklets and detailed information.)

PERSONALS

EDITOR-WRITER, $9,000 to $11,000. Leading monthly magazine seeks top flight man under 36 to edit and rewrite natural history, scientific and travel articles. Must have popular touch, the ability to draw out authors and improve stories, and to write soundly, lucidly, interestingly. Feature writing, picture caption and headline experience, also good picture sense desirable. Opportunity for advancement within large, long established organization. Submit confidential resume, giving full particulars on education, positions held, writings, domestic and foreign travel. Box X-428.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

MALE NURSE, young, competent, seeks private patient, medical or psychiatric, for January and February. Will travel. Box X-404.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

EDUCATED EUROPEAN GIRL (23), fluent German and French, wants to earn room and board in NYC by helping family evenings: tutoring, babysitting, housework. Box X-417.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SERIOUS MUSICIAN wishes to purchase used PLEYEL HARPSICHORD. Box 72, Lakeville, Conn.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

WRITER'S COUNTRY HOME, Pennsylvania. Waive rental, exchange simple caretaking responsibilities. Box X-427.

THE WHOLE WORLD WHISPERS when NODS guard your precious sleep—because NODS Ear Stops banish noise! Wonderfully effective; used by noise-sensitive connoisseurs since 1940 for sounder sleep, din-free reading and study. 3 prs. (4-month supply) $1.00 postpaid, guaranteed to please. SLEEP LABORATORY, 186 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

SEEKING SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT, accompany aspiring writer half year Mexican writing project. Expenses paid plus share of earnings. Box X-413.

LET YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT show a special thought! Ask about Pen and Ink Sketch of your friend's house on stationery, playing cards, informals, matchbooks, napkins, etc. TIFFT, 2812 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE IN EUROPE? Writer-editor-research gal, arts background, leaving January, several months abroad, itinerary flexible, includes Greece. Interested free-lance projects. Write Box X-419.

500 GUMMED NAME-ADDRESS LABELS $1.00. Printed 3 lines. Village Services, 55 West 8th St., NYC 11.

COMPETENT STENOGRAPHER. Small, cheerful management counseling firm (NYC) seeks competent office assistant for shorthand, accurate typing. Box X-416.

OUR POPULAR LAPBOARD (fun, homework). $2 postpaid, (USA). PACIFIC NEW ENGLAND COMPANY, Box 1152, Studio City, California.

WITCHES' BROOMS, wonderful gag, adult riding size $5. Flight instructions. 177 Heights Station, Little Rock, Arkansas.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. Zinman, Chautauqua, N. Y.

PERSONALS

INCREASE YOUR INCOME wearing, selling famous rare jewelry—ladies, men. Box W-746.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

REMEMBER GRANNY GUINN FARM LETTERS for birthdays, convalescing days, and—ANY DAY— you wish to make special for your favorite 4 to 8 year old. Letters are 13, $2.00; 26, $3.50; 52, $6.00. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Virginia.

IN OTHER WORDS takes you for a ride—on a train of thought. Send name, address for free sample. In Other Words, Box 92, Becket, Massachusetts.

DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE who wants to be a citizen? Send $1 for book "25 Lessons in Citizenship." Box 281, Berkeley, California.

OKLAHOMAN WANTS part-time steno, 30 to 40, who thinks she can write. Box X-434.

YOUNG MAN, M.A. History, B.S. Business Administration, traveling every Mediterranean country December-February. Will execute commissions, research. 2235 Wesley, Evanston, Illinois.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

FURNISHED, modern cottage, ideal for painting, writing, rest. Bubbling Pond Ranch, Sedona, Arizona. Reasonable rental. Box X-285.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 1956, THREE MIDWEST CIRCLE TOURS, June, July, August: "Grand," 82 days, 19 countries, $1,188; "Standard," 62 days, 12 countries, $995; "Central," 52 days, 10 countries, $888. Italy, Scandinavia on all itineraries. Prices include steamer, round-trip. MIDWEST TOURS, R. Dittman, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Windward and Leeward Islands. Private parties only. Selection of well appointed vessels. Price range $25 to $30 per person per day. Write air mail, Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, British West Indies.

VACATIONS

CHRISTOPHER SQUARE, an inn of distinction, invites you for a fall or early winter holiday. American plan, $7 to $12 daily. 1035 E. Mabel St., Tucson, Arizona.

BLUEBERRY HILL JAM! New crop. Write The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont. Three for $2.95, six for $5.25 postpaid.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y., 9-3154. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities, relaxation with fall coming and beautiful changing of leaves in countryside reminding of Vermont, and yet 50 miles from N.Y. Ideal for week-ends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

TOBEY HILL FARM, Canaan, Connecticut, welcomes paying guests. Beautiful, quiet, comfortable.

THE COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama, has served guests of distinction for half a century. Charming and delightful. Finest Southern foods. Write for folder and rates. E. B. Overton, Owner, Fairhope, Alabama.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1127

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The body of a column.	161 172 156 134 39
B. One of the most colorful Army figures, World War II (1885-1945).	80 14 19 136 70 24
C. Oxlike African antelope with twisted horns.	131 31 38 27 71
D. What the element radon was first called.	123 78 176 99 25
E. Famous "Cross" of London, originally site of an "Eleanor Cross."	11 37 3 93 26 53 175
F. Civil order under good laws.	166 96 2 141 157 129
G. City of Baden, Germany, where was signed a treaty supplementing that of Utrecht, 1714.	47 33 171 29 52 108 82
H. Ray of the cloudy days in music.	16 164 41 67 100 86 137
I. Violently poisonous protein in the castor oil bean.	34 23 43 1 91
J. Father of betrothed of Longfellow's Evangeline.	130 170 79 57 146
K. Protection from the rain.	177 51 20 167 74 124 120 6 145
L. Pariah.	44 17 85 154 125 103 101
M. Phrase, with "I," bragging of early acquaintance with a great man (3 wds.).	165 132 21 13 111 98 121 73 77 107 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Having the charm, magic, strangeness of a sprite.	113 45 139 94 58
O. Certain "books" we had in World War II.	140 87 40 173 90 114
P. Basic truth about twins (3 wds.).	75 169 163 150 49 110 155 32 126
Q. Former; sometime.	8 144 147 128 48 142
R. Structural members over openings (architecture; see Word W).	60 117 89 12 112 18
S. A groom in India (one of several spellings).	61 160 10 152
T. Intoxicating quality.	76 118 50 138 127 62 149 15 55
U. Japanese art of flower arrangement.	116 56 7 95 122 84 158
V. Something of little account.	174 30 35 83 4 64 135 36 109
W. The kind of Word R which is pointed and has a joint at its apex.	28 81 92 9 66 105
X. Cerebration; consideration; reflection; opinion.	168 119 104 153 68 59 143
Y. Not keeping time to music (3 wds.).	46 148 151 97 65 133 162 42 5 115
Z. Student of the science of intuitive truths of reason.	159 72 63 88 102 22 106 54 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 I	2 F		3 E	4 V		5 Y	6 K	7 U		8 Q	9 W	10 S	11 E	12 R									
13 M	14 B	15 T		16 H	17 L	18 R	19 B		20 K	21 M	22 Z	23 I	24 B	25 D	26 E	27 C								
28 W		29 G	30 V		31 C	32 P	33 G	34 I	35 V		36 V	37 E	38 C	39 A		40 O								
41 H	42 Y		43 I	44 L	45 N	46 Y	47 G		48 Q	49 P		50 T		51 K	52 G	53 E								
54 Z		55 T	56 U	57 J	58 N		59 X	60 R	61 S		62 T	63 Z	64 V	65 Y	66 W	67 H								
68 X		69 Z	70 B		71 C	72 Z		73 M	74 K	75 P	76 T		77 M	78 D	79 J									
80 B	81 W	82 G	83 V	84 U	85 L	86 H	87 O	88 Z		89 R	90 O	91 I	92 W	93 E	94 N	95 U								
96 F	97 Y	98 M	99 D	100 H		101 L	102 Z		103 L	104 X	105 W	106 Z	107 M	108 G	109 V									
110 P	111 M	112 R		113 N	114 O	115 Y	116 U	117 R	118 T		119 X	120 K	121 M	122 U	123 D									
124 K	125 L	126 P	127 T	128 Q	129 F		130 J	131 C	132 M	133 Y	134 A	135 V	136 B	137 H	138 T									
139 N	140 O	141 F	142 Q		143 X	144 Q	145 K		146 J	147 Q	148 Y	149 T		150 P	151 Y									
152 S	153 X	154 L	155 P		156 A		157 F	158 U	159 Z		160 S	161 A		162 Y	163 P	164 H								
165 M	166 F	167 K		168 X		169 P	170 J	171 G	172 A	173 O	174 V	175 E	176 D	177 K	178 M									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO SALE

• remarkable savings on outstanding books and fine prints
• prices slashed up to 89% off original publishers' prices
• order by mail today with convenient coupon on this page

1032. THE ART OF T. S. ELIOT.
By Helen Gardner. A lucid analysis of the subtle form and complex substance of Mr. Eliot's poetry. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

1061. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE SILENT SCREEN.
By Daniel Blum. The fabulous days of the Vamp, the Custard Pie, and "It" are brought to life in this superb collection of *over 3,000 photographs* and commentary. Passing through its pages are such well-remembered figures as Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Theda Bara, Valentino and hundreds of others. 9" x 12". *Orig. pub. at $10.00.* **4.95**

1091. SULTAN'S PLEASURE and Other Turkish Delights.
By Robin Howe & Pauline Espir. 220 Turkish recipes that are certain to warm the heart and whet the appetite of any gourmet. *With full page drawings by Osbert Lancaster. Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

984. THE DRAMA OF DISPLAY: Visual Merchandising and Its Technique.
By Jim Buckley. A wealth of useful information by one of America's most reputable display designer-directors. 8½" x 11". 252 photographs. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1064. INTERNATIONAL DESIGN ANNUAL: IDEA, 1953.
Ed. by Gerd Hatje. The best in modern design—from teaspoons to vacuum cleaners. *373 photographs.* 8½" x 12". *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

1118. CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI.
By Carlo Levi. *4th printing.* The story of a memorable year the author, as an Italian political prisoner, spent in Lucania—a province so primitive, so barren, so desolate, that to this land, they say, Christ never came. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

P-86. VLAMINCK: Road Through The Village.
An *impressionistic village scene in* red-brown, mauve, green, lime-yellow, blue, and white, depicting a tree-lined winding road with a farm house in the background. Reproduced in hand-colored pochoir, an exacting and brilliant process. 18¾" wide x 23" high. *Pub. at $18.00.* *Only* **2.98**

751. BEST WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.
Handsome 8-volume set containing David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Tale of Two Cities, Oliver Twist, Christmas Stories, Christmas Carol, etc. *Pub. at $20.00.* *The 8-volume set* **5.88**

1040. THE UNDECLARED WAR: 1940-1941.
By William L. Langer & S. Everett Gleason. An absorbing, definitive work of political and diplomatic events during the crucial period from Japan's signature of the Tripartite Pact to Pearl Harbor. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1116. BALLET IN ACTION.
Introd. by George Balanchine; text by Walter Terry. A large and handsome ballet book that captures the visual beauty and excitement of the dance. The breath-taking plates present scenes from eight ballets performed by the leading dancers of the New York City Ballet. *120 pages of photographs* by Paul Himmel. 10¼" x 11½". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-128. MATISSE: A GALLERY OF WOMEN.
A stunning board-bound portfolio of eight lithographs by the greatest modern master of line in which he eloquently demonstrates his delight in portraying the female nude. Every accent, tone, and lyrical line is exquisitely reproduced by the silk screen process on fine paper. All 8 are 16¾" high x 12¼ wide. *Pub. at $8.50.* *All 8, only* **2.98**

1065. INTERNATIONAL DESIGN ANNUAL: IDEA, 1954.
Ed. by Gerd Hatje. The progress of industrial design is shown in 399 photographs of the best products of the past year. 8½" x 12". *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

1117. WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC, & ALCHEMY.
By Grillot de Givry. Here you will find 376 occult symbols, illustrating the use of sorcery, magic, astrology, cabbala and alchemy from the Middle Ages to the 19th century. **3.75**

1140. BEETHOVEN: The Man Who Freed Music.
By Robert Haven Schauffler. This famous biography of the greatest of all composers is a milestone in musical literature. Absorbing, sensitive and inspiring, it correlates the tortured life of the man with his soaring music. Illus. **2.98**

P-123. TWO YOSHIWARA COURTESANS.
Stunning crimson, green, blue and tan colors make this set of two *silk-screen reproductions of Japanese* Uko-ye paintings unique decorations for any room in your home. Created by early 18th century masters, these paintings portray the soft faces and bold kimonos of the lovely courtesans of Japan's "pleasure quarter." These colorful vertical panels measure 22" high by 10" wide and 24½" high by 9¾" wide. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Both only* **3.88**

1150. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—THE CIRCUS.
39 exquisite color prints, reproduced with startling fidelity to the original lithographs—a charming, colorful parade of clowns, acrobats, equestriennes, dancers and circus animals as only Lautrec could capture them. 9½" x 12¼", numbered and limited edition. A collector's item. *Pub. at $12.50. Only* **7.88**

MARBORO DEPT. S-60
222 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled at the right.
(Minimum mail order $5.00)
☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.*
NAME_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ **ZONE**____ **STATE**_____

*A few cents extra for C.O.D.
New York City residents add 3% sales tax.
Please add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

30	36	67	94	160	188	
245	295	397	398	399	618	
746	751	753	766	775	798	
817	864	865	906	909	948	
949	956	961	971	979	983	
984	988	989	1032	1040	1043	
1049	1061	1062	1064	1065	1066	
1088	1091	1108	1109	1110	1111	
1115	1116	1117	1118	1128	1140	
1150	1231				P31	
P86	P116	P117	P123	P126	P128	

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1109. THE DEVIL.
By Giovanni Papini. In this unusual and stimulating book, the author of *The Life of Christ* writes of the role of the Devil in divine and human affairs, and the possibility of the Fallen Angel's eventual regeneration and redemption. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.00**

989. LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR.
The Inner Experiences of a Psychoanalyst. By Theodor Reik. In this work Dr. Reik exposes for the first time the inner workings of the analyst's mind as he probes the patient's subconscious. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1108. NEW FURNITURE—1953/1954.
Ed. by Gerd Hatje. This handsome volume shows graphically the progress of modern furniture design in 19 countries. 372 illustrations. 8½" x 12". *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P-117. CHAGALL: CLOWN ON COW.
A delightful Chagall fantasia depicting a gaily-costumed clown perched on a prancing cow. The artist's brilliant array of colors enliven the deep blue background. This impressive silk-screen reproduction was done directly from the original in the collection of Mme. Helena Rubenstein. Its color harmonies and forms will complement any room. 24½" x 18½" wide. **3.95**

1111. SAVAGE PAPUA: A Missionary Among Cannibals.
By Andre Dupeyrat. The story of Father Dupeyrat's 21 years as a missionary among the Papuans. It is not only an absorbing narrative of adventure but also a realistic portrayal of this little-known barbaric race. *Photographs. Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.00**

971. MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM.
Translated by Count Eric Lewenhaupt. One of the greatest historical documents to come out of the last decade. 540 pages. *Pub. at $6.75.* *Only* **1.98**

961. DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE.
Ed. by Joseph T. Shipley. A survey of the forms and techniques of the various literary arts, their principles and problems. Arranged in dictionary form for quick reference. *New revised edition.* 464 pp. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

906. AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.
Now Marboro brings you the famous 16-volume American International Encyclopedia at ¼ the original price, thanks to a special publisher's overstock closeout. This revised 1953 edition contains 10,000 subjects, so up-to-date you can turn to the facts on atomic energy, the Korean War, geographical changes since World War II, etc. Includes more than four million words, 3,500 illustrations, maps in full-color. Bound in gold-stamped maroon cloth. Limited quantity. *Pub. at $39.50.*
All 16 volumes, only **9.88**

1110. SAINT ANTHONY OF THE DESERT.
By Henri Queffelec. Delightfully and movingly written, this brilliant biography recreates the wise and gentle personality of St. Anthony against the setting of his dramatic era. *Imprimatur. Pub. at $3.75.*
Only **1.00**

948. THE WRITINGS OF LAFCADIO HEARN.
Ed. by Henry Good; introd. by Malcolm Cowley. Outstanding works of one of America's most gifted writers. Includes three complete books: *Kwaidan* (eerie tales of Japanese life); *Some Chinese Ghosts* (tales of the macabre); *Chita* (gripping novelette of life on the Gulf Coast). Also other stories and essays. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.49**

753. BEST WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.
Handsome 8-volume set containing Barrack Room Ballads, Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Light That Failed, etc. *Pub. at $20.00.*
The 8-volume set, **5.88**

865. LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS.
By William B. Hesseltine. A new and exciting chapter in the Lincoln Story—how he destroyed the forces of disunity in the North and established for all time the power of the government to act in time of crisis—and changed the United States from a federal union into a new nation. The writing has the excitement and color of contemporary political reporting. Over 400 pages. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1115. FABULOUS SPAIN.
By James Reynolds. All the beauty of Spain, the drama of its history, its age-old culture and traditions, the pride of the Spanish people, and the splendor of their costumes have been captured in this enchanting volume. *Profusely illustrated by the author. Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

P-116. ETRUSCAN FRIEZE.
An enchanting pair of full-color wall paintings created in the early 4th Century B. C. as part of the famous fresco in the Tomb of Triclinio in Greece. They portray gorgeously costumed slaves in graceful poses interwoven with trees, beasts and birds. The scenes are framed by upper and lower decorative borders and imposed on a lovely tan background. These two stunning silk-screen reproductions are distinctive and unique decorations for any wall in your home. Together they measure 16¾" high and 74" wide. *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **5.95**

618. JOHN CLARE AND OTHER STUDIES.
By John Middleton Murry. Critical essays on Clare, Proust, Melville, Stendhal, Baudelaire, and others. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **1.00**

909. AROUND THEATRES.
By Max Beerbohm. Nearly 600 pages of searching and witty comment on Shaw, Ibsen, Sarah Bernhardt and the other fabulous figures of the heyday of drama. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-31. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TEMPLE.
This silk-screen reproduction in red pigment is a unique and exciting piece of art! A magnificent reproduction by Albert Urban of a priceless Chinese stone-rubbing made over 2000 years ago, this is the perfect center of interest for that important wall in your home. Every mark, every scar on the stone appears as it was executed by the Chinese master of the Chang Dynasty. Large 18" x 56" silk-screen reproduction that blends with modern or traditional settings. *Pub. at $22.00.* *Very special, only* **4.95**

956. MASTERPIECES OF MODERN ART.
Imp. from France. A set of 25 superb, full-color reproductions of great works of art by Van Gogh, Klee, Cezanne, Matisse, and other modern masters. Each is printed on a 4" x 6" post card—a treasure house of fine art in miniature. *Pub. at $2.50.*
All 25, only **1.00**

67. CORYDON.
By Andre Gide. The famous dialogues on homosexuality published for the first time in English. "Corydon remains in my opinion, the most important of my works."—Andre Gide. *Pub. at $3.50.*
Only **1.98**

398. LOUISA MAY ALCOTT SET.
6 handsome volumes. Little Women, Old Fashioned Girl, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom, Jo's Boys and Little Men. *Pub. at $12.00.*
All six volumes, only **3.88**

864. THE BORZOI TURGENEV.
Here in fresh and accurate translation by Harry Stevens are four of Turgenev's novels, *Fathers and Sons, Smoke, On the Eve,* and *Rudin*—plus three of his long stories, *A Quiet Spot, First Love,* and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man.* Introduction by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. 801 Pages. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **2.95**

949. MASTERPIECE POST CARDS.
Imported from France. A set of 25 superb, full-color reproductions of great works of art by Rembrandt, Raphael, da Vinci and other masters. Each is printed on a 4" x 6" card. A treasure house of fine art in miniature. *Pub. at $2.50.* *All 25, only* **1.00**

188. LESBIA BRANDON.
Considered for many years as "too scandalous for publication," this unique and exciting novel of sexual aberration by the famous English poet Algernon Charles Swinburne has at long last been made available. Includes a full-length commentary on Swinburne by the English critic Randolph Hughes. 583 pages. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

775. ITALY, ETERNAL LAND.
45 full-page color photographs! The eternal sunshine and color of this beautiful country has been captured in magnificent photography and text by Dr. Kurt Albrecht. For those who have been to Italy, this book will bring pleasant memories; for those who haven't, it will be an incentive. 9½" x 10". *Pub. at $7.00.* *Only* **2.98**

979. THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF YOGA.
By Harvey Day. How the application of this ancient science can induce clear thinking, control weight and preserve youth. Deals fully with concentration and meditation as essentials of practical Yoga. Illus. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

983. DESIGN FOR POINT-OF-SALE.
By Ladislav Sutnar. The first book in the increasingly important field of point-of-sale display. 12" x 9". *344 illustrations. Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **1.98**

399. CHILDREN'S CLASSICS SET.
The six greatest children's stories of all time in beautiful editions with vari-colored bindings. *Oregon Trail, Huckleberry Finn, Last of the Mohicans, Robinson Crusoe, Black Beauty, Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Pub. at $12.00.*
All six volumes, only **3.88**

94. CAVE PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT HUNTERS.
Magnificent portfolio of 14 full color plates (11" x 14") reproduces by the silk screen process the best and most exciting cave paintings in the caves of Altamira in Spain and Lascaux in France. Includes an authoritative 16,000 word history of this exotic art of the Ice Age written by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., of the American Museum of Natural History, with six black-and-white illustrations and explanatory charts and tables. *Special* **4.95**

295. THESAURUS OF BOOK DIGESTS.
Ed. by Hiram Haydn & Edmund Fuller. 2000 digests of the world's permanent writings from ancient classics to current literature. Each country or period or subject edited under the direction of a specialist—a wealth of information and source material. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

988. ROME.
By L. Salvatorelli. A must for everyone interested in this great cultural center. A brilliant collection of 128 magnificent photographs (with explanatory notes) showing every important edifice and work of art in and around Rome. The 90 page English text takes you on a tour through Antique, Old Christian, Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque and Modern Rome. Imported from Italy. *Pub. at $6.00.*
Only **2.98**

817. NINETEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN.
By Reginald Turner. A noted architect and critic surveys the course of British architecture from Regency times to the beginning of the present century. 127 illustrations exhibit the good and bad of each period ranging from the Houses of Parliament, Crystal Palace and the British Museum to railway stations and provincial architecture. *Pub. at $4.00.*
Only **1.98**

1128. JESUS AND HIS TIMES.
By Daniel-Rops. Acclaimed in America and Europe by leading Protestants and Catholics alike as the best life of Christ ever written, giving a complete picture of Jesus as a living man. For every Christian home and library. 615 pp. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

798. DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY.
Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Both teacher and layman will find this handy, all-embracing volume invaluable in his philosophical studies. *Pub. at $6.00.*
Only **2.98**

30. THE WHITE GODDESS.
By Robert Graves. An intriguing investigation into the mythology and history of the earliest European deity: the White Goddess of Birth, Love and Death. She is far from a discredited pagan deity; her worship is still alive outside the conventions of Western morality. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1049. SEX: Methods and Manners.
By Dr. L. Berg & R. Street. Direct, straightforward guide to achieving sex happiness in marriage, covering all aspects, basic techniques, etc. Illus. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.98**

766. GOYA'S CAPRICHOS.
By Jose Lopez-Rey. "The most thorough-going study of Goya's celebrated series of caricatures and satiric sketches that has appeared in many a year."—New Yorker. *265 pages of illustrations.* 2 vol. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Complete set, only* **4.95**

P-126. CLIPPER SHIP PRINTS.
Six stunning collotype reproductions of old American and British clipper ships at sea. 18" wide x 15" high, printed on heavy stock. Perfect for decorating living room, dining room or den. *Pub. at $30.00.*
All 6, only **2.98**

160. HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS.
Introd. by H. R. Trevor-Roper. The private, off-the-record, informal conversations of a man who almost remade the world. This is Hitler on his enemies, on his friends, on his secret dreams as voiced to his trusted associates. Indisputably authentic. Over 600 pp. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **1.00**

1043. WITCHCRAFT TODAY.
By Gerald B. Gardner. The author is a member of one of the few covens of witches serving in England. For the first time secrets of the cult are revealed by a practising devotee. Illus. *Pub. at $4.00. Only* **1.98**

397. MARK TWAIN LIBRARY.
Handsome, six-volume set. Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson, Prince and the Pauper, Roughing It (2 vols.) and Tom Sawyer. Each 8⅝" x 5¾" book bound in brown leatherette with buckram finish. *Pub. at $12.00.* *All 6 volumes, only* **3.88**

746. ILLUSTRATED TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.
Ed. by Margaret Martignoni. Here in one volume are gathered together the most precious treasures of children's literature of all time. 528 pages contain 79 poems, 44 fairy tales, 50 rhymes, 40 stories, legends and a picture alphabet. *With 520 illustrations, 100 in full color.* **4.95**

1062. TRIAL.
By Don Mankiewicz. The controversial subjects of racial prejudice and communist front activity are faced squarely in this 1955 Harper Prize novel. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.79**

1231. WEBSTER'S NEW 20th CENTURY DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED.
In Two Volumes—an indispensable reference work containing over 400,000 entries, more than 3,000 illustrations and maps (56 pages in full color), world atlas, and many supplementary features. 2400 fact-filled pages! Two vols. bound in rich maroon simulated leather. *The two volume set pub. at $39.50.* *Now only* **14.95**

1066. BEST CARTOONS FROM FRANCE.
200 of the funniest and cleverest cartoons ever to come from France. *Pub. at $2.95.* *Only* **1.49**

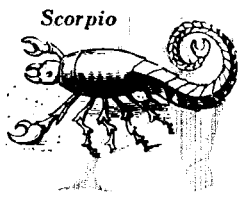
1088. GREAT PHILOSOPHERS OF THE EASTERN WORLD.
By E. W. Tomlin. Fascinating study of the lives and thoughts of the great Oriental thinkers. Provides a true understanding of the thoughts and teachings of Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, Zarathustra and of the founders of Ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Israel. Illustrated. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.98**

245. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ABERRATIONS.
Ed. by Edward Podolsky, M. D. The first systematic exposition of human aberrational behavior written for the intelligent layman as well as the expert on inter-personal relationships. 550 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.*
Only **2.98**

36. VENICE.
By Sergio Bettini. An historical visit to the famed city of canals in 128 superb photographs, most of them the full 6¾" x 9⅜" page size. See the famous Lido, the glorious churches and *palazzos* and the great works of art housed in them. Informative English text. Imported from Italy. *Pub. at $6.00.*
Only **2.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the sign of
the "recording Angel"



October RELEASES

Opera

PUCCINI: MADAMA BUTTERFLY

La Scala recording

Cast: Maria Meneghini Callas, Lucia Danieli, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Borriello.

Conductor: Herbert von Karajan.

20 page beautifully illustrated book libretto.

Three 12″ records Angel Album 3523 C (35225-6-7)

RICHARD STRAUSS: ARIADNE AUF NAXOS

Cast: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rita Streich, Irmgard Seefried, Rudolf Schock; also Anny Felbermayer, Grace Hoffman, Lisa Otto, Hugues Cuenod, Karl Dönch, Otakar Kraus, Helmut Krebs, Fritz Ollendorff, Hermann Prey, Gerhard Unger.

Conductor: Herbert von Karajan. Philharmonia.

Three 12″records Angel Album 3532 C (35222-3-4)

Other Strauss Operas: Capriccio (Closing Scene) and Four Last Songs, with Schwarzkopf (Angel 35084); Arabella (The Great Scenes), with Schwarzkopf, Felbermayer, Gedda, Metternich (Angel 35194).

"Champagne" Operetta

JOHANN STRAUSS: DIE FLEDERMAUS

Cast: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rita Streich, Helmut Krebs, Nicolai Gedda, Erich Kunz, Rudolf Christ.

Conductor: Herbert von Karajan.
Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus.

Two 12″ records Angel Album 3539 B (35263-4)

Other Johann Strauss Operettas: Wiener Blut (Angel Album 3519-3s) and A Night in Venice (Angel Album 3530 B).

Vocal

SCHUBERT: DIE WINTERREISE

Hans Hotter, baritone and **Gerald Moore,** pianist.
A memorable and moving interpretation of the great song cycle.

Two 12″ records (3 sides) Angel Album 3521 (35160-1)

Piano

GIESEKING PLAYS MOZART PIANO SOLOS

4th and 5th of the series of 11 records, devoted to Mozart's music for piano solo, previously available only in complete de luxe Limited Edition.

Abum 4: Sonata No. 13 in B flat, K.333; 12 Variations in E flat on *La Belle Francoise*, K.353; Fantasy in C minor, K.475; Sonata No. 14 in C minor, K.457.
Angel 35071

Album 5: Sonata No. 1 in C, K.279; 6 Variations in F on *Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding*, K.613; Sonata No. 9 in D, K.311; Fantasy and Fugue in C, K.394.
Angel 35072

GEZA ANDA PLAYS LISZT

Piano Concerto No. 1 in E flat major and **Hungarian Fantasia.**

Conductor: Otto Ackermann. Philharmonia.

One 12″ record Angel 35268

Previously issued: Anda-Liszt record including Sonata in B minor, Mephisto Waltz, Concerto Etude No. 3, Campanella (Angel 35127).

ANOTHER GREAT DAVID OISTRAKH RECORDING

Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole (recorded in London).
Conductor: Jean Martinon. Philharmonia.

One 12″ record Angel 35205

Other Angel-Oistrakh records: Beethoven Violin Concerto (35162), Bruch G Minor and Prokofiev D Major Concerti (35243), Cesar Franck and Szymanowski (35163).

Klemperer - Philharmonia

BEETHOVEN: THE FOUR OVERTURES FOR FIDELIO

Leonore No. 1, 2, 3, and **Fidelio** Overture.
Conductor: Otto Klemperer. Philharmonia.

One 12″ record Angel 35258

"Scotland The Brave"

THE SCOTS GUARDS:
REGIMENTAL BAND AND MASSED PIPERS

The famous Scots Guards — now here on its first American concert tour — in thrilling music of military band and pipes and drums. Including **Garb of Old Gaul, Moray Firth, The Lochaber Gathering, Lilliburlero, The Wee Macgregor, Hielan' Laddie, The Corn Riggs, The Kilworth Hills, Scotland the Brave, etc.**

One 12″ record Angel 35271

On the Blue Label

PIAF TONIGHT

Edith Piaf in 12 thrilling songs: ***C'est à Hambourg, Le chemin des forains, Miséricorde, L'Accordéoniste, La goualante du pauvre Jean, Et moi, Les amants de Venise, N'y va pas Manuel, L'effet qu' tu m' fais, Jean et Martine, Johnny tu n'es pas un ange, Bravo pour le clown.***

One 12″ record Angel 65024

Note: last 8 songs also available in the 10-inch record, Bravo pour le Clown (Angel 64005).

OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR:
CHRISTMAS SONGS (postponed from October)

One 12″ record Angel 65021

On the Black Jazz Label

RHYTHM IS OUR BUSINESS

More musical high-jinks from **Svend Asmussen and His Unmelancholy Danes.** The Danish fiddler-leader and his exciting, news-making ensemble, singing and playing **Honeysuckle Rose, On The Sunny Side of the Street, Doin' The New Low Down, I Found a New Baby, etc.** . . . "A first-class group of jazzmen. More fun than a barrel of monkeys," **Douglas Watt, N. Y. Daily News.**

One 10″ record Angel 60010

Angel Records

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION
OCTOBER 29, 1955

CONTENTS

THE RACHMANINOFF LEGACY—I
By Abram Chasins 37

RUSSIA'S EMIL GILELS
By Victor Seroff 40

ART, AND TATUM
By Whitney Balliett 44

SOUNDS OF SLOVAKIA
By Herbert Weinstock 46

FASHIONS IN JAZZ: THE ETERNAL WEST
By Wilder Hobson 48

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 50

SEVENTH ANNUAL AUDIO FAIR
By R. S. Lanier 56

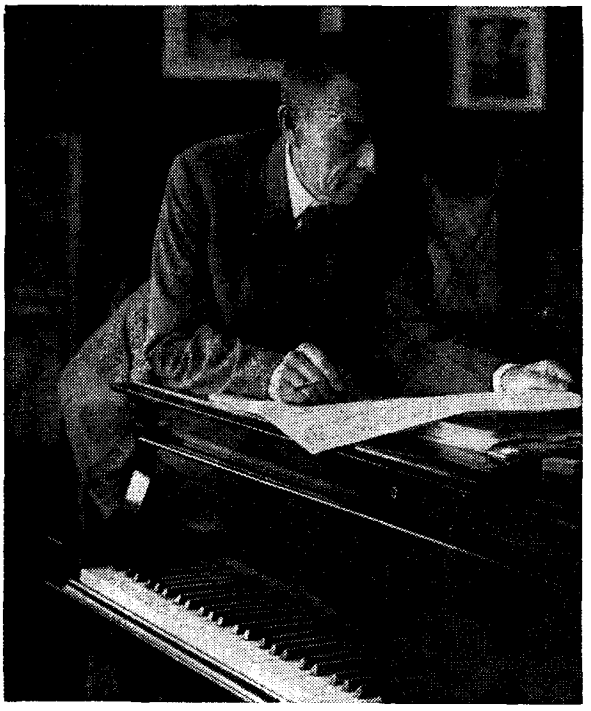
DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BERLIN FESTIVAL
By Everett Helm 58

THIS MONTH'S MOZART—III
By the Editor 60

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 62

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 65

THE RACHMANINOFF LEGACY—



By ABRAM CHASINS

THIS sixth decade of our supersonic century witnesses musical history with Victor's LP re-issue of Sergei Rachmaninoff as soloist in his four piano concertos and "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" recorded with his favorite collaborators, the Philadelphia Orchestra and Stokowski and Ormandy. [LM-6123]. Rachmaninoff is the one composer-pianist of our time whose interpretative gifts fully matched his creative gifts.

Composer-pianist Mozart was the greatest virtuoso of his day. Ditto Beethoven. Ditto Liszt, and what wouldn't we give to hear these geniuses interpret their own music! But, apart from the textual and stylistic knowledge and the fascination to be derived from hearing a composer play his music, does it necessarily follow that his performances are "definitive"? Do the composer's readings constitute an inviolate rigid tradition from which deviation is inadmissable?

If these questions seem startling, they are no more so than the historical facts themselves: namely, that for the first time we have a comprehensive document which should resolve many doubts on a debatable subject—an album containing the interpretations of an entire category of major works by a great composer who was also a great pianist.

Within the two centuries or so that composers have been reasonably able to anticipate publication and performances by others, they have edited their scores with ever-increasing care. Nevertheless, the most painstaking efforts have been defeated by music's loose terminology and notational inadequacy. However, some general principles, a little history, and a few former examples of composers as their own interpreters have led us to deductions which the Rachmaninoff performances firmly support.

To put it bluntly, "absolute fidelity to the text" is an erroneous concept because it suggests the false premise that music is born to the composer in a fixed and inflexible mold and that there is but one authentic way to read a work of art. Further, it denies the rightful role of the interpreter.

No one knows better than a composer the limitations and imperfections of the printed score. No one knows better than a composer that the richest works of art are those with the widest possible gamut of expression, the greatest multiplicity of meanings. Only the composer knows the differences which exist between abstract sounds as they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

Robert Casadesus comes from a family whose members have been musicians for generations—a tradition which extends to his wife and elder son, both pianists like himself. Within this singularly musical environment there has grown an artist of rare quality and of complete dedication. His recent recordings of piano works by Ravel and Debussy bespeak this wonderful passion for music. They are truly the sound of genius. We are proud that Robert Casadesus has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

Recent Columbia Masterworks "Lp" Records by Robert Casadesus include:

Debussy: Piano Music. Available as 3 single "Lp" records (ML 4977-79) at $5.95 each or in deluxe set (SL 222) specially priced at $14.95.

Ravel: Complete works for piano (ML 4518-20). Each $4.98

■ **We will be pleased to send you a copy of the above photograph, suitable for framing. Send a post card to Columbia Records, Room 10S, 799 7th Avenue, New York City.**

COLUMBIA RECORDS

"COLUMBIA" ℗ "MASTERWORKS" ® T. M. PRICES ARE SUGGESTED LIST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before his first trip to America (1909) . . .

spring up in the mind, and those same sounds translated first into symbols and later into an instrumental medium. Experience of public performance makes further adjustments imperative.

Everyone knows the long and laborious history attached to countless masterpieces, the many shapes and versions they underwent from original "inspiration" to finished form. I never heard of, or met, the composer who was not thrilled by an interpretative insight which heightened his intention in an eloquent realization of a wistful dream. Nor, conversely, the composer who was not dejected by some merely accurate adherence to a text, lacking the imaginative spark to bring to it the breath of life. If music could speak for itself, someone said, it would cry out "For Heaven's sake, interpret me!"

The performer is not by accident called the interpreter. He must actually interpret notes and signs and translate the mute symbols into sound. Ideally he becomes the partner of the composer, not alone reproducing the printed page but re-creating it through the power of his own vision and technique. His first duty is to gain a total impression of a composition through an accurate study of the score. Guided by scholarship and integrity, not by wilful caprice or exhibitionism, he must then unearth its essential spirit. He gradually develops ideas and ideals and directs them to finding the best ways and means to realize and communicate his acquired beliefs. Should he conclude that fulfilment requires him to depart from the written indications, or to turn them upside down, he must do this. He cannot do otherwise. Not with conviction. In the art of interpretation there is no final word. It is subtle relationships which determine validity and have the power to create truth.

If the reader will pardon the intrusion of my own experiences, I have lived through this matter on both sides. In my concertizing days I played in private sessions to Godowsky, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff many of their works I had programmed. With the brashness of youth I took interpretative liberties without apology: I did not hesitate to indulge in some fairly drastic individual ideas contrary to the text. At no time did I hear any expression of indignation, or any suggestion that my alterations were high-handed tamperings with their music. Their first reactions were, always, curiosity and interest. They did not consider each note or mark a deathless inspiration. Rachmaninoff would say, "Yes, that does sound better" or "I think that change makes the idea clearer and easier to play." Once I played a Godowsky piece strictly in the tempo indicated. He said, "Oh, no. That's much too slow. Never mind the metronome mark; I put it down when I composed the piece, before I learned it!" Ravel, in response to some pedal effects in his exquisite Sonatine, exclaimed, "Why didn't someone tell me that such effects were possible with the sustaining pedal? How many more possibilities it would have given me."

ON THE other hand, I had the enriching experience of hearing my own piano works endowed with meanings and qualities I never imagined possible when they were transformed by the interpretative magic of Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, Lhevinne, and others. To take one specific example: a work of mine called "Narrative" presents some formidable difficulties. At several dramatic points the music directs the performer to slow down for some widely dispersed and unwieldy chords and octaves. I played it that way and so did every other pianist I had heard because only such allowances of time enabled us to play the notes and attain the climaxes clearly. One day Horowitz played it over for me at his studio. When he came to those bristling difficulties he just tore right through them in full tempo, explaining that he had ignored the markings because he felt that the climaxes lost their full effect unless one maintained the accumulated motion. It was an overwhelming revelation and realization to this composer. It never dawned on me to *ask* for that effect, as I couldn't imagine any pianist who could play it that way.

I trust that my own recordings of my works are "authoritative." But I can truly say that many other performances and recordings of those works have brought other kinds of fulfilment to them, completely valid and quite differently realized.

Rachmaninoff felt this way about a few isolated performances of his works. He particularly admired Horowitz's interpretation of his Third Concerto, Hofmann's playing of his Preludes, and a performance of his "Rhapsody" many years ago by Gita Gradova with the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli. My most vivid memories are of Rachmaninoff sitting at Hofmann's recitals, wreathed in smiles at hearing his brain-children emerge with all sorts of wonderful subtleties and new effects. Hofmann took a special delight in searching out inner voices and creating designs which differed from those stressed in the score. Everything was so personal and yet so right.

Incidentally, Hofmann once played a delightful joke on Rachmaninoff. For the umpteenth encore of a Carnegie recital Hofmann strode to the piano, looked pointedly at Rachmaninoff, and boomed out the famous three-note phrase with which "The Prelude" begins. The audience gurgled in excited anticipation and Rachmaninoff's expression disclosed that this piece was hardly his favorite. Just as Hofmann reached the C sharps, he waited a few seconds and then, with a naughty-boy grin, went right into Chopin's Fantaisie-Impromptu! The audience roared, and Rachmaninoff burst out laughing until the tears streamed.

It is an attribute of a work of art that it cannot mean precisely the same thing to two people. Its communication must vary from player to player. The richer a performer's imagination, the greater his command, the deeper his intuition, the more sensitive his response—that much more has he to endow music with intellectual and emotional expressivity and variety.

Rachmaninoff the pianist brings to Rachmaninoff the composer a rarest kind of originality. No ear can mistake his structural designs, his chords,

(*Continued on page* 64)

. . . three years before his death (1940).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Adrian Siegel.

Gilels at rehearsal—"like lightning and thunder."

Russia's Emil Gilels

By VICTOR SEROFF

WE HAD TO LIVE through the World War and the Cold War, to see the beginning of "the Thaw" and the Geneva Conference, before cultural relations with the U.S.S.R could be established. Emil Gilels, the famous pianist, heralds a long list of Soviet artists expected to come to this country. Gilels was scheduled to appear here in 1938 when Frederick C. Schang, now president of Columbia Artists, was going to present him along with David Oistrakh, the violinist, but the plans were cancelled because of the political situation.

At that time not many knew Gilels's name and only a few had actually had the opportunity to hear him: as a budding virtuoso he won prizes at competitions in Vienna in 1933 and Brussels in 1936. But Artur Rubinstein, speaking of the young generation of pianists, told me in the early Forties that when he was in Russia in 1931 he had heard one that left an unforgettable impression on him. "I was in Odessa," Rubinstein said, "and I was asked by a piano teacher at the local conservatory to hear her pupils. You know how boring such an ordeal usually is," Rubinstein went on, "but by God there was a boy—I remember as if it happened yesterday—short, with a mass of red hair and freckles, who played. . . . I can't describe it. . . . All I can say is—if he ever comes here I might as well pack up my bags and go," Rubinstein gallantly concluded.

Gilels also remembers the occasion well. Talking to him en route to Philadelphia for his American debut, he told me he was then fifteen years old (he was born on October 19, 1916) and that he played three transcriptions: Rameau-Godowsky, Mendelssohn-Liszt, and Bach-Godowsky's Fugue in G-minor. In 1929 Gilels had joined Bertha Rheingbald's class after some six or seven years of preparatory study under Jakob Tkatch. There is no obvious, hereditary explanation for his unusual talent, for although his parents loved music no one in the family was a musician. Gilels's father, Gregory, was a bookkeeper at a sugar factory, and his mother. . . . "My mother?" Gilels says, "she was just keeping the house and bringing up her children." His elder sister Elisaveta also became a musician. She is a violinist and received a Third Prize at the Brussels competition.

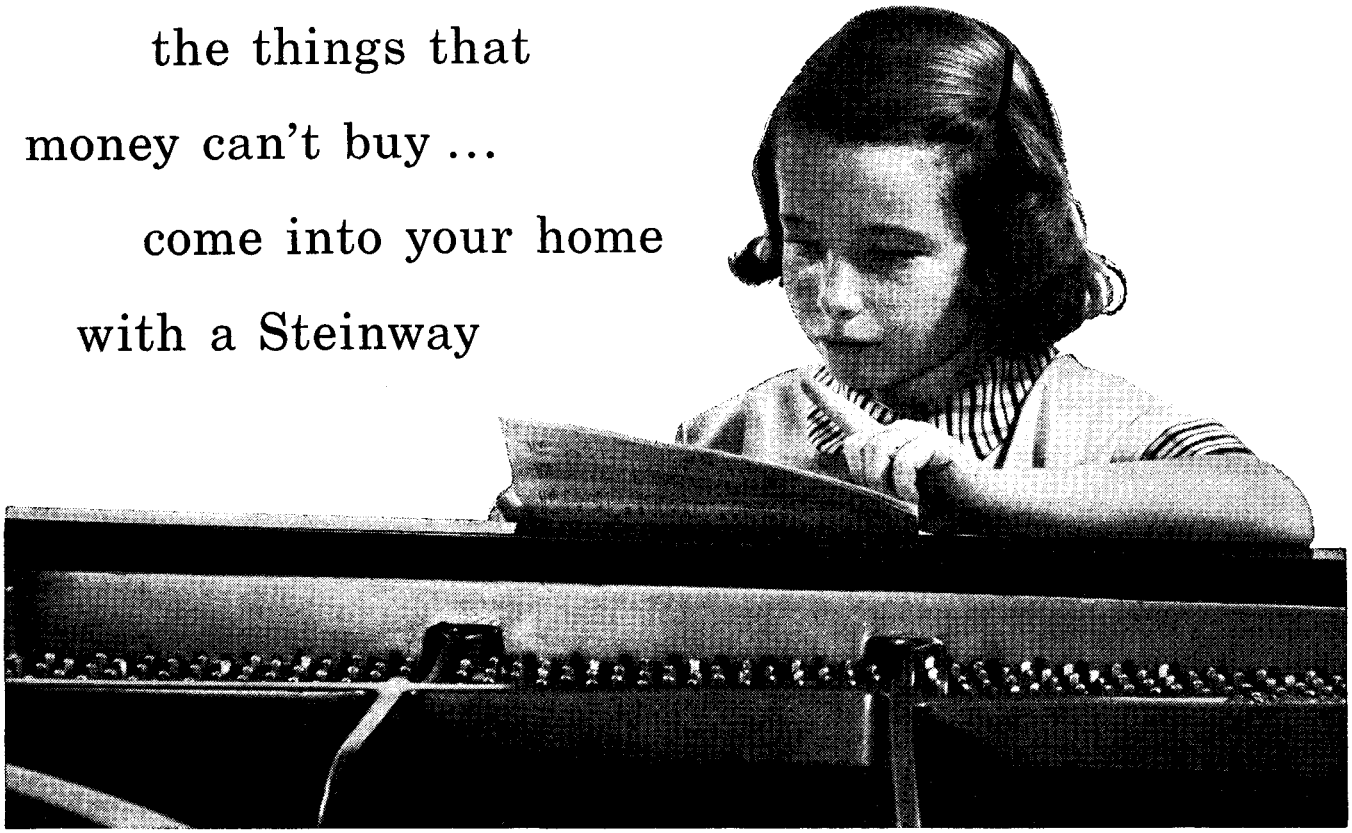
"Everything I was taught about piano playing I learned from Bertha Rheingbald, now unfortunately deceased," Gilels said. He was going to continue his studies at the Moscow Conservatory "in a sort of *Meister* class," he said, but both Rubinstein and Alexander Borovsky, then on tour in Soviet Russia, told him that he would not learn anything more there and should start concertizing. Gilels, however, was not yet sixteen and if I understood him correctly he could therefore not work professionally. If that is true, the Soviet law against the exploitation of minors has wiped out the child-prodigy industry—a good thing, if for no other reason than the nerves of everyone concerned.

In any case, Gilels did go to the Moscow Conservatory and studied under Professor Neuhaus, but not for long, he says, for after he won the prizes at Vienna and Brussels he began his concert career in Soviet Russia and also became an assistant to Neuhaus in the piano class. In 1948 he came to play at the Third International Prague Spring Festival and it was then that I heard him for the first time. He was spoken of as a great Russian pianist but was quite unknown to the audience, since this was his official debut outside of his native country. He played a rather conventional program (Beethoven's "Waldstein" and Chopin's B minor sonatas, Debussy and Prokofiev), but before he finished the first part of the recital it was obvious that we were in the presence of an extraordinary musical talent with supreme powers at his command. He followed his recital with a rendition of the Tchaikovsky concerto with the Czech Philharmonia under a Russian conductor, Ivanov. I attended this concert with Rafael Kubelik, then the permanent conductor of the orchestra, with whom Gilels was scheduled to play several concertos. I remember that in the first movement Gilels went like lightning and thunder through an octave passage well-known to pianists, and Kubelik whispered to me, "If I were conducting tonight this would scare me so that I wouldn't be able to go on."

In 1948 the Iron Curtain was slowly coming down but not for Gilels. In 1951 he played in Florence and afterwards he was a frequent guest in France and Belgium, although still unknown in America except for a few recordings. Seven years have now passed since our first meeting in Prague. "Those were very exciting days for me," Gilels reminisced. "We were expecting our child." I would not say Gilels's physical appearance has changed much since then. Neither his looks nor his personality are those of a "keyboard lion." He is just a nice boy who plays the piano extremely well. About five-feet six inches tall, stocky with a cherubic face that carried a concentrated rather than stern expression, he then looked years younger than his age, as he does now. The freckles had disappeared and the coppery hair was under control, except

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the things that money can't buy ... come into your home with a Steinway



THE HEPPLEWHITE VERTICAL reflects the grace of the 18th Century English cabinetmaker. Your Steinway dealer can deliver one to your home for as small a DOWN PAYMENT as ... $157.00 Liberal terms. Slightly higher in the West

A Steinway can help her overcome the emptiness of 'spectator' living. Keyboard experience leads your child safely past pushbutton ease and creates confidence in *doing* and *getting done*. Over a hundred years of experience and skill in piano building make today's Steinway unique in tone, action and styling. The Steinway serves so many years and depreciates so little, it is actually the least expensive of pianos —an investment of lasting value that will pay extra dividends in your children's future happiness.

STEINWAY

The world's great concert artists use the Steinway exclusively. The list includes the young American pianist GARY GRAFFMAN, pictured at right, and Casadesus, Shura Cherkassky, Elman, Jacob Lateiner, Moura Lympany, Mitropoulos, Artur Rubinstein, Franz Rupp, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Brooks Smith, Toscanini and many, many others . . . also nearly all of *the nation's leading orchestras, radio and television stations.*

Our booklet, "How to Choose Your Piano," will be sent free if you write Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he was at the piano. In 1946 he had won Stalin's Prize for his concert activities (100,000 rubles) and a year later married Farizet Khutzystova—then a student at the Moscow Conservatory. "I graduated her into marriage," Gilels said as he smiled at his wife sitting beside him. Mrs. Gilels's unusual first name betrays her Georgian origin—Ossetian, to be exact. She was given a scholarship by her native autonomous republic to study composition at the conservatory in Moscow, but she was not among Gilels's piano students. She modestly says that God spared Gilels from playing her compositions. Apparently she brought back home only one prize—Gilels, the husband, but her people are perfectly satisfied with her achievement. Gilels, however, sometimes gets into trouble with his Caucasians. He does not drink, but whenever he goes to visit his in-laws he ends up under the table. "They think of me as one of their own," he explains, and Georgians in Russia are well-known for their alcoholic capacity.

BUT I would not say that the luck in the catch was one-sided. Mrs. Gilels is a very attractive young woman. Petite, with prematurely graying black hair and sparkling black eyes, she speaks in a soft voice without the slightest Caucasian accent. She dresses like anyone else, uses lipstick and red fingernail polish, but around her neck she wears no adornment but her husband's career. "She is my judge and my only counselor," Gilels says, as she turns quickly to the magazine pages she was pretending to be studying, but one can see that her ears are antennaed for every word of her husband's. She blushes as he expands on her artistic talents. Besides being an accomplished musician, she sculpts, although she never studied it. The Gilelses adore their child and are very proud of her fluent French, although neither of them understand her, for Mrs. Gilels knows no language beside her own Ossetian and Russian, and Mr. Gilels knows "very, but very little of French and German." Mrs. Gilels has been teaching Elyena piano and now she goes to a "school for talented children." And according to Gilels they begin their day (at eight in the morning) by practicing the piano in rooms separated by a long corridor. Then *paterfamilias* departs, depending on his schedule, either to the conservatory where he is now a full professor and has his own class of piano students, or to various meetings at the magazine *Sovietskaya Musica*, where he serves as an adviser on the editorial staff. Despite his stocky build Gilels has never been a sportsman, nor does he have any hobbies. He said he never had any time left from his studies and anyone who heard him play would not doubt this.

Thus, when he is not working and returns home Gilels spends his time with his family and friends. As I have mentioned before, his sister is now a concert violinist and is married to Leonid Kogan, also a violinist and also a winner of First Prize at the competition in Brussels. "The whole family has been decorated by the Queen Dowager of Belgium," Mrs. Gilels proudly remarked. With Mstislav Rastronovich, the cellist, and his brother-in-law Gilels gives chamber music concerts. "In the evenings if we don't play ourselves, and friends or pupils drop in to see us, we listen to recordings. We have a large collection." And indeed, the Gilelses are well acquainted with the performances of a great many artists who have never been in Russia. Does their life sound like an idyl? It is not quite.

Mrs. Gilels goes through hell if she has to hear her husband play in public. She told me that not only does she not attend his performances, but she cannot bear hearing him on the radio. In Russia he goes on tour alone, but when he travels abroad she accompanies him—"because," Gilels says, "it is interesting for her." I have been a witness to her unhappy affliction. She was so nervous at the rehearsal in Philadelphia that she developed a headache and told me that at times she lost all ability to think. If this nervous state of hers would end there, it would not be too bad. But, says Gilels, she makes *him* nervous, and that is a serious thing. The tips of Gilels's fingers were a sorry sight on the morning of his rehearsal; they were broken into small cracks and to play in such condition would have left the ivories covered with blood. Someone was dispatched to bring plasters and collodion (new skin) and that is how he had to play the Tchaikovsky concerto in Philadelphia and New York. "I think it is the water," Mr. Gilels said to me. "No, no, it's nerves," Mrs. Gilels explained.

But speaking of his nervousness, I have to explain further. Whereas any virtuoso is conscious of the importance of every public performance, if he fails to achieve success in one place or another, he can return home, receive a dirty look from his wife, and resolve to do better next time. With Gilels, it is different. He is a chosen representative of a whole country, his responsibility is grave, and when he goes abroad to defend his title he is perhaps as in ancient Greece given his arms and told "Come back with your shield or on it." Imagine how well Gilels must play when he is at ease and when his wife does not look as if she might expire at any moment. It is this mastery of which the public hears sometimes only one part that often saves the situation.

I have never met or read about an artist of his stature more modest, without the slightest sign of affectation. At a press conference in Philadelphia a reporter asked Gilels if he were the greatest pianist in Soviet Russia. I have heard the question "who is the greatest pianist in the world?" answered with a suppressed smug smile "I know who is the second best. . . ." But Gilels answered (through his interpreter) merely "I'm one of many pianists who is very busy in Russia concertizing and teaching." And the day before, he had told me that in Russia they have at least one or two other most phenomenal pianists: "One of them is Lazar Berman. He is twenty-one."—"Do you mean to say he has a greater technique than yours?" I asked.—"Oh certainly," Gilels said. "You should hear him play 'Feux Follets.' He plays it as if it were nothing."

SPEAKING with Gilels about his own achievements, one feels he wants to get through with it as quickly as possible. And mind you this is not because he does not want to "open up." On the contrary, he speaks as freely as you and I would do. He is just so curious to learn everything about musicians and works of which he is ignorant that he does not want to waste a minute on what seems unimportant to him. In fact he asked me so many questions and wanted to know my opinion on so many musical matters that at one point I asked him who was interviewing whom. "Is it an indiscreet question?" he asked, smiling.

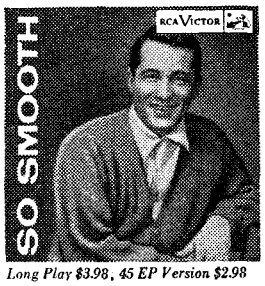
His favored composers are Prokofiev and Shostakovich. In Russia he gave the first performance of Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata, which he says is monumental. Among contemporary American works he knows Copland's music, Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," and also "Rhapsody in Blue," although he does not play it. He likes Roy Harris's First Piano Sonata. But Gilels came right out with the statement that he does not like jazz. It is not the kind of music that interests him, he said. He admires Marian Anderson, whom he heard in Russia, and he has many of her recordings. And he came back over and over again with questions about Vladimir Horowitz, the pianist he has most admired. When asked who was his favored pianist, living or dead, Gilels without hesitation said Vladimir Horowitz. He keeps his photograph on his writing desk and Mrs. Gilels told Wanda Toscanini-Horowitz, when I introduced them, that they cherish like an ikon her hus-

(*Continued on page* 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only at your Record Dealer...

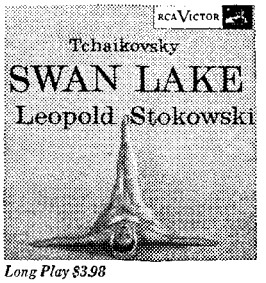
RCA Victor's "Fabulous Fifty-Fifth" Anniversary Release!



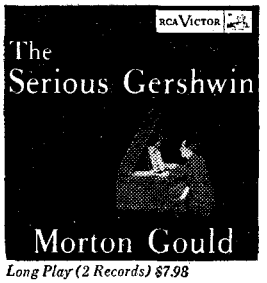
Long Play $3.98, 45 EP Version $2.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP $3.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98



Long Play $3.98



Long Play (2 Records) $7.98

Long Play $3.98

Long Play (3 Records) $11.98

Long Play (3 Records) $11.98

Long Play $3.98

Long Play $3.98

Long Play (2 Records) $7.98; 45 EP $7.98

Long Play (2 Records) $7.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98

Long Play $3.98

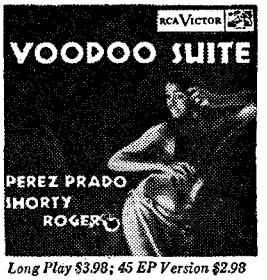
Long Play $3.98; 45 EP $3.98

Long Play $3.98

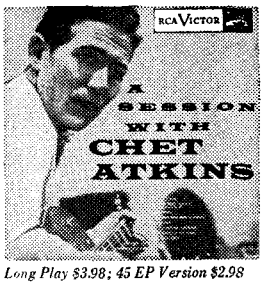
Long Play $3.98; 45 EP $3.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP $3.98



Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98



Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98

Long Play (2 Records) $7.98

Long Play $3.98

Long Play $3.98; 45 EP Version $2.98

Selections from albums shown above are available on the "Pop Shopper" (12" Long Play and 3-record 45 EP) and the "Red Seal Selector" (12" Long Play). Two $3.98 record values, yours for only 98¢ each. Buy these albums today through your nearest RCA Victor Record Dealer.

Nationally advertised prices

RCA VICTOR

only $3.98

for each 12" Long Play Record

All new! All at the new low prices!

Here they are — the greatest recordings in RCA Victor history . . . all in glorious "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity Sound. Yet the price is only $3.98 for each 12" Long Play record . . . and only $1.49 for each 45 EP record!

The 24 brilliant new albums shown above — and thousands more at the same low prices — are available *only* through your local record dealer. Visit his store soon and take advantage of these amazing RCA Victor record values!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART, AND TATUM

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

ART Tatum, the partly blind, fifty-year-old pianist from Dayton, Ohio, who has undistinguished, stubby fingers and a dumpy figure, has long been regarded by a good many jazz musicians and listeners with a sort of inviolable admiration, as if, indeed, he were a whale or the Brooklyn Bridge or Mt. Everest. Tatum's abilities have inspired, in fact, an emulation similar to that usually accorded Marilyn Monroe; eyes pop, hearts quicken, and critical sense falls dead. The principal reason one hears for this glazed condition among his admirers is the pianist's massive technique, which is generally and simply judged by a helpless nodding of heads.

Now, a kind of crowning—if belated—monument has been erected in Tatum's honor by Norman Granz, the jazz impresario who works by the gross and whose own admiration of Tatum has resulted in the master having set down, solo, on Granz's Clef label, after a couple of sessions in 1954, slightly under 200 versions of songs of his own choosing. Seventy-four of these have recently been released on ten twelve-inch LPs in two hefty albums entitled, bluntly, "The Genius of Art Tatum." It takes about six hours to hear the albums through, and the cumulative effect, at one sitting, is unnerving. For here, in selections that vary in length from the standard three-minute performance to ones of six or seven minutes, is a new kind of Tatum, a Tatum unfettered by rhythm accompaniment, a kind of whooping, damn-the-torpedoes Tatum who was allowed to do just what he pleased, and did. It is also a Tatum who, a little overripe on the bough, exhibits, within the confines of his materials, an extraordinary set of pianistic exercises that are, simply, demonstrations of how to play the piano perfectly.

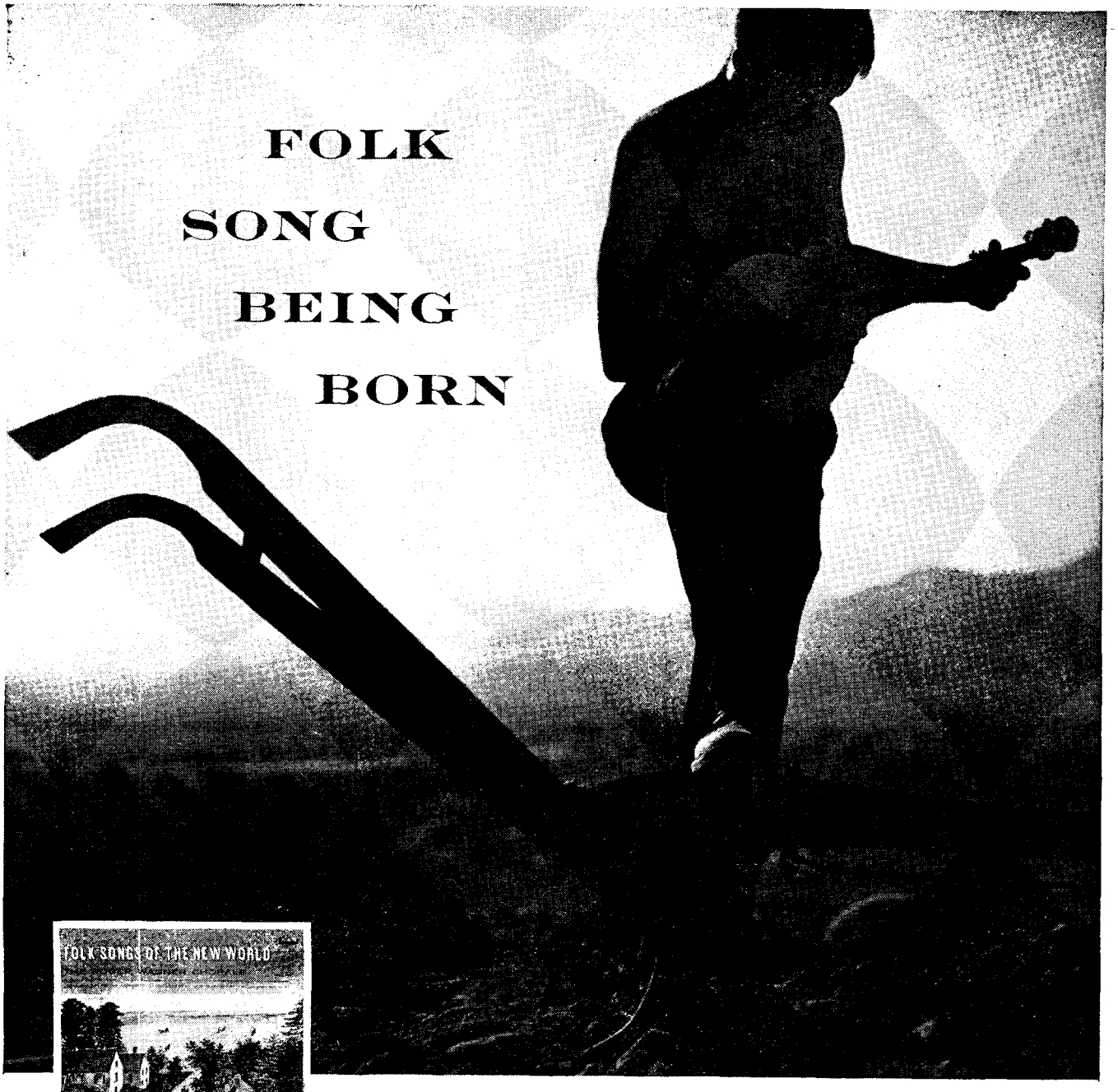
All the facets of his famous style are exaggeratedly present: the speed-of-light arpeggios that often seem compounded of at least 128th notes and that are, regardless of their musical value, invariably stunning because each note emerges as round and whole as a new tennis ball; the left hand that moves stolidly and ceaselessly between tenth-chords, single notes, Wallerish "striding," and complicated configurations that either parallel or challenge whatever it is the right hand is doing; the sense of dynamics that can suddenly shade truculence into raindrops and violets; the use of the piano as a whole orchestra, instead of as a horn restricted to one note at a time; the electric broken rhythms that nevertheless contain an iron-firm implied beat; the arabesques of melody that somehow hang together no matter how many times they are trampled under by fresh, successive flights of fancy; and, above all, the volcanic vitality that keeps this ten-armed engine going.

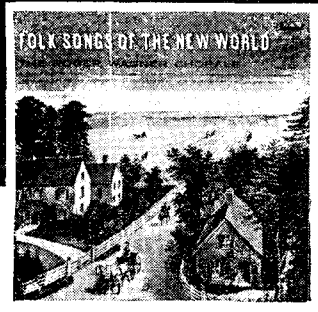
Unfortunately, little of the astonishing crystal palace of sound that Tatum has created here is jazz; it is, in fact, difficult to find a single complete chorus of jazz improvisation in the whole series. One hears, rather, a weird cross between a jazz-oriented pianist and one who is, at various times, decked out in Chopin, Debussy, cocktail filagrees, and Frankie Froeba. Yet, one feels that these records, unclassifiable as they are, place Tatum where he long ago should have been placed, as a remarkably gifted technician who happened to learn his instrument through the jazz medium but who has since departed from those beginnings into his own peculiar, restless firmament of expression.

TATUM's individuality as a musician is partly the result of his unique experience as a jazz performer. Since his professional emergence in 1931 he has worked almost entirely as a solo musician, with the exception of his various sublimated trios (guitar and bass), a few studio bands, and occasional all-star recordings. In contrast, there are the remaining ninety-nine jazz pianists who have *had* to work either with their own groups or as sidemen: Jess Stacy and Teddy Wilson with Benny Goodman; Billy Kyle with John Kirby; Basie with Bennie Moten and his own band; Bud Powell with Cootie Williams and Charlie Parker, and so forth. Tatum, then, with his burgeoning technical facilities, has been chiefly responsible to himself. As a result, he does not fit easily into the collective areas of big and small-band jazz. There was always the feeling, in fact, in many of his recordings made in the Forties with his trios, that he was having a difficult time sitting still even within those meager restrictions. Time and again, as accompanist for guitar or bass solos, one would hear him muscling uncontrollably up and out, until, on several occasions, his own "background" figures would get tangled with those of the guitar or the bass so that it was difficult to know who was accompanying whom. There have, of course, been a few exceptions to this iconoclasm. In 1941, when Tatum was still limbering up, he made a remarkable series of recordings for Decca with Joe Thomas, Edmund Hall, and Joe Turner, in which, both as accompanist and soloist, he was a striking and refined jazz instrumentalist.

Billy Taylor, a modern pianist of great finesse, recently pointed out in *Down Beat* magazine that it simply did not make sense to judge Tatum on the basis of the Granz recordings alone. He said that he had heard Tatum—always a finicky performer—play at various after hours sessions with company of his own choosing and that at such times his improvisational abilities and his technique had melted together, invariably producing incomparable jazz piano. Those happy fusions, however, have occurred in few of Tatum's recordings or public appearances, and the general listener, after all, can judge only by what he is allowed to hear. In the same way, perhaps Keats sat down privately and scribbled superb odes which he then chose to burn. If so, only God knows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





THE ROGER WAGNER CHORALE SINGS:

Wayfaring Stranger · Blue Tail Fly
I Wonder as I Wander
I've Been Working on the Railroad
Streets of Laredo · Black is the Color
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
He's Gone Away · Cindy
Drunken Sailor · On Top of Old Smoky
Skip to Mah Lou · Shenandoah

Other Albums:

Songs of Stephen Foster **No. 8267**

VILLA-LOBOS:
Nonetto and Quatuor **No. 8191**

BRAHMS: Liebeslieder Waltzes
and German Folk Songs **No. 8176**

FROM THE LAND, simple and honest and enduring, comes America's folk music.

Traveling west, working the land, the frontier-makers put their loneliness, their fear and hopes and jubilation into song. Into ballads and laments, like the *Streets of Laredo* and *He's Gone Away*, into carefree dances like *Cindy* and *Skip to Mah Lou*... and into the most touching love songs ever cried out, like *Black is the Color* and *Shenandoah*.

Now The Roger Wagner Chorale, considered the finest choral group in America, sings these songs and others on a new Capitol "Full Dimensional Sound" album.

It's called "Folk Songs of the New World." It will take a special, treasured place in your collection.

For you will never hear the human voice so beautifully employed.

INCOMPARABLE HIGH FIDELITY IN FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CLASSICS

FDS FULL-DIMENSIONAL SOUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Janácek and Smetana—"chilling power and peasant humor."

Sounds of Slovakia

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

TO AMERICAN music-lovers, the operas of Bohemia and the other regions of what is now Czechoslovakia have remained mostly unknown except for "The Bartered Bride" and, some years ago, Jaromir Weinberger's "Schwanda the Bagpipe-Player." Even LP has not brought us much operatic news from Bohemia and Moravia: three versions of Smetana's masterpiece, of course; two recordings of Dvořák's "Rusalka," and excerpts from a few others. Now, suddenly, three substantially complete operas appear—and are joined by a tremendously impressive song-cycle. Two composers are represented: Smetana and Leos Janácek.

During the sixty years from Smetana's birth in 1824 to his death in a madhouse in 1884 he completed eight operas and started a ninth. Of them "Prodaná Nevestá" (1866) has become world-famous as "The Bartered Bride" and "Die verkaufte Braut." The sixth of Smetana's operas, "Hubicka"—"The Kiss"—a two-act work completed in July 1876, is presented on a Prague National Theater recording in the original Czech (Colosseum CRLP 184-5, $7.96), as sung by the Prague soloists, chorus, and orchestra under the direction of Zdenëk Chalabala, "The Kiss" lacks the pungency and bite of "The Bartered Bride," subsisting instead on a more naïve sort of peasant humor and some charming lyricism. I should guess that it needs the stage-business; by way of records alone it seems monotonous. The unfamiliar singers range from scarcely adequate to ringingly excellent, the last in the case of the leading tenor, Beno Blachut. The recording does not approach the best current Western European and American standards of fidelity or even mere clarity, but it is not so inadequate as to make the opera unhearable.

Beno Blachut stars again in another Smetana recording, a pageant of tragedy: "Dalibor" (Colosseum CRLP 181/2/2, $11.94), again sung in the original Czech by soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Prague National Theatre, this time under the direction of Jaroslav Krombholc. Again and again in this treatment of an ancient Czech legend, the melodic-harmonic web reminds me of all the more familiar Smetana, from "The Moldau" to "The Bartered Bride." But on the basis of this sample, it would appear that Smetana was not especially gifted for tragedy: too often here he falls into pompousness and bathos when stretching for a tragic tone. Nonetheless, it is sad that this recording could not have been far better technically, for the performance is good and much of the music is in itself attractive. The odd sixth side contains excerpts from Zdenëk Fibich's opera "The Bride of Messina" (1883), based on the Schiller drama. These are interesting, but are marred—as is "Dalibor"—by poor recording.

Worlds away from the solid naïvetés of Smetana is the Epic recording (SC-6005, $9.96) of "Aus einem Totenhaus," a three-act opera (posthumous, 1930) by the Moravian Leos Janácek (1854-1928). The libretto is Janácek's own condensation of Dostoyevsky's autobiographical novel of life in a Siberian prison-camp, "Notes from the House of the Dead." The dissonant, stark, often disjunct Janácek score reflects its horrors and mystical hopes faithfully. This is a performance recording, and the microphoning is so faulty at times that the singers—moving about noisily on the stage at the Holland Festival, at which the recording was made on June 25, 1954—simply fade out. Because much of the dialogue is conveyed in hoarse shouts, imprecations, and subhuman growlings, and as the libretto—in either German or English, both of which are supplied—is extremely fragmented, the pervasive effect is somewhat nightmarish. This remarkable score, composed (but left in need of extensive editing before it could be performed) when Janácek was past seventy, suggests a composer of almost Bartókian cast. The pantomime play-within-a-play, "Kedril and Don Juan," staged by the prisoners themselves, must be overwhelmingly effective on the stage. Here, as cluttered up by stage noises and blurred by fading voices, it yet retains chilling power.

MORE remarkable than any of these three operatic recordings is another 1954 Holland Festival recording: Janácek's "Tagebuch eines Verschollenen" as sung by Ernst Häfliger (tenor), Cora Canne Meyer (mezzo soprano), and three members of the Netherlands Chamber Choir, with Felix de Nobel at the piano. Janácek left notes claiming that the texts of the songs in this unconventional cycle, composed in 1916, were written by a young man who disappeared after a love affair with a gypsy girl and the resultant birth of his illegitimate son. Music of compact psychological reality, melodic beauty, and harmonic power, the "Diary of One Who Vanished" belongs in the select company of Mussorgsky's "Sunless" cycle and "Songs and Dances of Death." Ernst Häfliger projects the young man's songs superbly; Cora Canne Meyer is exactly right as the earth-force represented by the gypsy girl; and Felix de Nobel is an accompanist (and, in one interlude, a soloist) of the first order.

The recording (Epic LC-3121, $3.98) is excellent in depth and definition. In the Debussyan effect of the three singers heard remotely behind the soloists, it exploits to real musical ends some of the best potentialities of contemporary microphone techniques. This is the most impressive recording of vocal music previously unknown to me which I have encountered since I first heard Orff's "Carmina Burana." It is a genuine and impressive modern masterwork.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A RECORD COLLECTOR'S DREAM COME TRUE

"It is a certainty that London has made a real contribution to the Mozart year with this release"
Irving Kolodin—Saturday Review of Literature

"The new LONDON recording of Don Giovanni is the best to be had today. It would be safe to go on and say that here may well be the finest recorded performance we shall have for a long time."
James Hinton, High Fidelity Magazine

MOZART DON GIOVANNI (COMPLETE)

Don Giovanni	*Cesare Siepi*
Leporello	*Fernando Corena*
Don Ottavio	*Anton Dermota*
Donna Anna	*Suzanne Danco*
Donna Elvira	*Lisa della Casa*
Zerlina	*Hilde Gueden*
Masetto	*Walter Berry*
Commendatore	*Kurt Böhme*

CHORUS OF THE VIENNA STATE OPERA
(Dir.: Dr. Richard Rossmayer)
and the
VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Conductor: JOSEF KRIPS

XLLA-34 4-12″ Records $20.92

LONDON® RECORDS

TRUE HIGH FIDELITY ffrr

To a long and distinguished list of complete opera recordings issued under London ffrr auspices comes this greatest of Mozart masterpieces in a performance by eight internationally known and justly celebrated stars, plus the superlative Vienna State Opera Chorus and the incomparable Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Welding these superior talents into a cohesive and responsive unit, Josef Krips has fashioned with loving devotion a group of records that will be acknowledged with awe for many decades to come.

The offering has been packaged with full awareness of its significant contents. A complete Italian-English vocal score by Prof. Edward J. Dent is included along with detailed analytical material.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMEN CORNER

Fashions in Jazz: The Eternal West

THE game of correspondences—Wanda Landowska is the Yogi Berra of the harpsichord, etc.—is always tempting to play even if it is also treacherous. For a good while now it has been apparent that in the past half-century jazz has described a little capsule music history of its own, from folk beginnings to the twelve-tone scale (catching up, in its own terms, with the concert hall). And a great many of the disputes over taste in the field of modern jazz are illuminated for me by the fact that they seem to reflect rifts of opinion concerning music generally.

Thus, among the leading modern jazz exponents, I detect both a neo-romantic and a neo-classic school, and most of us, apparently, are either romancers or classicists. I am fully aware of the dangerous ambiguity of these words, and someone has persuasively observed that many of the very greatest artists (cf. Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven) render the distinction meaningless. Yet, in many areas, it has its points, and, to return from the clouds to the cafés, I would say that the leader of the neo-romantic modern jazz school is Mr. Dave Brubeck and his little combination.

He is given to delightful contrapuntal play between his piano and Paul Desmond's sensitive alto saxophone, but the main Brubeck emphasis is on harmonic lushness, rhapsodic piano improvising, alternating with moods, so to speak, of syncopated reverie. He harks back, in his tone world, to the nineteenth-century romantics—Chopin, Schumann, Liszt. His teacher Darius Milhaud is himself one of the most noted living neo-romantics. It is small wonder that Brubeck has appealed so strongly to young college people. Even Eisenhower debutantes like to dream, and when you delicately combine the spirit of nineteenth-century nocturnes and ballads with an insistent rhythm section, some very hypnotic dreaming may be in order. All this may be gathered from an excellent new album of Brubeck's music "Jazz: Red Hot and Cool" (Columbia CL-699). Among the themes are "Lover" (played 4/4 over 3/4 rhythm).

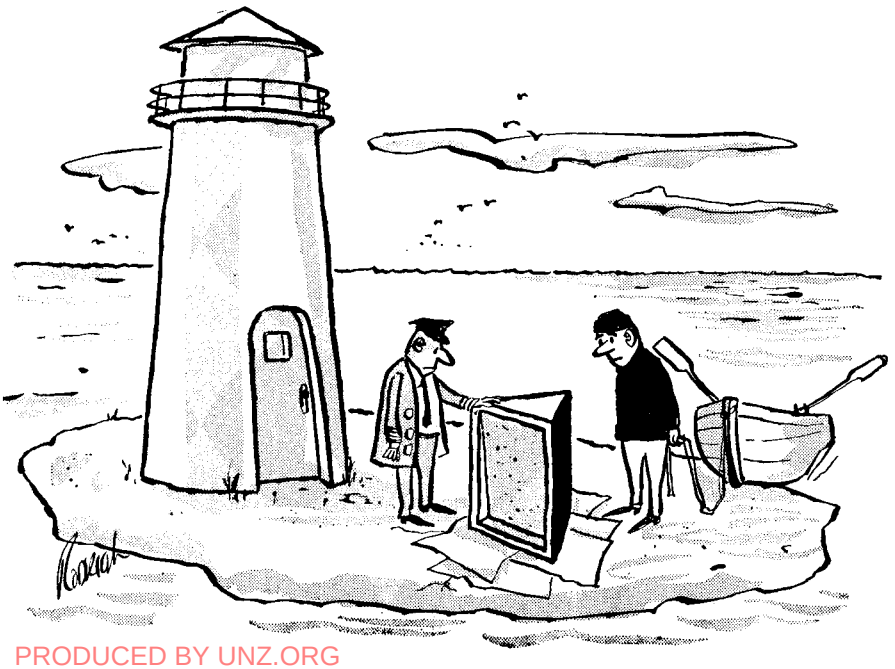
At the moment I should say that Charles Mingus and his associates are the leading jazz neo-classicists—often leaning far into the atonal and the twelve-tone. Here the emphasis is utterly linear, the harmony proceeding from the intertwining voices, and the part writing is often of much fascination. The nineteenth century has been absorbed and does not appear in the mix (I once heard one of the outstanding modern jazz pianists say, simply, that he did not care very much for anything between Bach and the moderns). The moods of Mingus's music are diverse, but the debutante who wishes to enjoy him had better be responsive to the "pure" musical pleasures of elaborate, sensuous sound. The names that come to mind are Bartok, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg. A new Mingus album "Jazzical Moods Vol. 2" is excellent and includes the trumpeter Thad Jones (Period SPL-1111).

The *cordon bleu* Louis Armstrong has served two full tureens of his irresistible New Orleans gumbo as sluiced out before a live audience last January at the Crescendo nightclub in Hollywood. The present Armstrong band has traveled the world together and they are perhaps as thoroughly in cahoots as any jazz band ever was. They gather around their indefatigable chief in twenty-four numbers, including such Armstrong classics as "C'est Si Bon" (he did not write, but he owns this one), "Someday You'll Be Sorry," and "Back O' Town Blues" (he wrote both). With their air of intimacy before a limited crowd, these seem to me to be among the happiest Armstrong performances in recent years—and that should be sufficient (Decca DL-8168 and 8169).

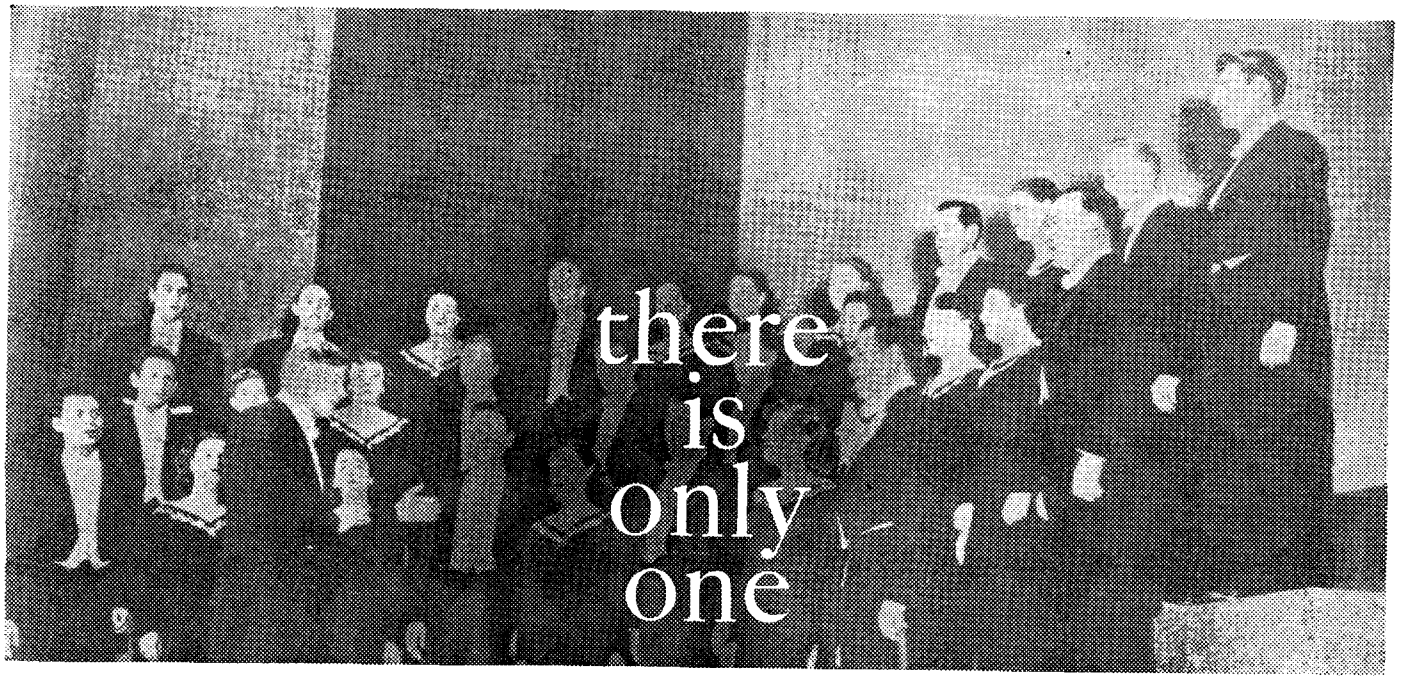
There have been a great many critical salutes recently to the young trumpeter Ruby Braff, and while I find him a player of admirable warmth and tone and taste, he seems to me to be lacking in marked inventive character, personal expressiveness. However, in a recent album he makes a powerful front-row leader for a splendid small band consisting otherwise of Sam Margolis, tenor saxophone; Bill Byers, trombone; Marty Napoleon, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. The tunes are mostly standards such as "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."

FINDING Ethel Merman advertised in a "Memories" album of forty songs from the Gay Nineties to the Roaring Twenties, I sat down for what I expected to be a vintage debauch. The great lady is in her most compelling form, to be sure, and I shall certainly file the disc for reference purposes. But the sad fact is that with so many tunes gathered on one LP, the material must be rattled off at breakneck speed and the easy charms of the "In My Merry Oldsmobile" and "Moonlight Bay" period are obliterated in the rush (Decca DL 9028). There is better news about "The Fabulous Mae West." In this one, like the men most admired by Mae, the recording engineers have taken their time. Her songs are masterpieces of burlesque bawdry, needing practically no introduction, and she is particularly funny in her spoken interpolations while a Latin type clears his passionate throat on the subjects of "Pecado" (Sin) and "Havana for a Night."

—WILDER HOBSON.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Robert SHAW

...and he's on RCA VICTOR records!

Toscanini paid a surprise visit while Shaw was rehearsing for their first joint concert. Trembling, Shaw led the stunned singers through the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth. Then the Maestro rose, tears in his eyes, and said: "At last I've found the chorus I've been looking for!"

**Male Chorus of Robert Shaw Chorale. Shaw, cond. Long Play (LM-1815) $3.98

Robert Shaw Chorale. Two volumes. Long Play (LM-1112, *LM-1711) $3.98 ea.

Recordings by Robert Shaw that you will want to own:

Mass in B Minor (J. S. Bach). RCA Victor Chorale and Orch. 3 Long Play records (LM-6100) $11.98

*Great Sacred Choruses. Robert Shaw Chorale. Long Play (LM-1117) $3.98

Nationally Advertised Prices.

RCA VICTOR

*A High Fidelity recording.
**A "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recording

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONICALLY REPRODUCED

Recordings in Review

Double "Daphnis," Complete

RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the New England Conservatory Chorus and Alumni Chorus, Robert Shaw director.* RCA Victor 1893, $3.98. *Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with the Macalester College Choir, Ian Morton, director.* Mercury MG-50048, $4.98.

CONDUCTORS may not be quite the craziest people, but they inspire awe with their inclination to follow each other, sheeplike. When Ravel divided his ballet score for concert performance the first suite enjoyed a rash of popularity, quickly forgotten when the second suite made its appearance. On a rare occasion a conductor who fancied himself more a Ravel specialist than other Ravel specialists (I have never heard of a conductor who didn't consider himself a Ravel specialist) would bracket the two suites in a dazzling sequence.

However, it never occurred to any among them that the sum was greater than the total of its separated parts until Ernest Ansermet (who possibly has an unfair advantage in such calculations, having been a professor of mathematics before settling on music as his career) made that unquestionable demonstration on London LL-693, which may become something of a historic document. When the Sadler's Wells Ballet brought its stunning production of the work to America for the first time in 1953 (not 1954 as stated in the Mercury notes) the whole truth became undeniably evident to all.

Those who own the Ansermet need have no cause for unhappiness with it, even though two competitors for favor have appeared. They will not have the pretty pictures of ballerinas with which RCA Victor and Mercury have embellished their issues, and will have to get along with the mere jacket annotation plus the refinement and sensitivity of the Swiss musician's art. Those who are going into the market for the first time for a complete "Daphnis" will benefit from the slight but perceptible forward progress in recording reflected in the two new issues, better coupled with interpretative artistry in the instance of Munch than Dorati.

In fact, this strikes me as the most successful collaboration yet on records between the Munch-led Boston

Sena Jurinac—"abundant feeling."

Symphony and the Victor engineers. Whereas Dorati seems bent on churning the air of Northrup Memorial Auditorium into a kind of hare-and-hounds chase (in which the engineers show an impeccable sense of scent), Munch concentrates on an evocative, full-hearted statement of the score superbly rendered by his technical associates. In flexibility and plastic molding of the sound, Munch matches the Ansermet standard, and exceeds it in manipulation of the climax.

Considering the challenge put to them in the way of microscopic (as well as microphonic) examination of possible flaws, both orchestras perform astonishingly well. It may be merely an illusion, but it strikes me that the Boston strings have more of their old luster now than they formerly did under Munch, while the excellence of the Minneapolis group is high tribute to Dorati.

The Intimate Respighi

RESPIGHI: *"Il Tramonto." Sena Jurinac, soprano, with the Barylli Quartet. Also the "Quartetto Dorico."* Westminster WLE 101, $5.75.

AS THE EARFILLING orchestrator of the Roman tone poems, Respighi has in a measure become the victim of his own success. These works have become useful if unwilling handmaidens to the self-promotion of sundry orchestral conductors, especially in these sound-conscious days, to the disadvantage of a whole category of other works by him. Indeed, the respected Italian critic Guido M. Gatti held the opinion that "his smallest works may be said to show Respighi at his best, and they will not improbably continue to be prized when his more ambitious compositions are forgotten."

The rare opportunity provided by this disc to savor the more intimate aspects of Respighi's art do not make Gatti's words gospel—the "Pines" and the "Fountains" still have a useful life ahead of them—but it does show his capacity to write expressive, thoughtful music within restricted musical means. "Il Tramonto" is the Italian title for Percy Shelley's poem "The Sunset," which Respighi set (in an Italian translation by R. Ascoli) in 1917. Eva Gauthier has sung it in this country, and the composer included it (with the quartet enhanced by double basses) on the programs he gave with symphony orchestras here during a tour in 1927.

Though it would be excessive to call "Il Tramonto" Wagnerian, it evokes a subtle kinship with Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" due, doubtless, to a common derivation from "Tristan." I would not say that Jurinac's voice has the ideal warmth and color for the vocal part—it is a mezzotint for a mezzo—but she sings with admirable intelligence, abundant feeling, and a sound understanding of the mood. Also she blends her sound beautifully with those of the strings.

The Barylli Quartet (which we have had cause to admire in a varied repertory of works) does its work with superior musicianship both in "Il Tramonto" and in the overside "Quartetto Dorico." The latter is an absorbing essay in the chamber-music style, with the customary four divisions of the classic quartet brought together within the frame of a single consecutive movement. It may be somewhat more of an intellectual diversion than an emotional experience, but it is much worth the chamber-music enthusiast's attention. Westminster is to be congratulated not only for venturing so boldly, but also for realizing its purpose so well.

Brahms by Heifetz

BRAHMS: *Concerto in D. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner.* RCA Victor LM-1903, $3.98.

THIS PERFORMANCE, like any unexpected experience, takes some getting used to. What is unexpected about it is the abandon with which the *soi-disant* "implacable" Heifetz throws himself into the flood-tide of this great work and breasts it from bank to bank . . . without hesitation, fear of misstep, or apprehension of being engulfed. The result, in the first contact, is to startle one with the boldness of the approach, but the second or third time through the relation of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parts in the first movement becomes wholly apparent, the straight line of musical thought irresistible. The serenity of the slow movement and the jubilation of the finale are more immediately evident, since they can be mastered by performers of sub-Heifetz skill . . . if not with his deceptive ease.

Also worthy of note is the Heifetz cadenza which—unless memory fails—I have not heard before. It is an excellent specimen of the kind, more linear than the masterfully contrapuntal one of Kreisler, with a slight tendency to the exhibitionistic that, fortunately, is kept within bounds. Reiner provides a reading of the orchestral part that is, of itself, an arousing experience, far more than a mere background, nevertheless always in the soloist's own mood.

As the performance itself requires some getting used to, so also the sound, which at first contact sounds disappointingly dry and unresonant. But after a hearing through, the aural perspective becomes adjusted. Few are the violinists, I imagine, who would risk so candid a reproduction of their art in a work of this complexity, but even under the X-ray ear of close-up microphoning the tonal grain is even, the pitch always truly centered.

Balletic "Beauty"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Sleeping Beauty." Robert Irving conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-6034, $7.96. *Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury OL-3-103, $22.95.

THE MARCH OF phonographic progress being what it is, the reminder is sometimes necessary that the latest issue does not always argue the best sound or the most elaborate package the fullest justice to the project in hand. If the reviewer who keeps abreast of new releases as they happen needs, every so often, to bear this reminder in mind, it is surely a necessary caution for the buyer who confronts identical-looking merchandise in the shop and can only ask, feebly, "Which is the newest?"

In the instance of Tchaikovsky's superb "Sleeping Beauty" score, the timely answer would automatically include the Irving-directed issue of the score as danced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and the Dorati-directed treatment of the whole Tchaikovsky score (three LPs, or one more than in *any* "Sleeping Beauty" previously issued). The former offers an efficient reproduction of a performance with the atmosphere of Fonteyn, Grey, Somes, *et al.*, lurking in the wings; the latter an over-energized likeness of Dorati's muscular assault. The additional matter (mostly in the divertissements of Act IV) is occasionally engrossing, but hardly indispensable.

In neither case, however, is there as good a combination of balletic atmosphere and well-coordinated orchestral playing advantageously reproduced as in the version by Anatole Fistoulari directing the Conservatoire Orchestra on London 636-37. This is a "mere" two records, lacking the Sadler's Wells imprimatur on the RCA issue and the tribute by Mary Clarke to Dame Ninette de Valois contained therein, or the handsome silver-shod album and unquestionably decorative drawings by Oliver Messel, plus step-by-step commentary of Cyril Beaumont on the ballet with which the Dorati version is surrounded. Perhaps it would be a good idea if some company would just market these super-special "packages" (albums) and let the buyer fill them in with the records of his choice. In this case, mine would still be the Fistoulari-London.

All-Star "Aida"

VERDI: *"Aida." Jonel Perlea conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera, with Jussi Bjoerling, Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Leonard Warren, Boris Christoff, and Plinio Clabassi.* RCA Victor Set LM-6122, $11.94.

IF EVER A COMPANY could be said to have produced an operatic recording on request of the public, here it is: a cast of evenly-matched singers—in reputation, certainly, and largely in voice, too—with a well-qualified conductor, operating in surroundings where maximum efficiency should be possible. For those with curiosity about such matters, it may be noted that the job was done in Rome last summer with American technicians and supervisory staff.

Perlea—"excellent ensemble."

Having expended so much in good will and public-pleasing precaution, the outcome rested, nevertheless, on the vocal condition of the humans involved. So far as the men are concerned, the results are all good or better. Bjoerling has to push a little, even on microphone, to produce the heroic sound for Radames, but he succeeds with finesse where power sometimes fails him. The others, however, are without qualification excellent: Warren in superb voice as Amonasro, Christoff an outstanding Ramfis, and Plinio Clabassi, a new name, a King with rolling sonorous tones, an unusually fine bottom register.

With the ladies, however, all is not so happy. Milanov spins out some lovely phrases ("Numi pieta" is particularly adroit, the Tomb Scene with Bjoerling brilliantly accomplished), but she has an edge on her tones in the early scenes, and a wobble that may well develop into a tremolo if she doesn't take care. Barbieri is an imposing Amneris, whose immense authority takes precedence over occasional deviations in vocal stability.

Let it be said for Perlea that he has contrived an excellent ensemble from this aggregation of stars, and an admirable performance from the march of successive scenes. "Aida" has always struck me, in effect, as two operas: the earlier scenes with the rather gaudy Egyptian colors laid on over the characteristically rich Verdian palette, and the portion beginning with the "Nile Scene" in which the straight line of expression from "Don Carlo" through the revised "Simon Boccanegra" to "Otello" and "Falstaff" is resumed. Perlea doesn't seem to have quite the fervent belief in the local color to make the most rousing results from the "Temple Scene," the "Ballabile" in Amneris's apartment, or the "Triumphal Scene," but he has a finely musical hand for the best music in the score.

For the while comparisons with the London Tebaldi-del Monaco version (conducted by Erede) may be suspended, inasmuch as RCA will, in due time, have the Toscanini broadcast (with Nelli, Tucker, Valdengo, etc.) on the market also. For those avid for an immediate "Aida" I would say: Choose the one with your favorite singers, for both are exceptionally well-recorded, with about the same percentage of virtues and faults though in different aspects of the total venture. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMERS, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concertos Nos. 2 and 4. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-5037, $4.98.	Two tidy, highly integrated performances, creditable to all concerned. Serkin does especially well by the B flat (as is well known, the first written by Beethoven, though printed after the C major) which requires more than ordinary understanding for proper effect. The pianist's mastery of the No. 4 is well-known, and thoroughly insinuating as conveyed here with the fine assistance of Ormandy and orchestra. Superb sound throughout.
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." Hindemith: Nobilissima Visione." Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, Angel 35221, $4.98.	If this issue foreshadows a substantial catalogue of performances by Klemperer, it might atone somewhat for the demise lately of such conductors as Krauss and Furtwängler. The Brahms is shaped with conviction and a thoroughgoing artistic sense, the Hindemith (known also under the title of "St. Francis") given its most understanding disc presentation to date. First-class orchestra performance and sonorous reproduction in both.
Debussy: "Images" III. ("Gigues," "Rondes de printemps," "Iberia"). Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC-3147, $3.98.	Van Beinum's direction is full of admirable traits, including a refined sense of balance and orchestral color, reproduced with dazzling clarity and resonance. If one hesitates to endorse it without qualification, it is with the memory of what a Monteux or Toscanini have done with the poetic values of this score.
Franck: "Psyché." Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra and the Netherlands Chamber Choir. Epic LC-3146, $3.98.	Sensitive attention to detail and a fine sense of pace distinguish van Otterloo's treatment of this often beautiful, sometimes cloying score. It is the first version, on LP, to include the vocal interpolations, sung with excellent effect by the Netherlands Chamber Choir. In addition to all else, the tonal qualities of the reproduction are outstandingly good.
Gershwin: Concerto in F, "American in Paris," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Porgy" suite, etc. Morton Gould playing and conducting. RCA Victor LM-6033, $7.96.	Gould knows the idiom thoroughly, with results that are persuasive in the orchestral works. However, I am not convinced that he is the best pianist RCA could have found (even on its own list) for the solo parts of the Concerto and Rhapsody. He has a reasonably fluent command of ordinary difficulties, but also a tendency to accelerate when the climaxes impend. The driving quality in Gould's conducting and piano playing are accentuated by the lean sound contrived by the engineers for this session. It is uncommonly transparent, but also a little lacking in resonance for my taste. The commentary of Arthur Schwartz is absorbing nostalgia.
Gershwin: Concerto in F. Alec Templeton, piano, with Thor Johnson conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Remington R-199-184, $1.95.	The melodic essence of this work is well savored by Templeton and, through his conductor, by the orchestra, but the jazzy turns in it are given a rather period "quaintness" by the soloist's phrasing. Played straight, and with a pianistic strength he does not possess, the patterns have a good deal more vitality than they sound in this version. Reasonably good recording.
Groven: "Ballad for Chorus and Orchestra." Hugo Kramm conducting the Oslo University Choral Society. Egge: Concerto No. 2. Robert Riefling, piano, with Øivin Fjeldstad conducting the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra. Mercury MG 90003, $3.98.	A sample from Mercury's Music from Modern Norway Series, which also embraces works of Svendsen (MG-90004) Braein, Olsen, Jensen, Eggen, and Monrad-Johansen (MG-90002). Of the two works on this disc, there is the more interest and individuality in the Egge Concerto. It is sturdy in construction, thoughtful in conception. The Groven "Ballad" is colored more by a local idiom which does not make a strong impression at first acquaintance. A high standard in performance and reproduction prevails throughout.
Haydn, M.: Concerto in D, Symphony in G. F. Charles Adler conducting the Vienna Orchestra Society. Unicorn UNLA 1007, $4.98.	Both works show Mozart's musical inheritance from the man he revered, as a youth, in Salzburg; they also show how his genius transcended the talent of the famous Haydn's lesser-known brother. The unidentified flutist plays his solo part well, and Adler makes agreeable listening of both with the energy and good discipline of his conducting. Excellent recording.
Kodály: "Háry János" suite. Bartók: "Music for Strings, Percussion, And Celesta." Georg Solti conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 1230, $3.98.	Solti's propulsion and dynamic feeling are productive of more useful results in the lighthearted music of Kodály than in the more brooding, introspective score of Bartók. The latter, indeed, is treated to a kind of hectic animation that overstates Bartók's purpose in some instances. Fine execution and advantageous reproduction in both.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherazade." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. London LL-1162. $3.98.	Despite all the sensationalizing of this piece in the hi-fi era, Ansermet has clung to his own refined conception of it and, with the immeasurable aid of the London technicians, brought off a performance that is all clarity, brightness, and musical sense. The deft playing of the wind instrument solos and Pierre Nerini's superior artistry as concertmaster enhance further an outstanding effort.
Rodgers: Waltzes, "Victory at Sea," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," etc. Richard Rodgers conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia CL-810, $3.95.	As well as contributing his services as composer-conductor for a Pension Fund concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra last winter, Rodgers has created this recording for the same charitable purpose. He is an effective conductor of his own music, and the spirited response of the orchestra makes for an unusually enjoyable sequence. In addition to the items indicated, the record includes the "Carousel" waltz and "The March of the Siamese Children" ("The King and I"). First-class reproduction.
Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel," "Death and Transfiguration." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1891, $3.98.	Both of these date from 1952, an *anno mirabilis* in Toscanini lore, and they are equally infused with the giant energy, passion for precision, and insistent emotionalism which typifies his work at its greatest. Of the two, however, "Death and Transfiguration" is decidedly the more impressive—equal to any recorded performance of which I know—since it bears better the weight of expression put upon it. "Till" is a bit stiff and unhumorous under the burden. Fine sound in both ("D & T" is, mostly, as broadcast on March 8, 1952).
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" (Acts II and III). Leopold Stokowski conducting members of the NBC Symphony. RCA Victor LM 1894, $3.98.	The same kind of meticulous attention to musical detail which characterized Stokowski's "Sleeping Beauty" recording is present here, if not quite the same degree of musical satisfaction. "Swan Lake" does not stand as successfully out of its balletic framework as "Sleeping Beauty" does, and the Stokowski treatment dislocates it a little more. Sonorous reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster W LAB-8001, $11.25.	Rodzinski's mastery of this score has been a phonographic fact for a decade and a half, which is underscored by the eloquent playing of the fine English orchestra under his direction. However, I doubt that it is so much better than the Van Kempen-Concertgebouw on Epic LC-3013 to merit triple the price (based on a unit of $7.50 per disc in this Westminster series, and the use of three sides for maximum tonal advantage). Moreover, with all its concern for auditory values, Westminster neglects to tell us who the fine solo hornist in the Andante Cantabile is. —Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gilels

Continued from page 42

band's recording of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition."

"It was too early," the Gilelses said for them to have an opinion of the United States—they had hardly seen anything. They arrived on a hot and humid day and did not know what to make of it. During the two days he had before his debut Gilels could not practice, he did not know what was wrong with him, he was depressed and Mrs. Gilels felt like fainting. "It must be the change of air," she said. "It is a different hemisphere," her husband added.

His first impression of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Tchaikovsky was not too favorable and Mrs. Gilels kept making notes while we listened to the rehearsal. But Gilels did not think he should say anything. He was more articulate than his wife in his explanations. "It should be more smooth, more of one piece . . . but I mustn't talk about it now," he said to his wife. "You see," he turned to me for support, "the orchestra men don't know me, and I don't know them. First we must get acquainted with each other before I suggest any changes. They were not playing Tchaikovsky, they were watching me, that's all."—"But the suggestions are considerable and of great importance," Mrs. Gilels said, firm in her advice as his only counselor. We went into a quick huddle à la John Daly with one of his TV guests. I urged him to talk immediately to Ormandy and tell him what he wanted. "Even if you would tell him it is *alles verkehrt*," I said, "I'm sure Ormandy wouldn't mind." Unfortunately, Ormandy spoke to Gilels in German and Gilels does not know much of the language. I was not present during their talk, but judging by the way they played in Philadelphia and in New York I doubt if the conference was successful.

From my conversations with Gilels it was clear that he wants help and advice about American audiences and their taste and customs. The kind of programs we like here are different from those popular in Russia, Prague, or Vienna. And if he must have an aide or aides-de-camp they should be well versed in music. Gilels is eager to learn and he should not be kept from communicating with our musicians. Or am I running ahead of the schedule? The Geneva Conference at which free intercourse between individuals from East and West will be fostered is at the end of this month and Gilels arrived here only at its beginning.

DECCA RECORDS

ANNOUNCES:

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC...

THE ARCHIVE PRODUCTION

AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS

ALREADY ACCLAIMED

UNLIMITED SCOPE

THROUGH DECCA ONLY

NEW STANDARDS OF EXCELLENCE

Collectors, connoisseurs, musicologists, music lovers . . . for the first time in the U. S., limited editions of the history-making new Archive Productions are now available. Recorded, pressed and packaged in Germany by the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft—Europe's most respected and famous recording company—the Archive Production covers the development of music from the 8th to the 18th centuries.

High fidelity, authentic texts, performance styles and instruments played by musician-specialists give this fabulous collection of pre-classic music absolute authority. This splendid series is released here exclusively by Decca Records, Inc.

The series has already been released in England. There its acceptance was overwhelming. "The Gramophone," the most influential magazine of record enthusiasts in England, said this about the series: "... the recordings are truly splendid, and disc surfaces are unfailingly silent . . . the standards of performance are high . . . so many good artists new to the gramophone have been discovered . . . a round of applause for the painstaking thoroughness of all this. . . ."

The Archive Production has been divided into twelve "Research Periods" corresponding to successive phases of musical history. Each "period" is again sub-divided into sections consisting of groups of works, types of music and individual composers.

Distributed exclusively by Decca, this superb series has been recorded on flawless Long Playing records. No trouble has been spared to make these recordings artistically and technically perfect. A stamp on each album certifies that the record has been doubly tested and approved for technical perfection. Each record is sealed in a polyethylene sleeve. Then, the entire album is enclosed in plastic.

In addition to the usual notes, each album contains an index card which gives detailed scholarly documentation about the recording, such as the composer's name with date and place of birth and death, full title, key and opus number, full list of movements with timings, detailed list of artists, as well as a host of other facts that will aid collectors and scholars.

This Archive Production represents a new standard of recorded excellence. The entire series now available . . . through record dealers only. The suggested list price of each deluxe Long Playing record is $5.71 (Fed. tax $.27).

ARCHIVE PRODUCTION

Recorded, manufactured and factory-sealed in Europe by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. Released in the U. S. exclusively by

DECCA® RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1. Mozart: Trio in E (K.542). Trio di Trieste. London LL-1177, $3.98.	Both works are marked, in the main, by a meticulous attention to detail, though the Mozart finale suffers a little from the violinist's ragged bowing. Enthusiasm for the general excellence of the playing is tempered by a somewhat superficial feeling for the musical idiom of the two composers. Fine sound throughout.
Chausson: Concerto in D, Op. 21. Zino Francescatti, violin, Robert Casadesus, piano, and the Guilet Quartet. Columbia ML-4998, $4.98.	The performance gains in interest as the work progresses, which, in a way, is a parallel to the quality in the score itself. In any case, the final two movements are very well performed, with Francescatti and Casadesus both in excellent form, and the quartet performing its function ably. Good sound, though the piano tends to be a little dominant.
Chopin: Waltzes (14). Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM-1892, $3.98.	To my ear, the rendering of Rubinstein's sound here lacks the fullness and depth which characterize it in the concert hall, but there is no mistaking the variety of inflections, the lift and buoyancy of the rhythmic accent, the life and flexibility of the melodic statement which make these performances treasurable. The sound is by no means bad; it merely doesn't strike me as characteristic.
Chopin: Sonata in B minor (Op. 58), Impromptus Nos. 1-4, Berceuse. Nikita Magaloff, piano. London LL-1189, $3.98.	An uncommonly agreeable record by Magaloff, especially for the fluid, admirably articulated performance of the sonata. It has lyric feeling in abundance, but also a strong containing line, a tight structure under the diaphonous cloak of expression. The Impromptus are also well played, if with not quite the same consistency. His dynamics are well-conveyed by the recording.
Enesco: Sonata in A minor, No. 3. Janacek: Sonata. Rafael Druian, violin, with John Simms, piano. Mercury MG-80001, $3.98.	Another in the series of excellent sonata recordings by the partnership of Druian and Simms [See *SR* Aug. 27], especially welcome for the attention directed to two worthy works not in the mainstream of violinistic developments. As heard from the composer himself, the Enesco sonata can have a rougher outline, a more forceful impact, but it is, on the whole perceptively played. The unfamiliar work of Janacek is particularly recommended, as it shows the unquestionable musicality of this composer in a form within his ability to manipulate. The sound serves the music faithfully in both instances.
Fauré: Sonata in A (No. 1). Debussy: Sonata, "Minstrels," etc. Jan Tomasow, violin, with Franz Holetschek, piano. Vanguard VRS-464, $4.98.	Two cleanly formed, well-phrased performances, soundly idiomatic though the point of origin is Vienna. The Fauré is, on the whole, the more successful performance as it is the more successful realization of the composer's purpose. Less clarity and more warmth in the playing of Debussy would serve its strengths and weaknesses better. Vanguard's high standard of technical work is consistently audible.
Granados: "Los Majos Enamorados," also "El Pelele." Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Decca DL-9779, $4.98.	Light-fingered, rhythmically incisive execution by Miss de Larrocha whose feeling for this aspect of music has been previously attested in her version of Granados's "Danzas Españolas." [See *SR* Apr. 30]. Uncommonly good piano sound.
Kuhnau: Sonata quarta in C minor, other works by Pasquini, Paradisi, C. P. E. Bach, etc. Dorel Handman, piano. Oiseau Lyre, OL-50078, $4.98.	Many music-lovers have encountered Kuhnau's name among Bach's predecessors, but few have had the opportunity to sample the qualities of his writing. This "sonata" is more a suite than what we consider a sonata, but its contrapuntal flow is engaging, its ideas consistently interesting. It is interesting to hear the personal note that emerges when a work of D. Scarlatti intrudes into the sequence, a lesson more instructive than anything else conveyed by the disc. Handman (Miss? Mr.?) has a manner suitably suave for the material, and admirable musical perceptions. Well-balanced reproduction of the piano.
Marais: Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Robert Boulay, Marie-Thérèse Chailley-Guiard, violas; Irmgard Lechner, Laurence Boulay, harpsichords. Oiseau Lyre, OL-500048, $4.98.	Appealing if rather similar-sounding works by Marin Marais, who studied with Lully and was a contemporary of Couperin. Each offers a succession of dance movements—allemande, courante, minuet, sarabande, gigue, gavotte, etc.—with elaborate figurations for the string players and a suitable use of the harpsichord. The recording is good.
Mompou: Preludes Nos. 8 and 9, Márgola: Preludes, etc. Paolo Spagnolo, piano. London LD-9135, $2.98.	Though Rudy Vallee would seem remote from a winner of the International Competition in Geneva, Spagnolo apparently came to this country as a prodigy of eight and enjoyed the honor of an appearance on the crooner's program in May 1938. At twenty-five, he is a deft and tasteful interpreter of the lighter literature of his instrument, including the Mompou and Márgola items noted, also two Scarlatti sonatas (Longo 5 and 30), and a transcription of the adagio from Marcello's Oboe Concerto in C minor. Hardly consequential, but expertly done for all that.
Tchaikovsky: "Wohin seid ihr Entschwunden" ("Eugen Onegin"), etc. Anton Dermota, tenor, with Artur Rother conducting. Telefunken TM-68037, $4.98.	Dermota's aptitude for this aria is, perhaps, not surprising, for he has decidedly more lyric feeling than the average tenor at home with the German text. What is surprising is the skill and vocal discipline with which he treats the Italian matter of this disc: "Una furtiva lagrima" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" and the two arias of Cavaradossi from "Tosca." An interesting instance of vocal versatility, whether regarded as a curio or not. Good sound.
Wagner: "Weh'! ach wehe!" ("Tristan"). "Starke Schelte schichtet mir dort" ("Götterdämmerung"). Martha Mödl, with orchestra directed by Artur Rother. Telefunken LGX-66036, $4.98.	Whatever Mödl's reputation in the theatre—and it is considerable—she is not altogether effective as interpreter of these great scenes on a record. She fares best in the "Immolation," which is powerfully dramatic and temperamentally believable, but rather hard going, vocally, in some spots. This is even more true of the "Tristan" "Narrative and Curse," which has much authority to commend it but also singing that is rough and off-pitch.
Wagner: "Wotan's Farewell" ("Walküre"), "Fliedermonolog" ("Meistersinger"), Verdi: "M'ardon le tempia" ("Simon Boccanegra"), "O tu Palermo" ("I Vespri Siciliani"), etc. Paul Schoeffler, basso, with orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard VRS 469, $4.98.	I cannot say that Schoeffler's Wotan or Sachs are the equal of the best he has ever done in the Metropolitan—time, after all, passes—but his singing of the noted matter is wonderfully steady, communicative, and assured. I also admire the schooling which enables him to sing the Verdi excerpts (also "Figlia de Re" from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine") as well as he does, but the results are still short of what one would expect from an authentically Italian artist of comparable stature. The voice is well-reproduced, the orchestra a little mushy.
Weber: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2, in C and A flat. Annie D'Arco, piano. Oiseau Lyre, OL-50068, $4.98.	Both works (they date from 1812 and 1816) are filled with premonitions of the romanticism soon to come, though neither is a wholly absorbing work for its full length. The A flat has the greater musical interest, the C major the best single movement (the famous "Perpetuum Mobile" which is its finale). D'Arco plays the pair with taste and musical intelligence, if not quite the vivacity wanted. Good sound. —I. K.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

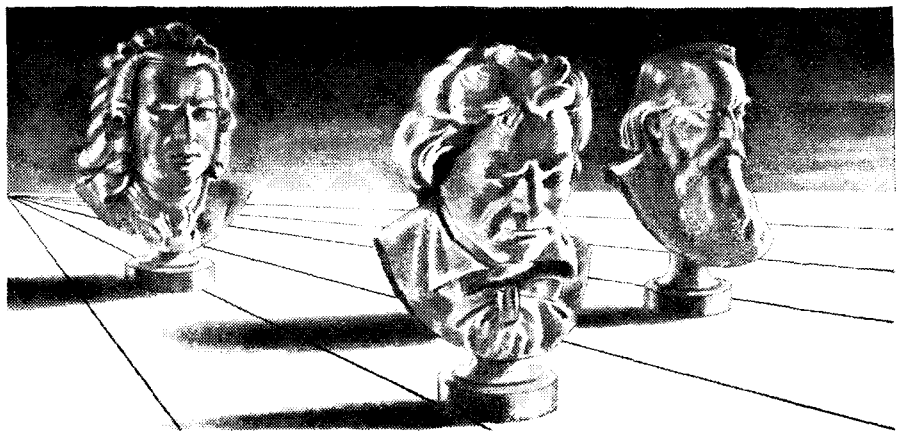
Continued from page 23

of the "Leonore No. 3," and bridged the language barrier with the soloist *via* the radar screen that is the musical staff. Handclasps at the end took the place of congratulatory words. Gilels almost, but didn't quite, smile.

REDUCED to contemporary terms, the plot of Tchaikovsky's "The Golden Slipper," which was recently produced at the City Center for the first time in the memory of the present generation, has a strange similarity to the kind of treasure hunt that diverted radio audiences in pre-TV days. A Russian peasant swain, courting a haughty peasant miss, is told his chance of winning her is as remote as his acquisition of the Czarina's golden slippers. The mere fact that the peasant's mother is a witch—who has been carrying on with the Devil—should not be held against him. He has other problems to worry about, such as the Devil's intention to thwart his slipper hunt. Eventually he gets the slippers and also the girl which, since it was Jean Fenn, was a feat worth waiting three acts to accomplish.

Some otherwise alert members of the audience expressed mystification with the synopsis, printed in the program with an appropriate complement of "buts," "who does not recognize him," "infuriated, throws him out," "the arrival of the Village Mayor causes the Devil to hide in an empty coal sack," etc. The only thing to mystify me was why this yarn seemed the making of an opera to Tchaikovsky. Of course it is by Gogol, which probably makes a difference.

Despite all, the score is full of fine tunes, prefaced by a lively overture and illuminated by flashes of the compositional genius that Tchaikovsky could not deny to the most unlikely project. The hardworking cast under Joseph Rosenstock's energetic direction lacked stylistic background—where, to be sure, does one learn to sing Tchaikovsky in New York?—though Richard Cassilly (favorably remembered as a David Poleri-alternate in "Saint of Bleecker Street") did well as the peasant lover nevertheless. Margery Mayer was the mother, Donald Gramm the witch, and Rosemary Kuhlmann the Czarina. The translation of Ruth and Thomas Martin began with a couplet about "day light" and "gay night." It fell off somewhat after that, however. Nicolai Remisoff's scenic designs were better than the execution of them. —IRVING KOLODIN.



WANTED: One of the

Immortals, to write this ad

We're stumped. We need somebody's help and we're willing to pay for it.

We have just marketed a new high fidelity speaker for music-lovers. Every test, every comparison, every demonstration indicates it is far and away the *finest product of its kind we have ever* made.

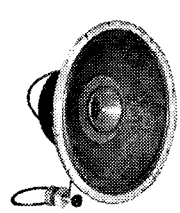
How do you describe such a product? Our engineers get too technical; our salesmen too eager; advertising people too enthusiastic.

There must be *somebody* who can tell the story with just the right blend of clarity, simplicity and emphasis.

Beethoven could do it

. . . and so could Bach or Brahms. If they ever heard their music reproduced through this speaker—and provided they could use words as well as they did notes—we're certain they'd have been inspired to create a new symphony which would likely have been called "Omega M."

That's the name of our speaker, and here is a picture of it.



This is what is technically known as a 15-inch coaxial speaker. It *looks* very much like a lot of similar speakers. What sets ours apart from every other speaker on the market is the fact that, after one year's experiment, we have been able to produce a product guaranteed to out-perform any other hi-fi speaker selling for *up to one hundred dollars more!*

Why Beethoven would love it

We're certain that Beethoven would have appreciated the economy of this product, ridden as he was with poverty. More importantly, he would have waxed exuberant over the fidelity with which our "Omega M" reproduces his mighty music—or anyone else's.

He wrote for live audiences—and when his melodies ranged from the lowest note of a tuba to the top harmonic of a violin, he knew they'd both be *heard*, even if not by him. To find that same range of sound, living, complete and undistorted, in a mechanical instrument would have been exquisite pleasure to him, as it can be to you.

The $100 saving explained

You're thinking—aren't there other good speakers?—and, how can anybody save $100 and still retain quality?

Our answer is that our engineers have dared to do an "impossible"—and make it work! Without getting technical, let's say they discarded a principle of speaker design which for years has been considered "the only way to do it" and substituted a revolutionary new kind of tweeter. Not only did this give us a speaker capable of high fidelity performance from 30 to 20,000 cycles of sound; but it made our product so much easier to manufacture that, at $99.95, we challenge comparison with *any* speaker selling for $200.00!

Will you write an ad?

Do you see why we feel stumped? Perhaps *you*, as a lover of music, could tell our story as it should be told. Here's how:

Simply go to a Stromberg-Carlson dealer and ask to hear the "Omega M" speaker. Then write an ad—any length, any style—and send it to us in any form. To each of the writers of the ten best "ads," postmarked before December 15, 1955 and selected by our advertising agency, we will award, free of charge, one of the speakers themselves. And if you don't know who is your nearest dealer, drop us a postcard for his name and address.

Stromberg-Carlson® Company

A DIVISION OF
GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

1227 CLIFFORD AVE.
ROCHESTER 21, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seventh Annual Audio Fair

By R. S. LANIER

THE SEVENTH New York Audio Fair, just coming to an end as this is written, has noisily demonstrated the continued high vitality of high fidelity. All of the established manufacturers in the field were on hand to maintain their franchise, and a good percentage of new ones jumped hopefully on the train. The hallways at the Hotel New Yorker were jammed with the dedicated—despite the practically continuous rainfall—who surged in and out of the demonstration rooms in the subway-rush confusion that has become, in the seven years of the Fair, its classic mode of celebration.

What the celebrants saw and heard was a still rapidly growing abundance of components for hi-fi systems, with much refinement along lines long laid out, and some really important technical advances. Generally speaking the units are better-looking than ever; they are more convenient to install and use; they are available in a profusion of sizes, varieties, and prices that would simply not have been believed five years ago.

Some major trends were evident. The tape-recorder manufacturers were rounding out their lines by adding, if they did not already have them, machines of real high fidelity and substantial price. The less-expensive, all-in-one machines were also in evidence in large numbers. The increasing attention to what the advertising agencies call "professional" machines reflects a strong shift in the direction of such machines among the more advanced high-fidelity amateurs.

There was a marked emergence of complete, all-in-one home music-systems, a spiral movement from the old "commercial phonograph," through high fidelity, and back again, presumably to a higher, purified level. Sparked mainly by the major radio-television manufacturers, this movement is based on a bet that a substantial number of Americans wants high fidelity without any of the technical involvement of the piece-by-piece method. According to reports, this bet is beginning to pay off: the one-piece systems are moving well.

But this does not represent any shift of the piece-by-piece market over to the all-in-one market. The people buying all-in-one machines are a new crowd. Piece-by-piece is also flourishing mightily. It is notable that nearly all the manufacturers bringing out one-piece systems are also making and massively promoting a line of separate components aimed straight at the do-it-yourself hi-fiers.

The problem of just what makes a neo-phonograph "high fidelity" this department hopes to consider in some detail at a later date. Most of the one-piece outfits seen at the fair had been influenced in one way or another by the high-fidelity mystique. A very attractive large RCA system, for instance, which comes complete with tape recorder and record player, and amplifier with typical hi-fi controls, has a large separate loudspeaker.

A good fraction of the thirty or so firms making pre-recorded tapes were on hand to draw attention to their growing catalogues. One major record manufacturer, Westminster, announced that it will go heavily into prerecorded tape while maintaining its production of disc recordings.

Stereophonic reproduction—the attempt to produce a sense of space and openness in the music by using two or more channels of sound—was demonstrated by several firms including Westminster and Ampex. The latter firm's new "Tape Phonograph," designed to play double-tracked stereophonic tapes as well as any style of "monaural" tape, is the first tape playback-only system aimed at the all-out-for-quality music lover. A demonstration of the machine with a specially-prepared stereophonic tape did show a very good spaciousness and roundness of quality. But the virtues and methods of stereophonic are now loaded with controversy as well as great promise.

Some strictly new technical developments of real importance came in the loudspeaker sector. There was much loudspeaker development along old lines: new ways of folding horns into boxes continue to drop onto the stage in great numbers. Most of these represent attempts to circumvent the long-established principles of horn design which dictate that a horn to produce the very low bass is a very big device. A refreshing difference from this approach was that of Stan White, who seems to believe that if the customer wants very loud, very strong low bass, he should pay for it in both size and price. His "4-D" system, quoted at $1,500 and designed for "very large rooms," is an outstanding example of a large speaker system that really puts out astonishing bass.

Other loudspeaker manufacturers making horn speakers of honest size and fine performance along well-known lines were Klipsch, with the "corner" system for which he is famous, and Brociner.

The really new speakers came from three firms: Pickering, Acoustic Research, and Janszen. Pickering's "Isophase" electrostatic tweeters, the result of two years' work by Theodore Lindenberg, Pickering's chief engineer, looked like the real beginning of the electrostatic speaker era. This rectangular device is about two inches thick and comes in two sizes, with the larger two by three feet. They are designed to cover the scale from 400 cycles up, for the larger, and from 1,000 cycles up, for the smaller. As push-pull electrostatic speakers, the devices have extremely low distortion, and this was evident in an extreme clarity and "ease" in the middles and top highs covered.

Acoustic Research has done something new at the other end of the scale. By using the enclosed air in a small cabinet to furnish most of the "springiness" of the speaker, they have made a really small box that goes down into the low, low bass with exemplary smoothness and low distortion. It is startling to hear the fundamentals of low organ notes come out, pure and undefiled, from a box that is two feet long and about a foot high. The speaker will not put out large volume, but in a moderate to small room, it offers a very attractive solution to the problem of the low bass.

The Janszen speaker, like the Pickering, is a push-pull electrostatic tweeter, but constructed in a different way. Thorough evaluation of the qualities of the electrostatic speakers will come after a longer period of listening has been available.

Another quite fundamental devel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opment that got attention at the Fair was the ½ mil stylus, mentioned in this column in the pre-Fair summary. In simple terms, the ½ mil stylus is twice as sharp as the 1 mil, now standard for microgroove recordings. At a session of the Audio Engineering Society, running concurrently with the Fair, Emory Cook reported on some experiments with the ½ mil stylus which point toward real gains in lowered distortion, from the better ability of the stylus to follow the intricate wriggles in the record groove. At the Fair the ½ mil stylus was in continuous use in Pickering's demonstration of their new "Fluxvalve" pickup.

The ½ mil stylus is related, as a necessary co-development, to another change mentioned in the pre-Fair report: the 16⅔ rpm record. This was not present at the Fair, but clearly presaged in the fact that several turntable manufacturers are now making their units "four speed," with positions for 16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm.

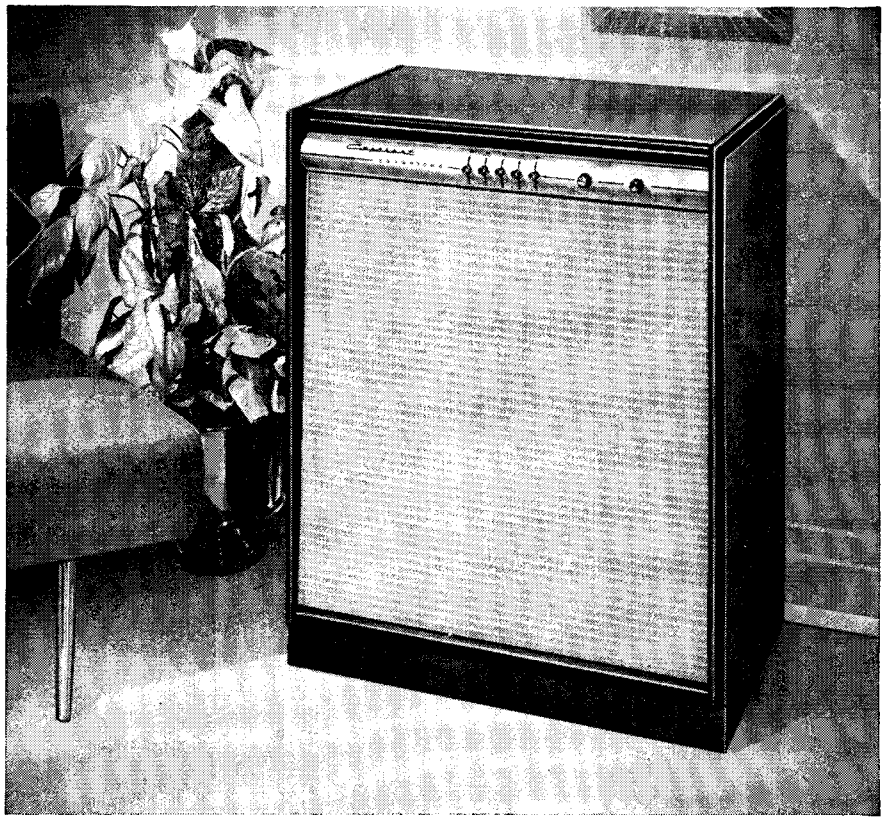
Custom Records, a small outfit which does not market records but is the developer of a new process for molding them, demonstrated the process with a small record press which turned out sample records at less-than-a-minute intervals. Their method, which it is rumored several of the smaller and medium-sized record companies are seriously looking at, will be watched closely because it may be the route to substantially lower surface noise and greatly reduced wear on the record stampers. This better treatment of stampers has the neat promise of raising fidelity and reducing production costs at one stroke.

One of the continuously jammed rooms was that of the Audio Exchange, a flourishing enterprise in Queens, which has built an international business by taking from hi-fi fans the equipment they have outgrown in part payment for new equipment. This operation has the same logic, and evidently is having the same success, as the new-and-used car operations of an automobile dealer.

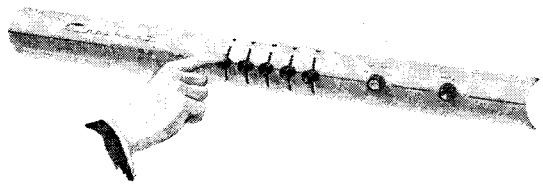
Higher refinement was evident in the more expensive turntables, with a beautiful unit by Garrard introduced to compete with the fine tables of Components Corporation, DOR, and Rek-o-Kut. Evidently the importance of very low rumble and flutter is now more widely understood than it was two or three years ago.

The Pickering "Fluxvalve" and the Electrosonic unit marked the sharp upward movement of pickup standards that is a vital part of hi-fi progress. This progress was the clear, exciting, and abundantly exemplified "demonstration" of the Fair.

dramatic new sound



with COLORTONE CONTROLS



Exclusive Capehart Colortone Controls enable you to "lead" the orchestra . . . you emphasize the deep bass or clear trebles . . . you create new tonal effects . . . to please your listening taste. See your nearest Capehart dealer for a demonstration—your classified directory lists him.

Capehart High Fidelity instruments from $129.95 to $1100.00*.

*Prices slightly higher in the South and West.

The "GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE" (Model 52PH56M) illustrated. High Fidelity phonograph.

Capehart

ITT

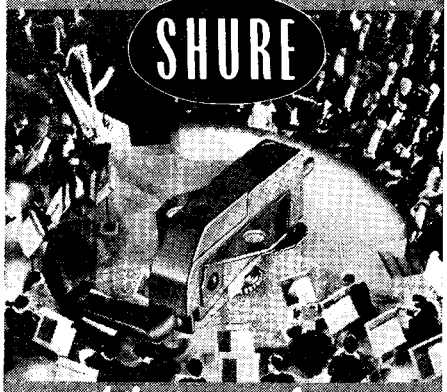
CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW dimension in listening pleasure!

SHURE



Music Lovers CARTRIDGE

. . . for the realism of concert-hall performance in your home

The "MUSIC LOVERS" Cartridge is a new, 3-speed, dual-needle ceramic cartridge, designed to enhance the quality of all the popular high fidelity equipment in use today. Feeds directly into magnetic or ceramic inputs, allowing the full advantages of compensation circuits.

- Eliminates induced hum
- Eliminates "drag" caused by magnetic attraction to steel turntables
- Increases record and needle life
- Has higher output
- Response not affected by load resistance
- 10-second needle replacement
- Individual needle compliance

FREE! Comparative analysis booklet on the "Music Lovers" Cartridge

SHURE BROTHERS, INC.

225 W. HURON ST. • CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

Please send analysis booklet on your "MUSIC LOVERS" cartridge

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ... STATE .....

SR

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BERLIN FESTIVAL

By EVERETT HELM

IF ONE is in principle fond of Berlin, one is tempted to be overgenerous, to overlook shortcomings, to exaggerate praise, and to be swayed by emotions that border on sentimentality where it is concerned. One is very much inclined to give Berlin every benefit of every doubt—to be more than lenient. Nevertheless, there comes a point where one must call a spade a spade, especially where the Berlin Festival is concerned.

The Festival is now in its fifth year. Its start in 1951 was largely due to American initiative and to American underwriting. In that year the U.S. High Commission placed something like 500,000 Deutsche Marks ($125,000) at the disposal of the German organizers, headed by Dr. Gerhart von Westerman, who still functions as the Festival's director.

It was not surprising that the first and second years of the Festival were handled somewhat maladroitly and that things did not always go smoothly. But the fact that there has been little or no improvement in planning, organization, and execution is regrettable. Nor are we able to comprehend why the Festival, one of the chief purposes of which is to bring Berlin to the attention of the world, should be so poorly publicized. In Western Germany it was practically impossible to obtain information regarding this year's program. Prospecti of all the important festivals—Salzburg, Bayreuth, Aix, Holland, Edinburgh, etc.—have been available since the past spring in travel bureaus throughout Europe. But the Berlin Festival was kept a closely-guarded secret. We were obliged to write twice to the management before we received a program, when the Festival was already in its second week.

Thus, the avowed purpose of attracting visitors to Berlin through the Festival remains on the whole unfulfilled. A limited number of musical and theatrical critics from Western Germany and neighboring countries was present as invited guests with expenses paid, and a few others turned up on their own. By and large this year's festival was exclusively for the natives. The question as to what is gained thereby is a moot one, and it is being more hotly debated this year than ever before. There was little to distinguish the three weeks of Festival from any other three weeks during the winter season. The opera and the theatres brought out new productions, as they would have done anyway, and there were several foreign "attractions," which might have come to Berlin anyway.

The one aspect which could make the Festival outstanding—namely, the presentation of new or unusual works—was at a new low. The Städtische Oper played Wagner, Mozart, and Verdi as standard fare. The novelties were a poor production of Tschaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty" and a much better one of Weber's "Oberon." The only modern opera produced during the Festival was Dallapiccola's one-act "The Prisoner," which was given in the concert hall of the *Hochschule für Musik*. Since the auditorium does not have a proper stage, the work was done with practically no scenery or stage properties. Because of its oratorio-like quality, however, it did not suffer from such treatment.

Dallapiccola's music, based on a free and entirely personal use of twelve-tone technique, is gripping from beginning to end. In its dramatic intensity and passionate utterance, as well as in its singability (verging at times on *bel canto*) it combines the best traditions of Italian opera with thoroughly modern techniques and expressive means. Although the or-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

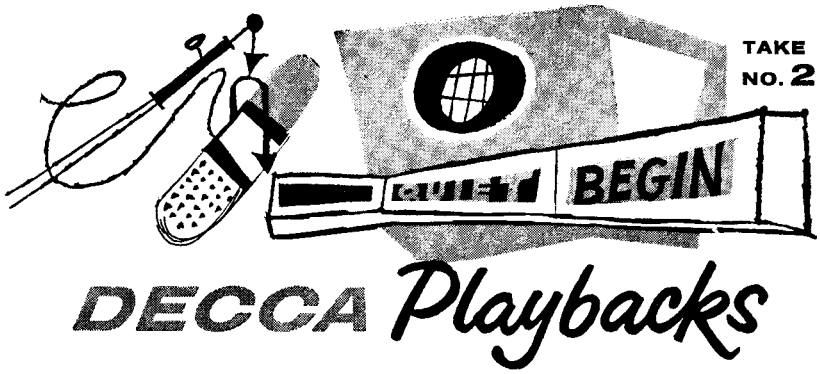
chestra plays a highly important role and is treated with virtuosic elasticity, it never covers or obscures the voices.

The performance was worthy of the work. Hans Rosbaud conducted the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra with authority and understanding. The three principal soloists were excellent: Helmut Krebs as the prison-keeper and Great Inquisitor, Eberhard Waechter as the prisoner, and Helene Werth as his mother. The chorus, which fulfilled its important role splendidly was that of the Cathedral of St. Hedwig.

A ballet by the young Berlin composer Ghiseler Klebe was performed for the first time by the newly-formed Berlin Ballet, whose director and choreographer is Tatjana Gsovsky. The work, entitled "Signals," is the realistic portrayal of a railroad employe's murder of his wife together with the circumstances and psychological factors leading to the murder. Klebe's score has moments of great emotional power. But these are counterbalanced and weakened by other passages in an expressionistic vein that display little originality. A vulgar boogie-woogie that accompanies an equally vulgar dance, apparently meant to portray sensuality, adds nothing to the score.

ON THE eve of the Festival proper the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra presented two concerts under the direction of Dmitri Mitropoulos. With the exception of one or two dissenting voices the orchestra and its conductor were given a triumphant reception. The dissenting voices had nothing to say that has not already been said "against" American performers. On the one hand the perfection of ensemble and the technical brilliance which distinguish American orchestras in general from their European counterparts is described as "slickness" and lack of "heart." On the other hand comes the repeated objection to the performance of German music by non-German artists, who allegedly lack the necessary "tradition." On the whole, however, Mitropoulos and the orchestra were a revelation of both technique and musicianship.

There appears to be considerable doubt as to whether there will be a Berlin Festival next year. Many, including myself, feel that there is every justification for its continuance, providing the program is made more interesting, the management is made more efficient and the publicity reaches beyond Zehlendorf. But there is little point in giving a festival that is kept secret, that consists largely of the standard repertoire and that attracts only a handful of visitors.



DECCA Playbacks

As you may know . . . the voice of Bing Crosby has been heard by more people than the voice of any other human being who ever lived. And people keep calling for more Bing records! As a follow-up to *Bing*, the original musical autobiography, Decca has gathered 36 old masters by Crosby. They have been collected in an album called, naturally, *Old Masters* (DX-152). All the old Bing recordings you've wanted to hear are in it and a stunning drawer-type album combines stories about Bing and the records into one beautiful, deluxe package . . . truly a record collection in itself.

Jesse Crawford, "The Poet of the Organ," perfectly demonstrates the versatility and deep, rich tone of the Hammond Organ in two new Decca albums. You're sure to enjoy either *Beautiful Dreamer* (DL 8146), a collection of popular songs, or "*Now The Day Is Over*" (DL 8054), a group of beautiful hymns of comfort arranged for organ.

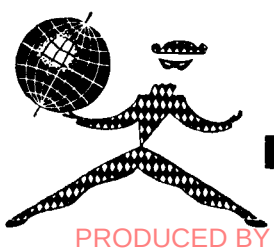
At 3 o'clock in the hot afternoon in every Spanish town of any size, the people come to the Bull Ring to see the fiery, colorful contest between the matador and toro. The passionate emotions that the Spaniards feel about the Bull Fight and the mystic 'moment of truth' have created a rousing, exciting music. Decca has captured this spirit in an album of marches and pasodobles recorded in Spain by the Madrid Bullfight Band and the Spanish Air Force Military Band. The album is called *Corrida!* (DL 9764). And if you're a real aficionado, you'll also want to have *Matador* (DL 9792), another superb collection of this hot-tempered music.

Speaking of collections, Decca has just released four new albums of vocal moods, each with a fresh, individual approach to singing. Heading the list is the "First Lady of Jazz," the vital and vibrant Ella Fitzgerald singing *Sweet And Hot* (DL 8155). For a little singing in *The Southern Style* (DL 8055), try Jeri Southern's new album. Be sure and hear *By Special Request* (DL 8173) by Carmen McRae and *Sylvia Syms Sings* (DL 8188) by the lady named in the album title. Learn how four wonderful gals can sing so differently yet so well!

Perhaps only once in a generation does the public discover an artist like Sammy Davis, Jr. The versatile Mr. Davis can be heard on TV, radio, juke boxes and now, in your own home, singing in two great Decca albums, *Just For Lovers* (DL 8170) and *Starring Sammy Davis, Jr.* (DL 8118).

Do you, like us, sometimes get the wanderlust? Now you can take an evening's vacation . . . and all you need is a phonograph and a comfortable armchair to make the trip. Nine fabulous albums inspired by the colorful pages of Holiday magazine bring you the music you associate with *Havana* (DL 8134), *Italy* (DL 8162), *Paris* (DL 8161), *The Alps* (DL 8141), *South America* (DL 8160), *Hawaii* (DL 8138), *Rio* (DL 8139), *Vienna* (DL 8150), and *The West Indies* (DL 8159). Look for the colorful window streamers at your record dealer's and give yourself a Musical Holiday tonight.

All of these albums represent Decca's new standard of recorded excellence. Hear them at your record dealer's and audition our New World of Sound.



a New World of Sound
DECCA® RECORDS
"You Can Hear The Difference!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Month's Mozart—III

THE developing pattern of operatic issues in this Mozart year seems, alas, to emphasize the limitations of all but a handful of singers now considered qualified for participating in such ventures. That would not be too grievous if the handful were not dispersed through a variety of companies, rather than pooling their talents in one series of worthwhile efforts.

The current entry from Epic is a **"Don Giovanni"** (Epic SC-6010, $14.94) that begins with such solid attributes as the Don of George London and the Ottavio of Leopolde Simoneau, the slightly less good but still accomplished Zerlina of Graziella Sciutti, and falls off abruptly with the unstable Donna Anna of Hilde Zadek, the disappointing Elvira of Sena Jurinac, and the undistinguished Leporello of Walter Berry. Ludwig Weber has authority but too little of the old vocal majesty as the Commendatore, and the Masetto is not being maligned by being unnamed.

To do the singers reasonable justice, it must be added that the Vienna-made performance ably conducted by Rudolf Moralt suggests a streamlining of rehearsals and "takes," with not too much opportunity for repetition and correction. How else can one explain the difficulty Mme. Zadek has with singing a simple turn, or the soggy pitch of Jurinac's "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"? Prevailingly, the solo elements—especially those involving London and Simoneau—fare better than the ensembles, suggesting that the performers had to rely on whatever they brought with them to the recording sessions, with little chance for on-the-spot integration. Prevailingly, then, this stands as a documentation of a highly-spirited Giovanni by London and a superior Ottavio by Simoneau, but not too much else. Certainly it is not a close competitor with the Krips-Siepi-della Casa-Gueden-Dermota-Corena issue noted here last month.

CONCERTOS NOS. 3 AND 7 *(G major, K. 216, and E flat, K. 268). Christian Ferras, violin, with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Karl Munchinger.* London LL-1172, $3.98.

The silky sound of Ferras and the excellently disciplined Stuttgart ensemble produce a blend close to ideal in balance and dimension for these works. All that can be said, negatively, is that Ferras is a little overmodest and underassertive in making his solo part stand out as it should. However, the quiet beauty of the slow movements is something to cherish. Excellent sound.

DIVERTIMENTI *(K. 166, 186, 240, 289). Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group.* Westminster SWN 18011, $3.98.

Cleanly, crisply articulated performances of some charming oddities, doubtless to be heard for the first time by anyone fortunate enough to acquire them. A bracing experience in sonorous interplay, with the delightful material in peerless style.

SERENADE IN D *(K. 203). Peter Maag conducting the New Symphony of London.* London LL-1206, $3.98.

A gorgeous arrangement of idea and emotion, in an eight-movement

NO OTHER MAJOR HIGH FIDELITY RECORD, NOT EVEN IN "CLUB" OR "COUPON" OFFERS, MATCHES THIS PRICE!

Just one limitation: ***FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!***

No strings attached: choose from the entire WL 5000 catalog (about 500 titles). BUT—available stocks set the time limit for each record. As a number is sold out it will be withdrawn *without advance notice.* So study the catalog closely, order ALL you want BEFORE they're gone. It's "first come, first served"—and then, no more!

SEE YOUR RECORD DEALER... NOW!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sequence that embraces three dance movements (minuets), a concerto-like sequence in three sections with a prominent violin part, and surrounding orchestral matter. The performance under Maag is both meticulous and spirited, the playing of the New Symphony akin to the fine work of the London Baroque Ensemble. Unfortunately, the able solo violinist is not named. Super-Kingsway Hall sound. The worthy earlier issue by Paumgartner on Colosseum is outdistanced by this one.

SONATAS IN B FLAT AND E FLAT *(K. 454, 481). Joseph Szigeti, violin, with George Szell, piano.* Columbia ML 5005, $4.98.

No testimonials to the musicianship of these two performers is necessary and none will be offered. Szell also has in abundance the technical facility to make his pianistic points, but Szigeti is hard put, at times, to get the right tone quality from his instrument to convey his thinking. At their best, in the slow movements, the two artists reach a height of common effort far from common, either in the concert hall or on records.

SONATA NO. 4 IN E FLAT *(K. 282), Suite for Piano in C (K. 399), Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je" (K. 265), Sonata in A (K. 331), Minuet in D (K. 355), Fantasy in D minor (K. 397). Walter Gieseking, piano.* Angel 35069, $0.00. *Sonatas Nos. 8 in A minor (K. 310) and No. 2 in F (K. 280), "Variations on a Minuet by J. C. Fischer" (K. 179), Adagio (K. 540), Variations (K. 54), etc. The same.* Angel 35070, $4.98.

Volumes II and III in the complete issue of Mozart piano works by Gieseking [See *SR* Jan. 29].

SONATAS NOS. 4 *(K. 282),* **7** *(K. 309),* **AND 12** *(K. 332), also a Sonata in F (K. Anh. 135). Paolo Spagnolo, piano.* London LL-1212, $3.98.

Quiet, well-phrased performances by Spagnolo, if not of especial penetration into the musical substance herein contained. Attractive sound.

SYMPHONIES NOS. 34 AND 35. *Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia ML-5001, $4.98.

New versions by Beecham of the "Linz" and "Haffner" symphonies, which are neither the best available nor the best by Beecham. The only superiority to those previously issued on Columbia 4770-4781 with Beecham conducting the LPO is, of course, the brighter, more lustrous sound of the new ones. The "Haffner" starts with fine spirit, but becomes overconcerned with detail at the cost of flow. Also the minuet moves too broadly for my taste. The "Linz" is erratic in emphasis, full of beautiful execution.

CONCERTOS IN D *(No. 2) and A (No. 5). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.* Epic LC 3157, $3.98.

Fastidious yet incisive performances by the excellent Grumiaux, who is well-equipped to be Epic's violinist of record in this literature. Together with Paumgartner, he has achieved two notably integrated performances, with the seldom-heard but rewarding D major (not to be confused with the much played one in the same key, No. 4) balancing the favorite A major.

SONATAS IN F *(K. 376), A (K. 402), and E flat (K. 481). Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, and Walter Barylli, violin.* Westminster WL 5394, $2.39.

In contrast to the average performance of the Mozart violin-piano literature (which is usually at the instigation of the violinist, and ill-concealed in the rendering), Badura-Skoda dominates this partnership rather more than is desirable. This is not due so much to the prominence given to his instrument in the recording, but more to his musical personality, a decidedly more positive one than Barylli's. —I. K.

Music in the Great European Tradition

View of Schoenbrunn Palace, Photo Courtesy Aust. State Tourist Dept.

Cherished the World Over!

Reviewers in *High Fidelity, Time, The Saturday Review, Harpers,* etc. have awarded the Decca Gold Label Series highest critical acclaim. Recorded in Europe by the world-famed *Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft,* Decca Gold Label recordings recreate the music of internationally known orchestras and conductors in true high fidelity. Here is music in the great European tradition . . . now compression moulded by Decca on revolutionary silent polystyrene surfaces.

EUGEN JOCHUM Conducts: Orff: Carmina Burana; Soloists & Bavarian R. Orch. & Chorus **(DL 9706)** Wagner; Lohengrin (Complete); Soloists & Bavarian R. Orch. & Chorus **(DX-131)**

FERENC FRICSAY Conducts: Stravinsky: Le Sacre Du Printemps; RIAS Symphony, Berlin **(DL 9781)** Verdi: Requiem; RIAS Symphony & Chorus; Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral. **(DX-118)**

IGOR MARKEVITCH Conducts: Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; also, Wagner: Siegfried Idyl; Berlin Phil. **(DL 9782)** Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique; Berlin Phil. **(DL 9783)**

DECCA Gold Label Records

a New World of Sound...

"You Can Hear The Difference!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the enjoyment of fine music on records at home—or anywhere

Libertyphone

a HIGH-FIDELITY Portable Automatic Phonograph with Console Tone Quality

WITH THESE GREAT FEATURES:
• Record compensator • Custom designed amplifier, with built-in preamplifier • Collaro record changer with G-E Variable reluctance pickup • 2 Hi-Fi speakers • DIAMOND needle (for 33⅓ and 45 rpm—sapphire for 78's) Wonderful for travel or home use (weighs only 32lbs.)

Airplane cloth finish..... **$149.50**

Kolistron—black, gray, ivory, brown..... **$169.50**

Come in—or write for free brochure. Mail and phone orders given prompt attention.

LIBERTY Music Shops

MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 76th St. • Madison Ave. at 67th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

free! ALLIED'S SPECIAL 100-PAGE HI-FI CATALOG

Your guide to an easy understanding of Hi-Fi—plus the world's largest selection of Hi-Fi systems and components

Send for it

This leading 100-page book shows you how to select a Hi-Fi music system at lowest cost. Tells you what to look for in each unit; shows many handsome, practical installation ideas. Offers you the world's largest selection of complete systems and individual units from which to make your money-saving choice. To understand Hi-Fi, to own the best for less, you'll want this invaluable catalog. It's FREE—write for your copy today.

ALLIED RADIO

America's Hi-Fi Center

ALLIED RADIO CORP., Dept. F-105
100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill.

☐ Send FREE High Fidelity Catalog

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

THE OTHER SIDE

ENGLAND IN THE FALL

LONDON.

BEFORE turning to another rich harvest of LP issues I should not omit a brief reference to the first appearance in London for a quarter of a century of the New York Philharmonic which, at the end of a tour embracing the Edinburgh Festival and many European musical centres, gave two concerts at the Royal Festival Hall. Directed by Mitropoulos, the orchestra was at its best in Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony; nineteenth-century music, which filled the remainder of the programs (Weber, Schumann, Verdi, Brahms, and Dvořák), was treated with hard brilliance rather than warmth. And it should surely have been possible to include at least one representative example of contemporary American music without endangering box-office receipts!

To glance at the October lists is to be astonished anew by the rate at which repertoire of recorded opera is expanding. This month there are four works new to LP (new to LP in Britain, that is) as well as an equal number of duplications. The "firsts" include the Columbia-Angel "Ariadne" conducted by Karajan, with vocal honors shared by Seefried, Schwarzkopf, and Rita Streich (a superb Zerbinetta), and the same company's "Il Turco in Italia" (Rossini). To balance such epicurean fare, Philips and Argo offer operas of decidedly popular appeal: Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" (the American Columbia set with Lawrence Winters and Camilla Williams) and the evergreen "Beggar's Opera." My advance reference to the latter [*SR* Aug. 27] as the "first LP version" produced a rejoinder from an Illinois reader, drawing my attention to the existence of a Desto set directed by Max Goberman (since it has never reached this country, and is not listed in recent editions of the Schwann catalogue, I hope that my ignorance may be excused). Hard on Argo's heels HMV has announced a rival version conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, one, moreover, which occupies two discs against Argo's three. Both companies employ the edition prepared by Frederic Austin for the celebrated revival of 1920, which packed the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, for 1,463 consecutive performances, and both use duplicate casts of actors and singers. I have yet to hear the HMV set but, despite the presence of such noted singers as Elsie Morison, John Cameron, Ian Wallace, and Owen Brannigan, I shall be surprised if the performance surpasses Argo's, which is directed by Richard Austin (son of the arranger), and features Dennis Noble as Captain Macheath, Carmen Prietto—a delightful newcomer—as Polly, the American mezzo Martha Lipton as Lucy, and a splendid instrumental ensemble led by Jean Pougnet and including such celebrated artists as Geoffrey Gilbert, Leon Goossens, and Anthony Pini. Much as I enjoyed this set, however, I wonder whether we have not perhaps outgrown Austin's rather "chocolate-boxy" settings, which strike such an oddly genteel note against the earthy dialogue. During the war Edward Dent prepared a new edition for Sadler's Wells which restored to the music much of its original vigor but which, owing to wartime circumstances, never reached the Wells's repertoire; it is to be regretted that one or other of the companies did not use this more stylish setting of a work which took London by storm in 1728.

LAST month yielded two important Mozart sets, Philips's "Don Giovanni" and Columbia-Angel's "Così": October has gone one better by ushering in notable new versions of "Figaro" and "Zauberflöte" as well as "Don Giovanni," all three of them from the Decca stable. To discuss these estimable productions adequately, to list their manifold virtues as well as their slight shortcomings, and to compare them with other extant versions would fill a dozen pages but, since they will undoubtedly be subjected to further comment in these columns as soon as they reach the American market, a few random impressions will have to suffice for the present. The outstanding common factors of all three issues are, beyond question, the wonderful playing of the Vienna Philharmonic and the superlative spaciousness and refinement of the recording. Decca has refused to be stampeded into sacrificing quality in order to achieve greater playing time per side, allowing four discs apiece for "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." As a result there are no awkward breaks between sides and there was no temptation to cut down the recitatives. (In the case of "Figaro," indeed, there was sufficient space to permit the inclusion of two rarely heard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

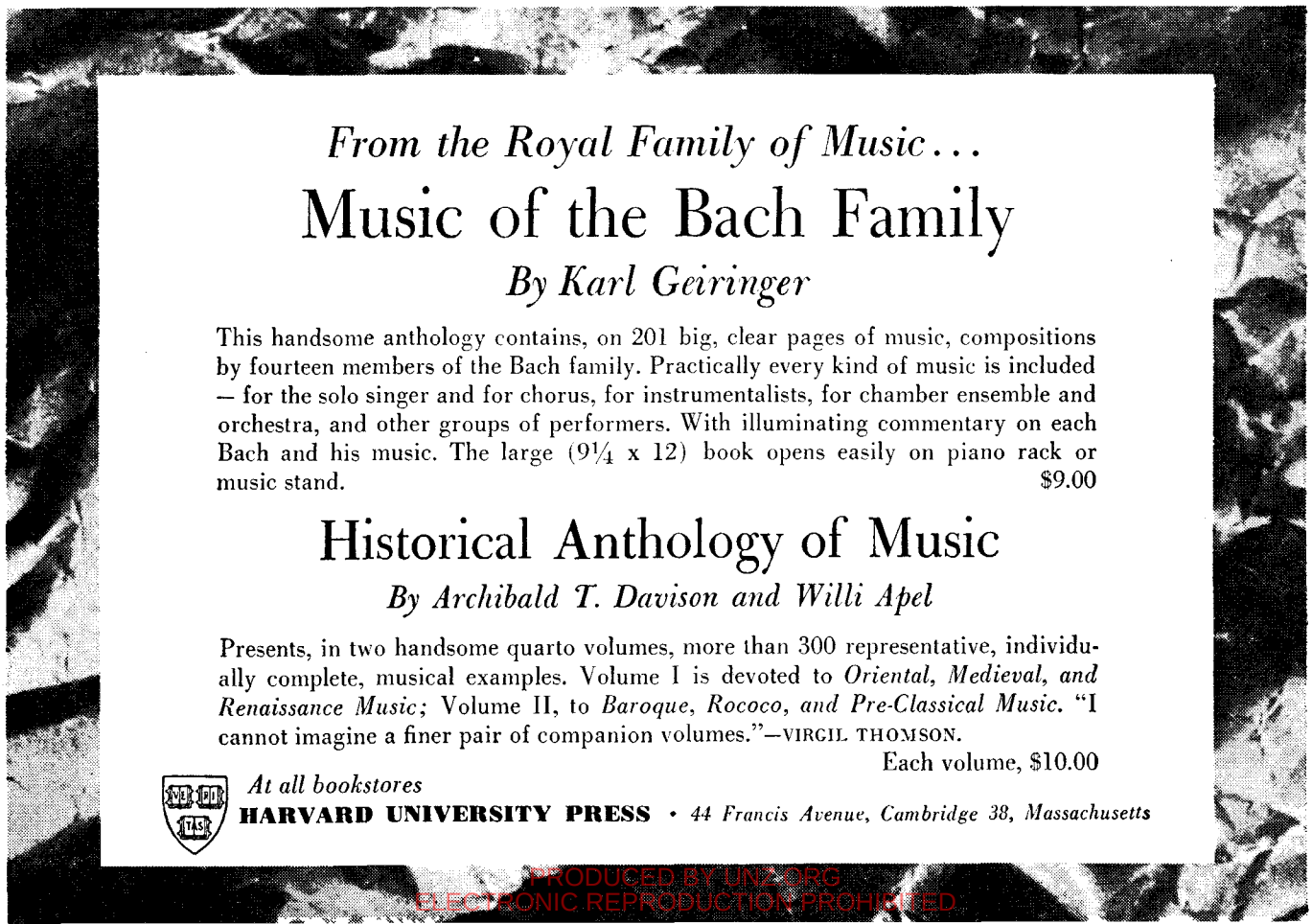
arias in the last act.) To judge from the way in which the singers' distances from the microphone varies with the demands of the action, I should guess that these performances were also recorded for stereosonic reproduction.

Other current releases from Decca do not contain many contributions of lasting value. Elman's performance of the Beethoven Concerto, with Solti and the LPO, shows occasional flashes of past mastery, but the playing is often erratic and does not suggest more than a modicum of musical insight. Oiseau-Lyre's version of Bach's Mass in B minor, conducted by Kurt Thomas, is—let us face it!—a rather amateurish affair: full of good intentions which frequently do not attain fruition for want of the necessary skill on the part of soloists, choir and orchestra. More rewarding is another O-L disc devoted to sacred motets by Couperin, although the vocal writing makes severe demands even on as talented a group of British singers (Jennifer Vyvyan, Elsie Morison, William Herbert, and George James) as are here assembled under the direction of Anthony Lewis. From London International comes a wholly delectable collection entitled "Symphonies et Fanfares pour les Soupers du Roy," and containing music by Lully, Philidor, La Lande, Couperin, and Mouret, splendidly played by the Collegium Musicum de Paris under Roland Douatte, as well as Messager's celebrated operetta "Véronique." The latter is performed, on two discs, by a cast more notable for its style than for vocal charm and headed by the celebrated team of Géori-Boué and Roger Bourdin. From Ducretet-Thomson we have another estimable performance of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" ballet, in which the French Radio Chorus and the Orchestra of the Champs-Elysées Theatre are conducted by D. E. Inghelbrecht.

HMV's list, in addition to the aforementioned "Beggar's Opera," contains a pair of Mozart Violin Concertos, in D and A major, rather disappointingly performed by Menuhin; Toscanini's recent coupling of Mendelssohn's Italian and Reformation Symphonies; Beethoven Sonatas—Opp. 57 and 101—played by Solomon; dubbings of the "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin" duets recorded by Flagstad and Melchior in 1940 (issued here for the first time); and a Rossini rarity: the "Petite Messe Solenelle" of 1863. This is one of the master's last works, composed some fifty years after many of his greatest operatic successes and "little" only in the sense that, having been intended for private performance, it calls for the comparatively modest forces of four soloists, small choir, two pianos, and harmonium.

Columbia features Klemperer and the Philharmonia in Mozart's twenty-ninth and "Jupiter" Symphonies, nobly conceived and beautifully executed performances, these, which should satisfy the most fastidious of listeners. The Orchestra Alessandro Scarlatti conducted by Franco Caracciolo—a somewhat larger group than I Musici or the Virtuosi di Roma—contributes an enjoyable pair of discs devoted to music by Vivaldi, Leo, Sacchini, Cimarosa (the Oboe Concerto concocted by Arthur Benjamin), Tartini, and Lully; Geza Anda plays Schumann's "Carnaval" and "Kreisleriana" with great facility if with insufficient warmth and color, but Johanna Martzy, in her performances of the first two of Bach's six sonatas for solo violin, combines technical accomplishment with beauty of tone and considerable musical insight. This month also brings some notable newcomers to the Columbia roster: the eighteen-year-old violinist, Michael Rabin, who plays concertos by Paganini—No. 1—and Glazunov with a dazzling brilliance that reminds one of the young Heifetz, the Armenian State String Quartet—known as the Komitas Quartet—whose fine recording of Tchaikovsky's F major Quartet resulted from their visit to this country last winter as part of a Soviet cultural delegation, and the composer Khachaturian (a member of the same delegation), who conducts a performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra of his famous Ballet Suite, "Gayaneh."

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



From the Royal Family of Music...

Music of the Bach Family

By Karl Geiringer

This handsome anthology contains, on 201 big, clear pages of music, compositions by fourteen members of the Bach family. Practically every kind of music is included — for the solo singer and for chorus, for instrumentalists, for chamber ensemble and orchestra, and other groups of performers. With illuminating commentary on each Bach and his music. The large (9¼ x 12) book opens easily on piano rack or music stand. $9.00

Historical Anthology of Music

By Archibald T. Davison and Willi Apel

Presents, in two handsome quarto volumes, more than 300 representative, individually complete, musical examples. Volume I is devoted to *Oriental, Medieval, and Renaissance Music;* Volume II, to *Baroque, Rococo, and Pre-Classical Music.* "I cannot imagine a finer pair of companion volumes."—VIRGIL THOMSON.

Each volume, $10.00

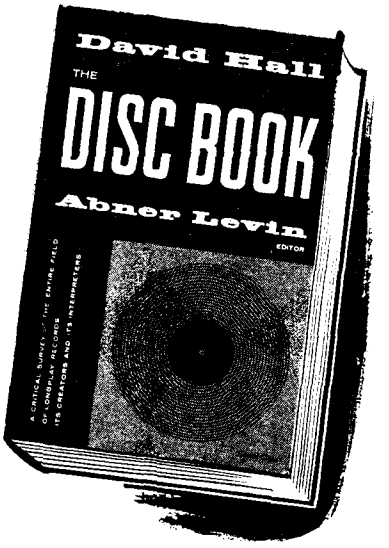
At all bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS • *44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW AVAILABLE!

the DISC BOOK by DAVID HALL and ABNER LEVIN



The most eagerly awaited book on Long Playing records.

- **The most comprehensive review of long playing records in ONE volume.**
- **576 pages of informative and challenging record playing analyses.**
- **Analysis is made company by company; artist by artist, work by work.**
- **Includes a recommended well-sounding basic library.**
- **A book you will use as a reference for many years.**

For the layman and the musical sophisticate.

32 pages of photographs completely indexed; clothbound $7.50

"For thousands of harassed phonophiles, dizzy at the prospect of wading through an ocean to fill their own little cup, *The DISC BOOK* will be a godsend."
—James Lyons, MUSIC AT HOME Magazine

At all leading record and book stores or direct from the publisher.

LONG PLAYER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. Box 346—Radio City Sta., New York 19, N.Y.

- ONLY $5.00 -
GUARANTEED
FULL SEASON OF CONCERTS
IN YOUR OWN HOME
SIX WHOLE MONTHS
WITH
DUOTONE'S "STAR"
Only $5... to own

the only natural sapphire needle that is guaranteed for a full six months! So perfect you register it! Registration slip and guarantee right in the package.

Duotone's "Star" Line Sapphire Needle. If your dealer can't supply, write factory direct giving his name.

THE DUOTONE COMPANY
KEYPORT, NEW JERSEY
SUPPLIER AND MANUFACTURER

Rid Your Records of Dust
always use
STATIC masters®
The Best...The Dry Method

NO SPRAYING
NO WASHING
NO RUBBING

The Polonium Strip does the trick

A few circular sweeps with STATICMASTER on each side of the record...IT'S CLEAN.

Expensive compared with other products...but inexpensive when noise-free and longer lasting records are considered.

$17.85

Buy STATICMASTERS at your Hi-Fi dealers or order direct... sent postpaid—cash with order.

NUCLEAR PRODUCTS CO.
10175 E. Rush St., El Monte, Calif.

PLAY A KUENG RECORDER
Finest Swiss Import

Made of the choicest Swiss pear, maple, cherry; also in boxwood, grenadilla, rosewood, olivewood. Each instrument carefully selected and tested. Model 1b Kueng Soprano & Method complete with bag and swab $7.25. Other Sopranos from $3.95 and altos from $12. Send for free catalog R-105.

HARGAIL MUSIC PRESS
130 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 19
In the City Center of Music Building

EXCITING HIGH FIDELITY
From your HOME TAPE RECORDER

FROM $19.95 COMPLETE

20 thru 15,000 cycles at 7.5 I.P.S. to Input of Home Music System

DYNAMŪ
CONVERSION KIT
FOR YOUR Pentron, Revere, RCA, Wilcox Gay, Knight, Concertone, etc.
Write: DYNAMŪ, Moico Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Rachmaninoff

Continued from page 39

his textures, or his melodic lines for those of any other pianist. His sound, his stylistic and instrumental approach are all his own, right down to certain peculiarities and anarchistic mannerisms. But even occasional aberrations emerge with such inevitability, such coherent relation to the whole that one is convinced, and converted.

Again we find that the style is the man, and the epigram pertains equally to Rachmaninoff's way with the sonatas of Beethoven or Schumann's "Carnaval" or Chopin's B flat minor sonata. His free translations of the classics revealed hidden beauties and fresh significances. With reverence for the spirit of the music, he went on to recreate rather than to perform. He produced unique and sovereign proclamations of masterpieces, illuminated by inexorable logic and a burning intensity. Rachmaninoff used interpretative genius to cast a blinding light upon creative genius, not excluding his own in this historic album.

Now that we have the composer's own interpretations at hand, should they be regarded as models for other artists to imitate as slavishly as possible? We immediately see, if we recognize enlightened individuality as a valuable characteristic of a great artist, that imitation is impossible, even were it desirable. What, then, can the pianist gain from these recordings besides pleasure? We know that before a performer's imagination can take flight he must be in possession of the fundamental facts of the music he interprets. Here is where the recordings become invaluable.

Rachmaninoff's performances provide basic examples through which we can verify compositional style, observe tempi, correct misprints, and miscalculated balances. In short, they should be regarded as a basic discipline. And the object of any discipline is freedom. The discs can show us what *not* to do, what would lead us too far afield. Beyond that, the interpreter is on his own, to find his own image, his own truth. If he exploits himself at the expense of the composition, if he distorts its essential meaning he will fail. The music itself will give the lie to his deceit.

An entire generation of pianists and conductors have had available the Rachmaninoff tradition through his concerts and recordings. The extent to which this has influenced a host of interpreters who have recorded his works for piano and orchestra will be considered in a forthcoming issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why is SCHWANN'S Long Playing Record Catalog "the Bible" of Record Collectors?

Because Schwann offers on a regular monthly basis a complete listing of long play records classified as follows:

Classical (By Composer), Chamber Music, Anthologies, Piano, Organ, Vocal, Spoken & Miscellaneous, Orchestral, Operas, Musical Shows, Operettas, Films, Folk Music & Folksongs, Popular, Jazz, Swing and Children's.

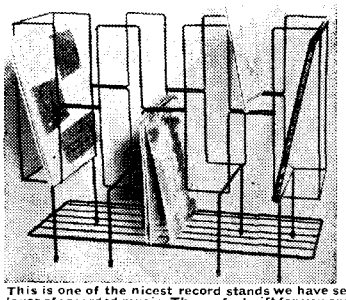
●

Have you seen the new SCHWANN DIGEST?

The Schwann Digest is the companion piece to our regular catalog. It's a beautifully illustrated brochure which lists fifty to sixty outstanding releases of the month as selected by the record manufacturers. Many of the album covers are illustrated in a sparkling display of color. Ask your Schwann dealer for this exciting new addition to the Schwann family.

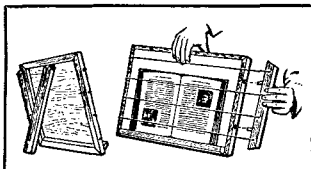
If your dealer does not handle Schwann Catalogs kindly send us his name and address.

Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog
137 Newbury St. Boston 16, Mass.



♪ YOUR MUSIC GIFT! ♪

This is one of the nicest record stands we have seen, for every lover of recorded music. The perfect gift for you or your musical friends! 10 handy compartments hold 200 long-play records of either size, also 78 rpm albums. Sturdy black wrought iron with rubber tips. 25"x22"10". Shipped completely assembled express collect. You can't possibly buy one in stores as they're sold only by mail with our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Please remit with order. Ask about our 45 rpm Record & Tape Rack too: **$9.95**
LESLIE CREATIONS, Box 9516, Dept. 207G, Phila. 49, Pa.



The new ingenious **ELASTI-STAND**

Best on the market for holding *flat* open books, papers, magazines, etc.—even in strong breeze. Rayon-elastic cords can be positioned in rear if not needed, last more than 3 years, are easily replaced. Indispensable (once used) for dictating letters, briefs; preparing and delivering lectures; displaying illustrations; reading to children; sewing from pattern. Makes reading, taking notes and typing faster, more relaxed. 16" x 12¾", hand-made by craftsmen of mahogany and gum. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Only $5.89.** Line-Spacer, 49¢. **Norman R. Lykes Co., P.O. Box 338, Scottsdale, Ariz.**

METROPOLITAN OPENING

OPERATIC RECORDINGS

Featured In

The Saturday Review

November 12

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

BEECHAM, PRO

I SIMPLY CANNOT resist writing these brief lines to say how "my cup runneth over" in this last music section [*SR* Sept. 24]! This is the first time *every* article has been so richly appealing and readable. Sir Thomas Beecham's "Marxist Music" surely represents an authoritative and pertinent analysis of a current controversy. Abram Chasins has convinced me I must hear the "Grand Manner" pianists. I find gypsy music vividly described. Several new recordings I shall make it a point to hear, and generally a completely satisfying and informative music section.

SHIRLEY A. MANSON.

Kenmore, N. Y.

BEECHAM, CON

I HAVE JUST finished reading Sir Thomas Beecham's "Marxist Music." I cannot forego some commentary on what seems to me to be an unfair, and what's more an inaccurate, commentary on the ills of contemporary music. Sir Thomas, whose actual knowledge of the artistic implications of dialectical materialism must be very hazy indeed, seeks to equate what he considers to be the excesses of contemporary music with what he terms "Marxist music." Contemporary music most assuredly has its radical wing, but everything it stands for (atonality, *musique concrète*, etc.) is exactly antipathetic to the idea and practice of genuine "Marxist music" . . . Sir Thomas also makes the somewhat implausible statement that only one-twentieth of this century's musical product will survive, a rather harsh estimate; in my opinion 10-15 per cent would be a more accurate figure.

I am not so rabid a champion of contemporary music that I cannot concede that some of it is downright ugly and a pretty fair amount excruciatingly dull, but this nothing new. Fully three-quarters of the music composed in any one era is derivative stuff, whose sheer banality and lack of invention insures a well-deserved obscurity; and I very much doubt whether the first fifty-five years of this century will pan out much better. The important thing to realize, though, is that the non-survival of this music will be caused not by its supposed cerebrality and dissonance, but by the simple fact that it is too unoriginal to sustain repeated listening.

ROBERT F. DUGUAY.

Hartford, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Beecham point is not dulled by counter-contentions as to why the music will not survive. It will be as dead for one reason as another.*

NO REHEARSALS

HAVING OCCASION to hear Bruno Walter's bicentennial version of the Mozart "Linz" symphony, I would like to inquire through your pages if it will be possible

LONDON INTERNATIONAL

Takes extreme pride in announcing the PREMIÈRE RELEASE *of superb*

DUCRETET-THOMSON

HIGH FIDELITY RECORDINGS FROM FRANCE

Debussy:
LE MARTYRE DE SAINT SÉBASTIEN
André Falcon, narrator; Claudine Collart, soprano; Janine Collard, Christiane Gayraud, mezzo-sopranos. Choruses of the Radiodiffusion and Télévision Française with L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées conducted by D. E. Inghelbrecht.
☐ 2-12" DTL 93040/1–$9.96

Mozart:
SYMPHONY No. 40 IN G MINOR (K.550)
SYMPHONY No. 41 in C MAJOR (K.551)
L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Elysées conducted by Hermann Scherchen. ☐ 12" DTL 93020–$4.98

Pergolesi: CONCERTINO IN G MAJOR
Durante: DIVERTIMENTO IN F MINOR
Vivaldi: CONCERTO IN G MINOR FOR TWO 'CELLOS AND ORCHESTRA
L'Orchestre de Chambre Gérard Cartigny, conducted by Gérard Cartigny.
☐ 12" DTL 93044–$4.98

Beethoven: SONATA No. 2 IN G MINOR FOR 'CELLO AND PIANO, Op. 5 No. 2
Beethoven: SONATA No. 3 IN A MAJOR FOR 'CELLO AND PIANO, Op. 69
Maurice Gendron, 'cello; Jean Françaix, piano. ☐ 12" DTL 93036–$4.98

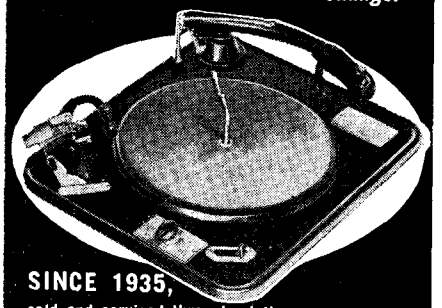
Couperin: MESSE SOLENNELLE
Gaston Litaize at the organ of Saint-Merri. ☐ 12" DTL 93039–$4.98

BACH ORGAN WORKS
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (BWV 565). Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor (BWV 582). Prelude and Fugue in E Flat Major (BWV 552). Prelude and Fugue in A Major (BWV 536). Gaston Litaize at the organ of Saint-Merri.
☐ 12" DTL 93037–$4.98

LONDON INTERNATIONAL, INC.
539 WEST 25th STREET,
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...this is the
GARRARD
The World's Finest Record Changer



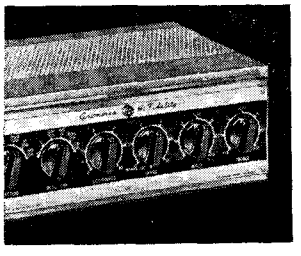
SINCE 1935,
sold and serviced throughout the United States . . . recognized everywhere for superior performance, ruggedness, reliability.
Check craftsmanship, features, price and service . . . and you will understand clearly why this is the world's No. 1 high fidelity changer.

A quality Endorsed Product of the British Industries Group. Mail coupon today for a copy of the B.I.C. "High Fidelity Plan Book" . . . an aid to you in planning your hi-fi system.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION
Dept. SR-105
Port Washington, New York
Gentlemen:
Please send a complimentary copy of B.I.C. "High Fidelity Plan Book" to:

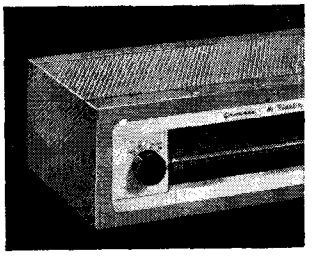
Name.....
Street.....
City.....Zone....State.....

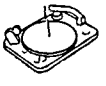
Grommes
BEST BUY IN HI-FI



55-C 12-Watt Amplifier

GRT-1 FM-AM Tuner





Grommes hi-fi amplifiers, available separate or as a complete system with FM-AM tuner, record changer and speaker. Output: 12 watts. IM distortion −1%. Response ±0.5 DB, 15 to 30,000 CPS. Built in pre-amplifier with separate roll-off and turnover controls. Calibrated bass and treble controls.

GROMMES
FREE! NEW 1956 CATALOG
9101-SR King Ave., Franklin Park, Ill.

for Columbia to release his performance of the Thirty-Sixth without the rehearsal portion? As a conception, Bruno Walter's is as fine as I have heard, but the whole idea of recording a rehearsal is so childishly ridiculous that in its present format it is disqualified, amidst its competition, as a contender for the gramaphonic hall of fame.

E. R. PETRICH.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Walter fans doubtless disagree.*

STOKOWSKI IN L.A.?

WE DIDN'T anticipate the far-off voice of Irving Kolodin entering into our engagement of a musical conductor for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra . . . and his attempt to sell our community on the merits of Stokowski. For more years than one this correspondent waited outside the old and beloved Academy of Music in Philadelphia for the opportunity of hearing a new and rising conductor who eventually was to make musical history in America. And down through the years Stokowski has really left an imperishable record of great music in the minds and hearts of millions of Americans . . . Leopold Stokowski—with a lifelong contract given him by the powers that be here in Los Angeles—would bring a matured musical experience that would find our community enriched and culturally enlightened to the envy of all music loving cities in these United States.

BENJAMIN J. SAETA.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

ONE VETO

STOKOWSKI HAS NOT shown up well in the Santa Barbara festival, either as a conductor or a maker of programs. I, for one, would be very sorry to see him chosen by Los Angeles as a conductor when Wallenstein leaves.

DOROTHY CROFTON ATKINS.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

HELP TO HÜSCH FANS

TO MR. "REGULAR READER" of Washington, D. C. I would like to inform you that an LP revival of Gerhard Hüsch's "Die Winterreise" is sold in Japan by Japanese Victor.

The same company has also issued an LP of "Schwanengesang" by Hüsch, which was recorded in Tokyo in 1950. I got the above information from a Japanese record magazine, but I do not know if these records are imported into this country.

MASAMI YAMADA.

N. Y., N. Y.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. **Full** payment must be received eighteen **days** before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

GOLDEN AGE OPERATICS, cutout vocal, orchestral, music hall, imported European 78 and LP. Thousands of interesting records available on free monthly listings. Agents for ROCOCO records—reissues of historic importance. ROSS, COURT & CO., 121 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

COMPREHENSIVE MONTHLY LISTS, including hundreds of unusual out-of-print and rare vocals, mailed on request. THE RECORD ALBUM, 208 West 80 St., NYC.

HI-FI SERVICE. The Audio Exchange Service Laboratory is responsible for the reliability of our used equipment. You may avail yourself of this expert service for maintenance and repair of your Hi-Fi equipment. THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N. Y. OLympia 8-0445. AUDIO EXCHANGE EXCHANGES AUDIO.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER of Authentic Folk Music on Records. Write for free catalogue to: FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 117 West 46 St., NYC.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music and records. Free catalogue R85, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

TAPE RECORDERS, tapes; lowest prices. CIRSTON, 215 East 88 St., NYC 28.

FREE LISTS, CATALOGUES. 100,000 collector's items. Prompt attention to mail orders. Send us your want list. JAZZ MAN RECORD SHOP, 2689 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR SALE: Caruso, McCormack, Battistini, Boninsegna, Tetrazzini, Edison opera discs. Enclose 3¢ stamp. No curiosity seekers, please. MARVIN SMISSMAN, 5361 Ridge Ave., St. Louis 12, Missouri.

PRE-RECORDED TAPE by BERKSHIRE—Finest Classical Tape Library in existence. Highest Fidelity attainable. Critics say "Magnificent music." Up to 1, 2, and 3 hours on one 7" reel. Write for complete catalogue. Berkshire Recording Corp., 150 West 90 St., New York 24, N.Y., Dept. SL-2.

VOCALS, operatic-personality, sold. Collections bought. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE (% D. Reichman), 530 East 88 St., Apt. 2F, NYC. REgent 7-7611.

Splices in a Wink! NO SCISSORS! NO RAZOR BLADES! with GIBSON GIRL TAPE SPLICERS. Diagonal cuts tape ends and trims splice edges with the "Gibson Girl" shape Model TS-4, $8.50 list, Model TS-4 Deluxe $11.50 list. At your dealer or write: ROBINS INDUSTRIES CORP., Dept. SR, 41-08 Bell Blvd., Bayside 61, N. Y.

HI-FI, factory fresh, guaranteed LP records. Prerecorded tape, phonographs, music systems at big savings. SOUTHWEST RECORD DISCOUNT CLUB, 1108 Winbern, Houston, Texas.

CARNEGIE HALL DEMONSTRATION by Briggs of England, October ninth, featured equipment now available for installation, in New England. Write Wallingford Acoustical Laboratory, East Wallingford, Vermont, or phone Mount Holly 13-30 for demonstration at Laboratory, your home or club.

RECORD COLLECTION FOR SALE. Eight thousand 78's. Reasonable. LADERMAN, 1118 S. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois.

OPERA IN ENGLISH. Send 25¢ for sample record and information to OPERA OF THE MONTH, 119 West 19 St., New York 11, N. Y.

MAGAZINE TIME, CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS RECORD; new songs, poems, stories; like magazine; 12 minutes entertainment. 45 rpm. $2. ROSE SAFFRON'S MAGAZINE TIME, 107 Myrtle, Laguna Beach, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Columbia Records and history proudly present

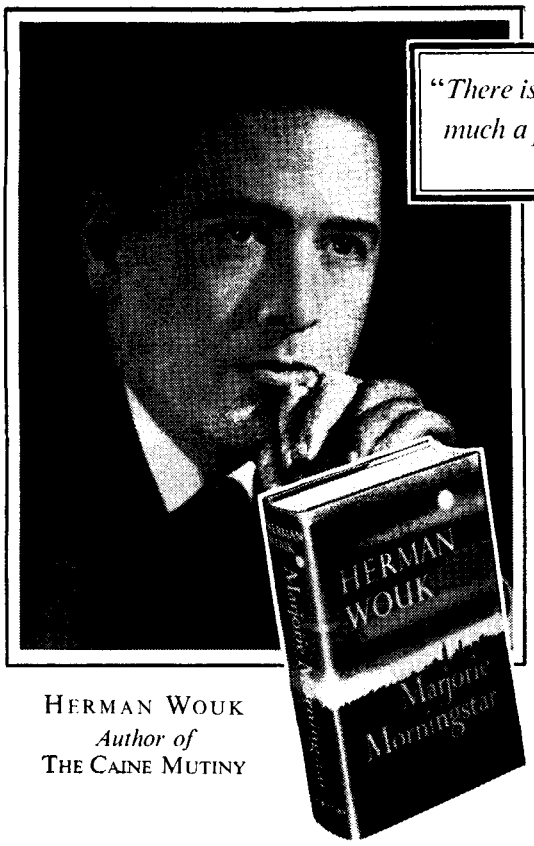
WINSTON CHURCHILL

I CAN HEAR IT NOW, *Winston Churchill, edited by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly with narration by Edward R. Murrow. This record, containing 73 excerpts from Churchill's speeches, is a tribute to one of the greatest men of our time. It is indeed the story of our time, told as no other man could tell it.*

COLUMBIA RECORDS
THE SOUND OF GENIUS

® "Columbia" "Masterworks" ℗ T. M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



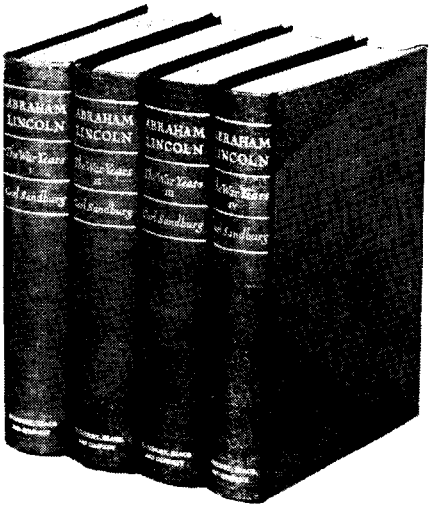
HERMAN WOUK
Author of
THE CAINE MUTINY

"There is not one of us who has not known a Marjorie Morningstar...she is as much a part of American tradition as Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Boone"
—JOHN P. MARQUAND in the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*

Begin your membership in the
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
with this recent Selection...

[OR WITH ANY OF THE OTHER BOOKS LISTED IN THE COUPON]

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR
by Herman Wouk



...and with it receive **FREE**

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS FROM THE CLUB DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE WAR YEARS
by Carl Sandburg

IN FOUR VOLUMES • Retail Price $36

★ AS A MEMBER—ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER—YOU NEED BUY ONLY SIX BOOKS IN A YEAR FROM AT LEAST 100 BOOKS AVAILABLE TO YOU

★ THEY WILL BE BOOKS YOU WILL BUY ANYWAY (LIKE *MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR*, OR ONE OF THE OTHERS LISTED IN THE COUPON)

★ YOU WILL PAY ON THE AVERAGE 20% LESS THAN OTHERWISE

★ AFTER THE SIXTH PURCHASE, WITH EVERY TWO BOOKS BOUGHT, YOU WILL RECEIVE A VALUABLE BOOK-DIVIDEND*

★ LAST YEAR ABOUT $12,000,000 WORTH OF FREE BOOKS, RETAIL VALUE, WERE EARNED AND RECEIVED BY CLUB MEMBERS AS BOOK-DIVIDENDS

★ PERHAPS MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THIS SENSIBLE SYSTEM WILL EFFECTUALLY KEEP YOU FROM MISSING THE NEW BOOKS YOU INTEND TO READ, BUT USUALLY FAIL TO, THROUGH PROCRASTINATION OR OVER-BUSYNESS

BEGIN WITH "MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR" OR ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

- ☐ **MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR** by Herman Wouk *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE GOOD SHEPHERD** by C. S. Forester *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **SOMETHING OF VALUE** by Robert Ruark *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE SIXTH OF JUNE** by Lionel Shapiro *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **ONIONS IN THE STEW** by Betty MacDonald *$3.50*
- ☐ **INSIDE AFRICA** by John Gunther *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **ANDERSONVILLE** by MacKinlay Kantor *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **GRANDFATHER STORIES** by Samuel Hopkins Adams *$3.50*
- ☐ **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS** by Mac Hyman *$2.95*
- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A2510A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS, in four volumes, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. (A small charge is added for each book bought to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Mr. / *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....
(Please PRINT Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Postal Zone No. (If any) ..... *State* .....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED